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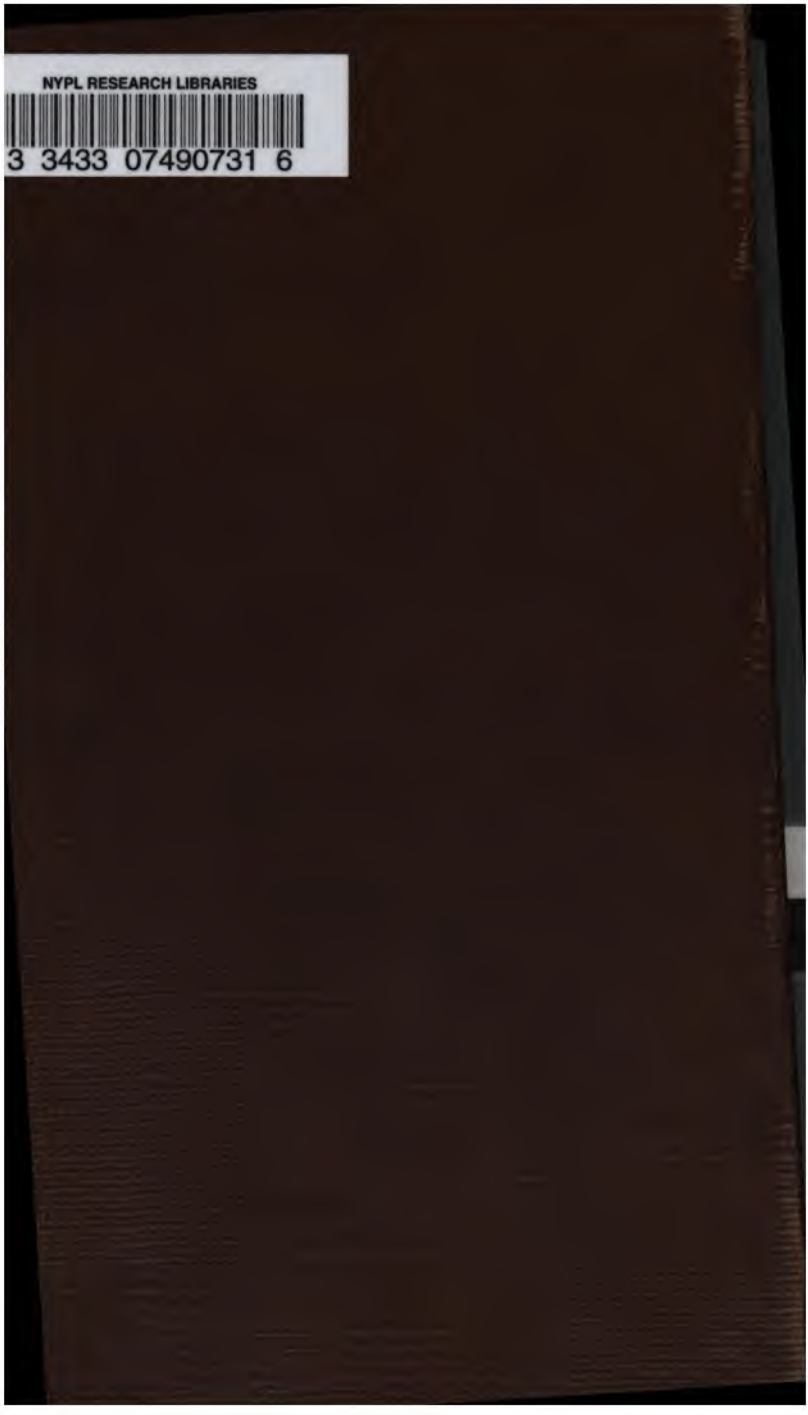
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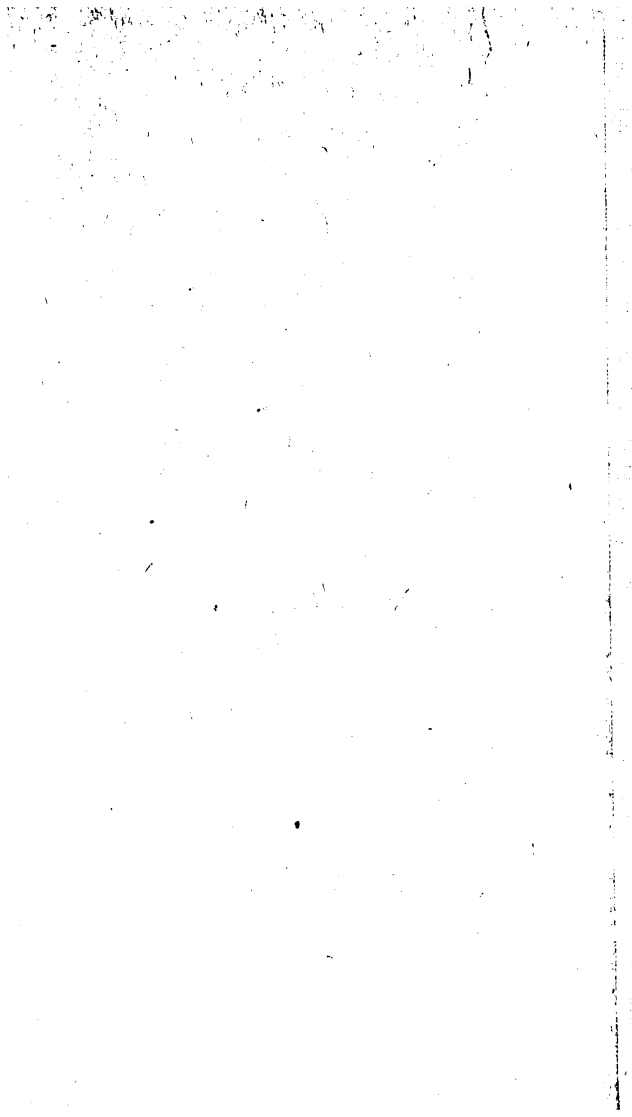

(Peele) 1829

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THE

WORKS OF GEORGE PEELE.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE PEELE:

COLLECTED AND EDITED, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS, BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, B. A.

SECOND EDITION WITH ADDITIONS

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DAVID AND BETHSABE.

" *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe. With the Tragedie of Absolon. As it hath ben diuers times plaied on the stage. Written by George Peele. London. Printed by Adam Islip.* 1599." 4to.

This play was reprinted by Hawkins in the second volume of his *Origin of the English Drama*, 1773; and, excepting one or two errors of the press, (such as "*pillar*" instead of "*pillow*," "*use*" instead of "*ice*," &c.) the text was accurately given. Octavius Gilchrist (*Letter to Gifford on Ford's Works*, p. 11.) talks rather too contemptuously of Hawkins.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

David,	Abiathar,
Hanon,	Jonathan,
Machaas,	Sadoc,
Absalon,	Ahimeas,
Ammon,	Cusay,
Adonia,	Ithay,
Salomon,	Achitophel,
Chileab,	Jonadab,
Joab,	Abisai,
Amasa,	Semei,
Urias,	Jethray,
Nathan,	

Soldiers, Shepherds, Attendants, etc.

Bethsabe,	Handmaid to Beth-
Thamar,	sabe, Concubines,
Widow of Thecoa,	etc.

THE LOVE OF DAVID AND FAIR BETHSABE, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF ABSALON.

PROLOGUS.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
Arch-angels stilled from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers,
Heavens rain'd on tops of Sion and mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubins and angels laid their breasts;
And, when his consecrated fingers strook
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I prease* to sing.
Then help, divine Adonay, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well temper'd verse

* *prease*] See note ‡, vol i. p. 197.

The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire,
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

DAVID AND BETHSABE.

He draws a curtain and discovers BETHSABE *with her Maid bathing over a spring: she sings, and* DAVID *sits above viewing her.*

THE SONG.

HOT sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstay'd desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

BETH. Come, gentle Zephyr, trickt with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,

And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce:
Then, and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy* thicket bar thy subtle breath:
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

DAV. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire?
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
Fair Eva, plac'd in perfect happiness,
Leading her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Strook with the accents of arch-angels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts,
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd† flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brims let be embrac'd with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make,

* *bushy*] Old copy "bushly." Qy. "busky."

† *discoloured*] i. e. variously coloured.

For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew,
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.
Cusay, come up, and serve thy lord the king.

Enter CUSAY.

CU. What service doth my lord the king command?

DAV. See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
In all the land the Lord subdu'd to me;
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed* myrrh,
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's† wings before the king of heaven.

CU. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabbah's siege with Joab?

DAV. Go know, and bring her quickly to the king;
Tell her, her graces have‡ found grace with him.

CU. I will, my lord. [*Exit Cusay to Bethsabe.*

DAV. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mix'd with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids:

* *fine perfumed*] *England's Parnassus*, 1600, (where this passage is given, p. 397, under the head of *Descriptions of Beauty and Personage*) "*fire*-perfumed."

† *Zephyr's*] *England's Parnassus* "*Zephyrus*."

‡ *have*] Old copy "*hath*."

Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires;
Verdure to earth; and to that verdure flowers;
To flowers sweet odours; and to odours wings,
That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings.

[*Cusay to Bethsabe, she starting as something affright.*

Cu. Fair Bethsabe, the king of Israel
From forth his princely tower hath seen thee bathe;
And thy sweet graces have found grace with him:
Come then, and kneel unto him where he stands;
The king is gracious, and hath liberal hands.

Beth. Ah! what is Bethsabe to please the king?
Or what is David, that he should desire
For fickle beauty's sake his servant's wife?

Cu. David, thou know'st, fair dame, is wise and just,
Elected to the heart of Israel's God;
Then do not thou expostulate with him
For any action that contents his soul.

Beth. My lord the king, elect to God's own heart,
Should not his gracious jealousy incense,
Whose thoughts are chaste; I hate incontinence.

Cu. Woman, thou wrong'st the king, and doubt'st his honour,
Whose truth maintains the crown of Israel,
Making him stay that bade me bring thee straight.

Beth. The king's poor handmaid will obey my lord.

Cu. Then come, and do thy duty to his grace;
And do what seemeth favour in his sight. [*Exeunt.*

DAV. Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.
Open the doors, and entertain my love;
Open, I say, and, as you open, sing,
Welcome fair Bethsabe, king David's darling.

Enter CUSAY, *with* BETHSABE.

Welcome, fair Bethsabe, king David's darling;
Thy bones' fair covering, erst discover'd fair,
And all mine eyes with all thy beauties pierc'd:
As heaven's bright eye burns most, when most he climbs
The crooked zodiac with his fiery sphere,
And shineth furthest from this earthly globe;
So, since thy beauty scorch'd my conquer'd soul,
I call'd thee nearer for my nearer cure.

BETH. Too near, my lord, was your unarmed heart,
When furthest off my hapless beauty pierc'd;
And, would this dreary day had turn'd to night,
Or that some pitchy cloud had clok'd the sun,
Before their lights had caus'd my lord to see
His name disparag'd, and my chastity!

DAV. My love, if want of love have left thy soul
A sharper sense of honour than thy king,
(For love leads princes sometimes from their seats,)
As erst my heart was hurt, displeasing thee,
So come and taste thy ease with easing me.

BETH. One medicine cannot heal our different harms;
But rather make both rankle at the bone:
Then let the king be cunning in his cure,
Lest flattering both, both perish in his hand.

DAV. Leave it to me, my dearest Bethsabe,
Whose skill is conversant in deeper cures:
And, Cusay, haste thou to my servant Joab,
Commanding him to send Urias home
With all the speed can possibly be us'd.

CU. Cusay will fly about the king's desire.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, URIAS, *and others, with drum and ensign.*

JOAB. Courage, ye mighty men of Israel,
And charge your fatal instruments of war
Upon the bosoms of proud Ammon's sons,
That have disguis'd your king's ambassadors,
Cut half their beards, and half their garments off,
In spite of Israel, and his daughters' sons;
Ye fight the holy battles of Jehovah,
King David's God, and ours, and Jacob's God,
That guides your weapons to their conquering strokes,
Orders your footsteps, and directs your thoughts
To stratagems that harbour victory:

He casts his sacred eyesight from on high,
And sees your foes run seeking for their deaths,
Laughing their labours, and their hopes, to scorn;
Whilst 'twixt your bodies, and their blunted swords,
He puts on armour of his honour's proof,
And makes their weapons wound the senseless winds.

ABIS. Before this city Rabbah we will lie,
And shoot forth shafts as thick and dangerous
As was the hail that Moises mix'd with fire,
And threw with fury round about the fields,
Devouring Pharaoh's friends, and Egypt's fruits.

UR. First, mighty captains, Joab and Abisai,
Let us assault, and scale this kingly tower,
Where all their conduits and their fountains are;
Then we may easily take the city too.

JOAB. Well hath Urias counsell'd our attempts;
And as he spake us, so assault the tower:
Let Hanon now, the king of Ammon's son,
Repulse our conquering passage if he dare.

HANON, *with King* MACHAAS *and others, upon the walls.*

HA. What would the shepherd's dogs of Israel
Snatch from the mighty issue of king Ammon,
The valiant Ammonites, and haughty Syrians?
'Tis not your late successive victories
Can make us yield, or quail our courages;
But if ye dare assay to scale this tower,
Our angry swords shall smite ye to the ground,
And venge our losses on your hateful lives.

JOAB. Hanon, thy father Nahas gave relief
To holy David in his hapless exile,
Lived his fixed date, and died in peace;
But thou, instead of reaping his reward,
Hast trod it under foot, and scorn'd our king:
Therefore thy days shall end with violence,
And to our swords thy vital blood shall cleave.

MACH. Hence, thou that bear'st poor Israel's shepherd's hook,
The proud lieutenant of that base-born king,
And keep within the compass of his fold;
For, if ye seek to feed on Ammon's fruits,
And stray into the Syrians' fruitful meads,
The mastives of our land shall worry* ye,
And pull the weesels† from your greedy throats.

ABIS. Who can endure these Pagans' blasphemies?

UR. My soul repines at this disparagement.

JOAB. Assault, ye valiant men of David's host,
And beat these railing dastards from their doors.

Assault, and they win the tower, and JOAB *speaks above.*

Thus have we won the tower, which we will keep,
Maugre the sons of Ammon and of Syria.

Enter CUSAY, *beneath.*

CU. Where is lord Joab, leader of the host?

JOAB. Here is lord Joab, leader of the host.
Cusay, come up, for we have won the hold. [*He comes.*

* *worry*] Old copy "*werry.*"

† *weesels*] i. e. weasands: this word is spelt by some of our old writers "*wesils.*"

Cu. In happy hour then is Cusay come.
Joab. What news then brings lord Cusay from the king?
Cu. His majesty commands thee out of hand
To send him home Urias from the wars,
For matter of some service he should do.
Ur. 'Tis for no choler hath surpris'd the king,
I hope, lord Cusay, 'gainst his servant's truth?
Cu. No; rather to prefer Urias' truth.
Joab. Here, take him with thee then, and go in peace;
And tell my lord the king that I have fought
Against the city Rabbah with success,
And scaled where the royal palace is,
The conduit heads, and all their sweetest springs:
Then let him come in person to these walls,
With all the soldiers he can bring besides,
And take the city as his own exploit:
Lest I surprize it, and the people give
The glory of the conquest to my name.
Cu. We will, lord Joab; and, great Israel's God
Bless in thy hands the battles of our king!
Joab. Farewell, Urias; haste away the king.
Ur. As sure as Joab breathes a victor here,
Urias will haste him, and his own return.
[*Exeunt Cusay and Urias.*
Abis. Let us descend, and ope the palace' gate,
Taking our soldiers in to keep the hold.
Joab. Let us, Abisai:—and ye, sons of Judah,
Be valiant, and maintain your victory. [*Exeunt.*

AMMON, JONADAB, JETHRAY *and* AMMON'S *Page.*

JONAD. What means my lord, the king's beloved son,
That wears upon his right triumphant arm,
The power of Israel for a royal favour,
That holds upon the tables of his hands
Banquets of honour, and all thought's content,
To suffer pale and grisly abstinence
To sit and feed upon his fainting cheeks,
And suck away the blood that cheers his looks?

AM. Ah, Jonadab, it is my sister's looks,
On whose sweet beauty I bestow my blood,
That makes me look so amorously lean;
Her beauty having seiz'd upon my heart,
So merrily consecrate to her content,
Sets now such guard about his vital blood,
And views the passage with such piercing eyes,
That none can scape to cheer my pining cheeks,
But all is thought too little for her love.

JONAD. Then from her heart thy looks shall be reliev'd,
And thou shalt 'joy her as thy soul desires.

AM. How can it be, my sweet friend Jonadab,
Since Thamar is a virgin and my sister?

JONAD. Thus it shall be: lie down upon thy bed,
Feigning thee fever-sick, and ill at ease;
And, when the king shall come to visit thee,
Desire thy sister Thamar may be sent
To dress some dainties for thy malady:

Then, when thou hast her solely with thyself,
Enforce some favour to thy manly love.
See, where she comes; entreat her in with thee.

Enter THAMAR.

THA. What aileth Ammon with such sickly looks,
To daunt the favour of his lovely face?

AM. Sweet Thamar, sick, and wish some wholesome cates,
Dress'd with the cunning of thy dainty hands.

THA. That hath the king commanded at my hands;
Then, come, and rest thee, while I make thee ready
Some dainties, easeful to thy crazed soul.

AM. I go, sweet sister, eased with thy sight.
[*Exeunt. Restat Jonadab.*

JONAD. Why should a prince, whose power may command,
Obey the rebel passions of his love,
When they contend but 'gainst his conscience,
And may be govern'd, or suppress'd by will?
Now, Ammon, loose those loving knots of blood,
That suck'd the courage from thy kingly heart,
And give it passage to thy wither'd cheeks.
Now, Thamar, ripen'd are the holy fruits
That grew on plants of thy virginity;
And rotten is thy name in Israel:
Poor Thamar, little did thy lovely hands
Foretel an action of such violence,
As to contend with Ammon's lusty arms,

Sinew'd with vigour of his kindless* love:
Fair Thamar, now dishonour hunts thy foot,
And follows thee through every covert shade,
Discovering thy shame and nakedness,
Even from the valleys of Jehosaphat
Up to the lofty mounts of Lebanon;
Where cedars, stirr'd with anger of the winds,
Sounding in storms the tale of thy disgrace,
Tremble with fury, and with murmur shake
Earth with their feet, and with their heads the heavens,
Beating the clouds into their swiftest rack,
To bear this wonder round about the world. [*Exit.*

AMMON *thrusting out* THAMAR.

AM. Hence from my bed, whose sight offends my soul,
As doth the parbreak† of disgorged bears.

THA. Unkind, unprincely, and unmanly Ammon,
To force, and then refuse thy sister's love;
Adding unto the fright of thy offence
The baneful torment of my publish'd shame!
O, do not this dishonour to thy love,
Nor clog thy soul with such increasing sin!
This second evil far exceeds the first.

AM. Jethray, come, thrust this woman from my sight,
And bolt the door upon her if she strive.

* *kindless*] i. e. unnatural.
† *parbreak*] i. e. vomit.

JETH. Go, madam, go, away, you must be gone;
My lord hath done with you: I pray, depart.
[*He shuts her out.*

THA. Whither, alas! ah, whither shall I fly,
With folded arms, and all-amazed soul?
Cast as was Eva from that glorious soil,
(Where all delights sat bating wing'd with thoughts,
Ready to nestle in her naked breasts,)
To bare and barren vales with floods made waste,
To desert woods, and hills with lightning scorch'd,
With death, with shame, with hell, with horror sit;
There will I wander from my father's face,
There Absalon, my brother Absalon,
Sweet Absalon shall hear his sister mourn,
There will I live* with my windy sighs,
Night ravens and owls to rend my bloody side,
Which with a rusty weapon I will wound,
And make them passage to my panting heart.
Why talk'st thou, wretch, and leav'st the deed undone?

Enter ABSALON.

Rend hair, and garments, as thy heart is rent
With inward fury of a thousand griefs,
And scatter them by these unhallow'd doors,
To figure Ammon's resting cruelty,
And tragic spoil of Thamar's chastity.

ABS. What causeth Thamar to exclaim so much?

* *live*] Qy. "*lure.*"

THA. The cause that Thamar shameth to disclose.

ABS. Say; I thy brother will revenge that cause.

THA. Ammon, our father's son, hath forced me,
And thrusts me from him as the scorn of Israel.

ABS. Hath Ammon forced thee? by David's hand
And by the covenant God hath made with him,
Ammon shall bear his violence to hell;
Traitor to heaven, traitor to David's throne,
Traitor to Absalon and Israel.
This fact hath Jacob's ruler seen from heaven,
And through a cloud of smoke, and tower of fire,
(As he rides vaunting him upon the greens)
Shall tear his chariot wheels with violent winds,
And throw his body in the bloody sea;
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,*
Sit ever burning on his hateful bones:
Myself, as swift as thunder, or his spouse,
Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
To work false Ammon an ungracious end.—
Go in, my sister; rest thee in my house;
And God, in time, shall take this shame from thee.

THA. Nor God, nor time, will do that good for me,
[*Exit Thamar. Restat Absalon.*

* *And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings*] Hawkins, (Preface to the *Origin of the Eng. Dr.* vol. i. p. 11.) thinks this "a metaphor worthy of Æschylus."

Enter DAVID *with his train.*

DAV. My Absalon, what mak'st thou here alone,
And bears such discontentment in thy brows?

ABS. Great cause hath Absalon to be displeas'd,
And in his heart to shroud the wounds of wrath.

DAV. 'Gainst whom should Absalon be thus displeas'd?

ABS. 'Gainst wicked Ammon, thy ungracious son,
My brother and fair Thamar's by the king,
My step-brother, by mother, and by kind;
He hath dishonour'd David's holiness,
And fix'd a blot of lightness on his throne,
Forcing my sister Thamar when he feign'd
A sickness, sprung from root of heinous lust.

DAV. Hath Ammon brought this evil on my house,
And suffer'd sin to smite his father's bones?
Smite, David, deadlier than the voice of heaven,
And let hate's fire be kindled in thy heart:
Frame in the arches of thy angry brows,
Making thy forehead, like a comet, shine,
To force false Ammon tremble at thy looks.
Sin with his sevenfold crown, and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes
Our idle minutes, and our wanton thoughts;
And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell:
But with the spirit of my kingdom's God
I'll thrust the flattering tyran* from his throne,

* *tyran*] For *tyrant*, a form frequently used by our old poets.

And scourge his bondslaves from my hallow'd court
With rods of iron, and thorns of sharpen'd steel.
Then, Absalon, revenge not thou this sin;
Leave it to me, and I will chasten him.

ABS. I am content; then grant, my lord the king,
Himself with all his other lords would come
Up to my sheep-feast on the plain of Hazor.

DAV. Nay, my fair son, myself, with all my lords,
Will bring thee too much charge; yet some shall go.

ABS. But let my lord the king himself take pains;
The time of year is pleasant for your grace,
And gladsome summer in her shady robes,
Crowned with roses and with planted flowers,
With all her nymphs shall entertain my lord,
That from the thicket of my verdant groves,
Will sprinkle honey dews about his breast,
And cast sweet balm upon his kingly head:
Then grant thy servant's boon, and go, my lord.

DAV. Let it content my sweet son Absalon,
That I may stay, and take my other lords.

ABS. But shall thy best beloved Ammon go?

DAV. What needeth it, that Ammon go with thee?

ABS. Yet do thy son and servant so much grace.

DAV. Ammon shall go, and all my other lords,
Because I will give grace to Absalon.

Enter CUSAY *and* URIAS, *with others.*

CU. Pleaseth my lord the king, his servant Joab
Hath sent Urias from the Syrian wars.

DAV. Welcome, Urias, from the Syrian wars,
Welcome to David as his dearest lord.
UR. Thanks be to Israel's God, and David's grace,
Urias finds such greeting with the king.
DAV. No other greeting shall Urias find
As long as David sways th' elected seat,
And consecrated throne of Israel.
Tell me, Urias, of my servant Joab;
Fights he with truth the battles of our God,
And for the honour of the Lord's anointed?
UR. Thy servant Joab fights the chosen wars,
With truth, with honour, and with high success;
And 'gainst the wicked king of Ammon's sons,
Hath by the finger of our sovereign's God,
Besieg'd the city Rabbah, and achiev'd
The court of waters, where the conduits run,
And all the Ammonites' delightsome springs:
Therefore he wisheth David's mightiness
Should number out the host of Israel,
And come in person to the city Rabbah,
That so her conquest may be made the king's,
And Joab fight as his inferior.
DAV. This hath not God, and Joab's prowess done,
Without Urias' valours, I am sure,
Who, since his true conversion from a Hethite,
To an adopted son of Israel,
Hath fought like one whose arms were lift by heaven,
And whose bright sword was edg'd with Israel's wrath;
Go therefore home, Urias, take thy rest;
Visit thy wife, and household, with the joys

A victor and a favourite of the king's
Should exercise with honour after arms.

UR. Thy servant's bones are yet not half so craz'd,
Nor constitute on such a sickly mould,
That for so little service he should faint,
And seek, as cowards, refuge of his home:
Nor are his thoughts so sensually stirr'd,
To stay the arms with which the Lord would smite
And fill their circle with his conquer'd foes,
For wanton bosom of a flattering wife.

DAV. Urias hath a beauteous sober wife,
Yet young, and fram'd of tempting flesh and blood;
Then, when the king hath summon'd thee from arms,
If thou unkindly shouldst refrain her bed,
Sin might be laid upon Urias' soul,
If Bethsabe by frailty hurt her fame:
Then go, Urias, solace in her love;
Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to lose.

UR. The king is much too tender of my ease;
The ark, and Israel, and Judah, dwell
In palaces, and rich pavilions,
But Joab, and his brother in the fields,
Suffering the wrath of winter and the sun:
And shall Urias (of more shame than they)
Banquet and loiter in the work of heaven?
As sure as thy soul doth live, my lord,
Mine ears shall never lean to such delight,
When holy labour calls me forth to fight.

DAV. Then, be it with Urias' manly heart
As best his fame may shine in Israel.

Ur. Thus shall Urias' heart be best content,
Till thou dismiss me back to Joab's bands;
This ground before the king my master's doors,
[*He lies down.*
Shall be my couch, and this unwearied arm,
The proper pillow of a soldier's head;
For never will I lodge within my house,
Till Joab triumph in my secret vows.

Dav. Then fetch some flagons of our purest wine,
That we may welcome home our hardy friend
With full carouses to his fortunes past,
And to the honours of his future arms;
Then will I send him back to Rabbah siege
And follow with the strength of Israel.

[*Enter one with the flagons of wine.*

Arise, Urias; come, and pledge the king.

Ur. If David think me worthy such a grace,
[*He riseth.*
I will be bold, and pledge my lord the king.

Dav. Absalon, and Cusay, both shall drink
To good Urias, and his happiness.

Abs. We will, my lord, to please Urias' soul.

Dav. I will begin, Urias, to thyself,
And all the treasure of the Ammonites,
Which here I promise to impart to thee,
And bind that promise with a full carouse.

Ur. What seemeth pleasant in my sovereign's eyes,
That shall Urias do till he be dead.

Dav. Fill him the cup; follow, ye lords, that love
Your sovereign's health, and do as he hath done.

ABS. Ill may he thrive, or live in Israel,
That loves not David, or denies his charge.
Urias, here is to Abisai's health,
Lord Joab's brother, and thy loving friend.

UR. I pledge lord Absalon, and Abisai's health.
[*He drinks.*

CU. Here now, Urias, to the health of Joab,
And to the pleasant journey we shall have,
When we return to mighty Rabbah siege.

UR. Cusay, I pledge thee all with all my heart.—
Give me some drink, ye servants of the king;
Give me my drink. [*He drinks.*

DAV. Well done, my good Urias; drink thy fill,
That in thy fulness David may rejoice.

UR. I will, my lord.

ABS. Now, lord Urías, one carouse to me.

UR. No, sir, I'll drink to the king;
Your father is a better man than you.

DAV. Do so, Urias, I will pledge thee straight.

UR. I will indeed, my lord, and sovereign;
I'll* once in my days be so bold.

DAV. Fill him his glass.

UR. Fill me my glass. [*He gives him the glass.*

DAV.† Quickly, I say, Urias, quickly I say.

* *I'll*] Old copy "*I.*"

† DAV. *Quickly, I say, Urias, &c.*] From the manner in which this line is printed in the old copy, I incline to think that part of it belongs to Urias, and that we should read;

"DAV. Quickly, I say.
"UR. Quickly, I say:
Here, my lord, by your favour now I drink to you."

Ur. Here, my lord, by your favour now I drink to you.

Dav. I pledge thee, good Urias, presently.
[*He drinks.*

Abs. Here then, Urias, once again for me,
And to the health of David's children.

Ur. David's children?

Abs. Ay, David's children; wilt thou pledge me, man?

Ur. Pledge me man!

Abs. Pledge me, I say, or else thou lov'st us not.

Ur. What, do you talk? do you talk?
I'll no more, I'll lie down here.

Dav. Rather, Urias, go thou home and sleep.

Ur. O, ho, sir! would you make me break my sentence? [*He lies down.*
Home, sir, no, indeed, sir: I'll sleep upon mine arm,
Like a soldier, sleep like a man as long as I live in Israel.

Dav. If nought will serve to save his wife's renown,
I'll send him with a letter unto Joab
To put him in the forefront of the wars,
That so my purposes may take effect.—
Help him in, sirs. [*Exeunt Dav. and Abs.*

Cu. Come, rise, Urias; get thee in and sleep.

Ur. I will not go home, sir; that's flat.

Cu. Then come, and rest thee upon David's bed.

Ur. On, afore, my lords; on, afore. [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

O proud revolt of a presumptuous man,
Laying his bridle in the neck of sin,
Ready to bear him past his grave to hell!
Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens, and delightsome parks,*
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaims,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion:
So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights
Would yield a quickening savour to his soul,
Pursues with eager and unstaunched thirst
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh.
If holy David so shook hands with sin,
What shall our baser spirits glory in?
This kingly† giving lust her rein
Pursues the sequel with a greater ill.
Urias in the forefront of the wars
Is murther'd by the hateful heathens' sword,
And David joys his too dear Bethsabe.
Suppose this past, and that the child is born,
Whose death the prophet solemnly doth mourn.

* *delightsome parks*] *England's Parnassus*, (where several lines of this chorus are given, p. 196, under the head *man*,) "*delightful parts*."

† *kingly*] Qy. "*king by*."

Enter BETHSABE, *with her handmaid.*

BETH. Mourn, Bethsabe, bewail thy foolishness,
Thy sin, thy shame, the sorrow of thy soul:
Sin, shame, and sorrow swarm about thy soul;
And in the gates, and entrance of my heart,
Sadness, with wreathed arms, hangs her complaint.
No comfort from the ten-string'd instrument,
The tinkling* cymbal, or the ivory lute;
Nor doth the sound of David's kingly harp,
Make glad the broken heart of Bethsabe:
Jerusalem is fill'd with thy complaint,
And in the streets of Sion sits thy grief.
The babe is sick, sick to the death, I fear,
The fruit that sprung from thee to David's house;
Nor may the pot of honey and of oil
Glad David, or his handmaid's countenance.
Urias—wo is me to think hereon!
For who is it among the sons of men,
That saith not to my soul, the king hath sinn'd;
David hath done amiss, and Bethsabe
Laid snares of death unto Urias' life?
My sweet Urias, fallen into the pit
Art thou, and gone even to the gates of hell
For Bethsabe, that wouldst not shroud her shame.
O, what is it to serve the lust of kings!
How lion-like they rage, when we resist!
But, Bethsabe, in humbleness attend
The grace that God will to his handmaid send.

[*Exit.*

* *tinkling*] Old copy "*twinkling.*"

DAVID *in his gown, walking sadly:*
To him NATHAN.

DAV. The babe is sick, and sad is David's heart,
To see the guiltless bear the guilty's pain.
David, hang up thy harp; hang down thy head;
And dash thy ivory lute against the stones.
The dew, that on the hill of Hermon falls,
Rains not on Sion's tops, and lofty towers;
And David's thoughts are spent in pensiveness:
The plains of Gath and Ascalon rejoice.
The babe is sick, sweet babe, that Bethsabe
With woman's pain brought forth to Israel.
But what saith Nathan to his lord the king?

NA. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king:
There were two men both dwellers in one town,
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And eat and drank, as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refus'd, and spar'd to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,

And dress'd it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?

DAV. Now as the Lord doth live this wicked man
Is judg'd and shall become the child of death;
Fourfold to the poor man shall he restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.

NA. Thou art the man; and thou hast judg'd thyself.
David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me;
I thee anointed king in Israel,
And sav'd thee from the tyranny of Saul;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess;
His wives into thy bosom did I give,
And Judah and Jerusalem withal;
And might, thou know'st if this had been too small,
Have given thee more:
Wherefore then hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight?
Urias thou hast killed with the sword;
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Thou hast him slain: wherefore, from this day forth,
The sword shall never go from thee and thine;
For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee:
Wherefore behold, I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee;
Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess:
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.

DAV. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
Sinned: O, sinned grievously! and, lo,
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell!
[*He falls down.*

NA. David, stand up; thus saith the Lord by me,
David the king shall live, for he hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
But, for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirr'd up the enemies of Israel
To triumph, and blaspheme the God of Hosts,
And say, he set a wicked man to reign
Over his loved people and his tribes;
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.
[*Exit Nathan.*

DAV. How just is Jacob's God in all his works!
But must it die, that David loveth so?
O, that the mighty one of Israel,
Nill* change his doom, and says the babe must die!
Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion gates;
Wither, ye cedar trees of Lebanon;
Ye sprouting almonds with your flowering tops,
Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams:
The babe must die that was to David born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.
[*David sits sadly.*

* *nill*] see note, p. 6, vol. i.

Enter CUSAY *to* DAVID *and his train.*

SERVUS. What tidings bringeth Cusay to the king?

CU. To thee, the servant of king David's court,
This bringeth Cusay, as the prophet spake:
The Lord hath surely striken to the death
The child new born by that Urias' wife,
That by the sons of Ammon erst was slain.

SER. Cusay, be still; the king is vexed sore:
How shall he speed that brings this tidings first,
When, while the child was yet alive, we spake,
And David's heart would not be comforted?

DAV. Yea, David's heart will not be comforted?
What murmur ye, the servants of the king?
What tidings telleth Cusay to the king?
Say, Cusay, lives the child, or is he dead?

CU. The child is dead, that of Urias' wife
David begat.

DAV. Urias' wife, say'st thou?
The child is dead, then ceaseth David's shame:
Fetch me to eat, and give me wine to drink;
Water to wash, and oil to clear my looks;
Bring down your shalms, your cymbals, and your pipes;
Let David's harp and lute, his hand and voice,
Give laud to him that loveth Israel,
And sing his praise, that shendeth* David's fame,
That put away his sin from out his sight,

* *Shendeth*] "In the following passage," says Nares in his

And sent his shame into the streets of Gath.
Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,
That I may wipe the tears from off her face,
And give her comfort with this hand of mine,
And deck fair Bethsabe with ornaments,
That she may bear to me another son,
That may be loved of the Lord of Hosts;
For where he is, of force must David go,
But never may he come where David is.

[*They bring in water, wine, and oil, music and a banquet* [*and enter Bethsabe.*]

Fair Bethsabe, sit thou, and sigh no more;
And sing and play, you servants of the king:
Now sleepeth David's sorrow with the dead,
And Bethsabe liveth to Israel.

They use all solemnities together and sing, &c.

Dav. Now arms, and warlike engines for assault,
Prepare at once, ye men of Israel,
Ye men of Judah and Jerusalem,
That Rabbah may be taken by the king,
Lest it be called after Joab's name,
Nor David's glory shine in Sion's streets;
To Rabbah marcheth David with his men,
To chastise Ammon and the wicked ones.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Glossary, "it [*shend*] seems to mean to protect, which must be considered as an error, being contrary to all analogy:—

This I must succour, this I must defend,
And from the wild boare's rooting ever *shend*.
Brown, Brit. Past. part ii. p. 144."

But in our text *shendeth* certainly appears to mean *protecteth*.

Enter ABSALON, *with two or three.*

ABS. Set up your mules, and give them well to eat,
And let us meet our brothers at the feast;
Accursed is the master of this feast,
Dishonour of the house of Israel,
His sister's slander, and his mother's shame.
Shame be his share that could such ill contrive,
To ravish Thamar, and, without a pause,
To drive her shamefully from out his house:
But, may his wickedness find just reward!
Therefore doth Absalon conspire with you,
That Ammon die what time he sits to eat;
For in the holy temple have I sworn
Wreak of his villainy in Thamar's rape.
And here he comes; bespeak him gently, all,
Whose death is deeply graved in my heart.

Enter AMMON, *with* ADONIA *and* JONADAB, *to* ABSALON *and his company.*

AM. Our shearers are not far from hence, I wot;
And Ammon to you all his brethren
Giveth such welcome as our fathers erst
Were wont in Judah and Jerusalem:—
But, specially, lord Absalon, to thee,
The honour of thy house and progeny;
Sit down and dine with me, king David's son,
Thou fair young man, whose hairs shine in mine eye,
Like golden wires of David's ivory lute.

ABS. Ammon, where be thy shearers, and thy men,

That we may pour in plenty of thy wines,*
And eat thy goats' milk, and rejoice with thee?

AM. Here cometh Ammon's shearers, and his men;
Absalon, sit and rejoice with me.

[*Here enter a company of shepherds, and dance and sing.*

AM. Drink, Absalon, in praise of Israel;
Welcome to Ammon's fields from David's court.

ABS. Die with thy draught; perish, and die accurs'd;
Dishonour to the honour of us all;
Die for the villainy to Thamar done,
Unworthy thou to be king David's son. [*Exit Abs.*

JONAD. O, what hath Absalon for Thamar done,
Murder'd his brother, great king David's son!

AD. Run, Jonadab, away, and make it known,
What cruelty this Absalon hath shown.
Ammon, thy brother Adonia shall
Bury thy body among the dead men's bones;
And we will make complaint to Israel
Of Ammon's death, and pride of Absalon.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter DAVID *with* JOAB, ABISAI, CUSAY, *with drum and ensign against* RABBAH.

DAV. This is the town of the uncircumcis'd,
The city of the kingdom, this is it,
Rabbah, where wicked Hanon sitteth king:

* *vines*] Old copy "*vines.*"

Despoil this king, this Hanon of his crown;
Unpeople Rabbah, and the streets thereof;
For in their blood, and slaughter of the slain,
Lieth the honour of king David's line.
Joab, Abisai, and the rest of you,
Fight ye this day for great Jerusalem.

JOAB. And see, where Hanon shows him on the walls;
Why then do we forbear to give assault,
That Israel may, as it is promised,
Subdue the daughters of the Gentiles' tribes;
All this must be perform'd by David's hand.

DAV. Hark to me, Hanon, and remember well:
As sure as he doth live that kept my host,
What time our young men by the pool of Gibeon,
Went forth against the strength of Isboseth,
And twelve to twelve did with their weapons play,
So sure art thou, and thy men of war,
To feel the sword of Israel this day:
Because thou hast defied Jacob's God,
And suffer'd Rabbah with the Philistine,
To rail upon the tribe of Benjamin.

HA. Hark, man: as sure as Saul thy master fell,
And gor'd his sides upon the mountain tops,
And Jonathan, Abinadab, and Melchisua,
Water'd the dales and deeps of Ascalon
With bloody streams, that from Gilboa ran
In channels through the wilderness of Ziph,
What time the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Was drunken with the blood of Israel;

So sure shall David perish with his men,
Under the walls of Rabbah, Hanon's town.

JOAB. Hanon, the God of Israel hath said,
David the king shall wear that crown of thine,
That weighs a talent of the finest gold,
And triumph in the spoil of Hanon's town,
When Israel shall hale thy people hence,
And turn them to the tile-kiln, man and child,
And put them under harrows made of iron,
And hew their bones with axes, and their limbs
With iron swords divide and tear in twain.
Hanon, this shall be done to thee and thine,
Because thou hast defied Israel.
To arms, to arms, that Rabbah feel revenge,
And Hanon's town become king David's spoil.

[*Alarum, excursions, assault, exeunt omnes.*

Then the trumpets, and DAVID *with* HANON'S *crown.*

DAV. Now clattering arms, and wrathful storms of war,
Have thunder'd over Rabbah's razed towers;
The wreakful ire of great Jehovah's arm,
That for his people made the gates to rend,
And cloth'd the Cherubins in fiery coats,
To fight against the wicked Hanon's town.
Pay thanks, ye men of Judah, to the king,
The God of Sion and Jerusalem,
That hath exalted Israel to this,
And crowned David with this diadem.

JOAB. Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun attir'd in glistering robe,*
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams, such doth king David show,
Crown'd with the honour of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starry vault that overhangs the earth:
So looketh David king of Israel.

ABIS. Joab, why doth not David mount his throne
Whom heaven hath beautified with Hanon's crown?
Sound trumpets, shalms, and instruments of praise
To Jacob's God for David's victory.

Enter JONADAB.

JONAD. Why doth the king of Israel rejoice?
Why sitteth David crown'd with Rabbah's rule?
Behold, there hath great heaviness befallen
In Ammon's fields by Absalon's misdeed!
And Ammon's shearers, and their feast of mirth
Absalon hath overturned with his sword;

* *As when the sun, &c.*] Hawkins, who (Preface to the Origin of the Eng. Drama, vol. i. p. 11.) justly praises this simile, had forgotten the following lines of Spenser:—

"At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre."
F. Q. B. 1. c. 5. st. 2.

Nor liveth any of king David's sons
To bring this bitter tidings to the king.

DAV. Aye me, how soon are David's triumphs dash'd,
How suddenly declineth David's pride!
As doth the daylight settle in the west,
So dim is David's glory and his gite.*
Die, David; for to thee is left no seed
That may revive thy name in Israel.

JONAD. In Israel is left of David's seed.

Enter ADONIA, *with other sons.*

Comfort your lord, you servants of the king.—
Behold, thy sons return in mourning weeds,
And only Ammon Absalon hath slain.

DAV. Welcome, my sons; dearer to me you are
Than is this golden crown, or Hanon's spoil:
O tell me then, tell me, my sons, I say,
How cometh it to pass, that Absalon
Hath slain his brother Ammon with the sword?

AD. Thy sons, O king, went up to Ammon's fields,
To feast with him, and eat his bread and oil;
And Absalon upon his mule doth come,
And to his men he saith, when Ammon's heart
Is merry and secure, then strike him dead,
Because he forced Thamar shamefully,

* *gite*] Signifies a gown: but in the present passage, as well as in the following line of our author's Tale of Troy, it seems to mean *brightness*;

"Done is thy pride, dim is thy glorious *gite*."

And hated her, and threw her forth his doors:
And this did he; and they with him conspire,
And kill thy son in wreak of Thamar's wrong.

DAV. How long shall Judah and Jerusalem
Complain, and water Sion with their tears?
How long shall Israel lament in vain,
And not a man among the mighty ones
Will hear the sorrows of king David's heart?
Ammon, thy life was pleasing to thy lord,
As to mine ears the musick of my lute,
Or songs that David tuneth to his harp;
And Absalon hath ta'en from me away
The gladness of my sad distressed soul.

Exeunt. Manet David.

Enter WIDOW *of Thecoa.*

WID. God save king David, king of Israel,
And bless the gates of Sion for his sake!

DAV. Woman, why mournest thou? rise from the earth;
Tell me what sorrow hath befallen thy soul.

WID. Thy servant's soul, O king, is troubled sore,
And grievous is the anguish of her heart;
And from Thecoa doth thy handmaid come.

DAV. Tell me, and say, thou woman of Thecoa,
What aileth thee, or what is come to pass.

WID. Thy servant is a widow in Thecoa;
Two sons thy handmaid had, and they, my lord,
Fought in the field, where no man went betwixt,
And so the one did smite, and slay the other.

And lo, behold, the kindred doth arise,
And cry on him that smote his brother,
That he therefore may be the child of death;
For we will follow and destroy the heir.
So will they quench that sparkle that is left,
And leave nor name, nor issue on the earth
To me or to thy handmaid's husband dead.

DAV. Woman, return; go home unto thy house:
I will take order that thy son be safe.
If any man say otherwise than well,
Bring him to me, and I shall chastise him:
For, as the Lord doth live, shall not a hair
Shed from thy son, or fall upon the earth.
Woman, to God alone belongs revenge;
Shall then the kindred slay him for his sin?

WID. Well hath king David to his handmaid spoke;
But wherefore then hast thou determined
So hard a part against the righteous tribes,
To follow and pursue the banished,
When as to God alone belongs revenge?
Assuredly thou say'st against thyself;
Therefore call home again the banished;
Call home the banished that he may live,
And raise to thee some fruit in Israel.

DAV. Thou woman of Thecoa, answer me,
Answer me one thing I shall ask of thee:
Is not the hand of Joab in this work?
Tell me, is not his finger in this fact?

WID. It is, my lord; his hand is in this work:
Assure thee, Joab, captain of thy host,

Hath put these words into thy handmaid's mouth;
And thou art as an angel from on-high,
To understand the meaning of my heart:
Lo, where he cometh to his lord the king.

Enter JOAB.

DAV. Say, Joab, didst thou send this woman in
To put this parable for Absalon?

JOAB. Joab, my lord, did bid this woman speak,
And she hath said; and thou hast understood.

DAV. I have, and am content to do the thing;
Go, fetch my son, that he may live with me.

[*Joab kneels.*

JOAB. Now God be blessed for king David's life;
Thy servant Joab hath found grace with thee,
In that thou sparest Absalon thy child:
A beautiful and fair young man is he,
In all his body is no blemish seen;
His hair is like the wire of David's harp,
That twines about his bright and ivory neck:
In Israel is not such a goodly man;
And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

Enter ABSALON, *with* JOAB.

DAV. Hast thou slain in the fields of Hazor——
Ah, Absalon, my son! ah, my son, Absalon!
But wherefore do I vex thy spirit so?
Live, and return from Gesur to thy house;
Return from Gesur to Jerusalem:
What boots it to be bitter to thy soul?
Ammon is dead, and Absalon survives.

ABS. Father, I have offended Israel,

I have offended David and his house;
For Thamar's wrong hath Absalon misdone:
But David's heart is free from sharp revenge,
And Joab hath got grace for Absalon.

DAV. Depart with me, you men of Israel,
You that have follow'd Rabbah with the sword;
And ransack Ammon's richest treasuries.
Live, Absalon, my son, live once in peace:
Peace [be] with thee, and with Jerusalem.

[*Exeunt. Manet Abs.*

ABS. David is gone, and Absalon remains,
Flowering in pleasant spring-time of his youth:
Why liveth Absalon and is not honour'd
Of tribes and elders, and the mightiest ones,
That round about his temples he may wear
Garlands and wreaths set on with reverence;
That every one that hath a cause to plead
Might come to Absalon, and call for right?
Then in the gates of Sion would I sit,
And publish laws in great Jerusalem;
And not a man should live in all the land,
But Absalon would do him reason's due;
Therefore, I shall address me as I may,
To love the men and tribes of Israel. [*Exit.*

Enter DAVID, ITHAY, SADOC, AHIMAAS, JONATHAN, *with others,* DAVID *barefoot, with some loose covering over his head, and all mourning.*

DAV. Proud lust, the bloodliest traitor to our souls,
Whose greedy throat, nor earth, air, sea, or heaven,
Can glut or satisfy with any store,

Thou art the cause these torments suck my blood,
Piercing with venom of thy poison'd eyes
The strength and marrow of my tainted bones:
To punish Pharaoh, and his cursed host,
The waters shrink at great Adonai's voice,
And sandy bottom of the sea appear'd,
Offering his service at his servant's feet;
And, to inflict a plague on David's sin,
He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,
Winding about his heart with mortal gripes.
Ah, Absalon, the wrath of heaven inflames
Thy scorched bosom with ambitious heat,
And Sathan sets thee on a lusty tower,
Showing thy thoughts the pride of Israel,
Of choice to cast thee on her ruthless stones!
Weep with me then, ye sons of Israel,
[*He lies down, and all the rest after him.*
Lie down with David, and with David mourn
Before the holy one that sees our hearts;
Season this heavy soil with showers of tears,
And fill the face of every flower with dew;
Weep, Israel, for David's soul dissolves,
Lading the fountains of his drowned eyes,
And pours her substance on the senseless earth.

SA. Weep, Israel; O, weep for David's soul,
Strewing the ground with hair and garments torn,
For tragic witness of your hearty woes!

AHI. O, would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,
And that our hearts were seas of liquid blood,

To pour in streams upon this holy mount,
For witness we would die for David's woes!
JONATH. Then should this mount of olives seem a plain,
Drown'd with a sea, that with our sighs should roar,
And in the murmur of his mounting waves,
Report our bleeding sorrows to the heavens,
For witness we would die for David's woes!
ITH. Earth cannot weep enough for David's woes;
Then weep, you heavens, and, all you clouds, dissolve,
That piteous stars may see our miseries,
And drop their golden tears upon the ground,
For witness how they weep for David's woes.
SA. Now let my sovereign raise his prostrate bones,
And mourn not as a faithless man would do;
But be assur'd, that Jacob's righteous God,
That promis'd never to forsake your throne,
Will still be just and pure in his vows.
DAV. Sadoc, high-priest, preserver of the ark,
Whose sacred virtue keeps the chosen crown,
I know, my God is spotless in his vows,
And that these hairs shall greet my grave in peace;
But that my son should wrong his tender'd soul,
And fight against his father's happiness,
Turns all my hopes into despair of him,
And that despair feeds all my veins with grief.
ITH. Think of it, David, as a fatal plague
Which grief preserveth, but preventeth not;
And turn thy drooping eyes upon the troops,
That, of affection to thy worthiness,
Do swarm about the person of the king:

Cherish their valours, and their zealous loves,
With pleasant looks, and sweet encouragements.
DAV. Methinks, the voice of Ithay fills mine ears.
ITH. Let not the voice of Ithay loath thine ears,
Whose heart would balm thy bosom with his tears.
DAV. But wherefore goest thou to the wars with us?
Thou art a stranger here in Israel,
And son to Achis, mighty king of Gath;
Therefore return, and with thy father stay:
Thou cam'st but yesterday; and should I now
Let thee partake these troubles here with us?
Keep both thyself, and all thy soldiers safe:
Let me abide the hazards of these arms,
And God requite the friendship thou has show'd.
ITH. As sure as Israel's God gives David life,
What place or peril shall contain the king,
The same will Ithay share in life and death.
DAV. Then, gentle Ithay, be thou still with us,
A joy to David, and a grace to Israel.
Go, Sadoc, now, and bear the ark of God
Into the great Jerusalem again:
If I find favour in his gracious eyes,
Then will he lay his hand upon my heart
Yet once again before I visit death;
Giving it strength, and virtue to mine eyes,
To taste the comforts, and behold the form
Of his fair ark, and holy tabernacle:
But, if he say, my wonted love is worn,
And I have no delight in David now,
Here lie I armed with an humble heart

T' embrace the pains that anger shall impose,
And kiss the sword my lord shall kill me with.
Then, Sadoc, take Ahimaas thy son,
With Jonathan son to Abiathar;
And in these fields will I repose myself,
Till they return from you some certain news.

SA. Thy servants will with joy obey the king,
And hope to cheer his heart with happy news.

[*Ex. Sadoc, Ahim. and Jonathan.*

ITH. Now that it be no grief unto the king,
Let me for good inform his majesty,
That with unkind and graceless Absalon,
Achitophel your ancient counsellor
Directs the state of this rebellion.

DAV. Then doth it aim with danger at my crown.
O thou, that hold'st his raging bloody bound
Within the circle of the silver moon,
That girds earth's centre with his watry scarf,
Limit the counsel of Achitophel,
No bounds extending to my soul's distress,
But turn his wisdom into foolishness!

Enter CUSAY, *with his coat turned, and head covered.*

CU. Happiness and honour to my lord the king!

DAV. What happiness or honour may betide
His state that toils in my extremities?

CU. O, let my gracious sovereign cease these griefs,
Unless he wish his servant Cusay's death,
Whose life depends upon my lord's relief!

Then, let my presence with my sighs perfume
The pleasant closet of my sovereign's soul.

DAV. No, Cusay, no; thy presence unto me
Will be a burden, since I tender thee,
And cannot brook* thy sighs for David's sake:
But if thou turn to fair Jerusalem,
And say to Absalon, as thou hast been
A trusty friend unto his father's seat,
So thou wilt be to him, and call him king,
Achitophel's counsel may be brought to naught.
Then having Sadoc and Abiathar,
All three may learn the secrets of my son,
Sending the message by Ahimaas,
And friendly Jonathan, who both are there.

CU. Then rise, referring the success to heaven. †

DAV. Cusay, I rise; though with unweildy bones
I carry arms against my Absalon. [*Exeunt.*

ABSALON, AMASA, ACHITOPHEL, *with the concubines of* DAVID *and others in great state:* ABSALON *crowned.*

ABS. Now you that were my father's concubines,
Liquor to his inchaste and lustful fire,
Have seen his honour shaken in his house,
Which I possess in sight of all the world:
I bring ye forth for foils to my renown,
And to eclipse the glory of your king,
Whose life is with his honour fast inclos'd

* *brook*] Old copy "*breake.*"

† This line is given in the old copy to David.

Within the entrails of a jetty cloud,
Whose dissolution shall pour down in showers
The substance of his life and swelling pride;
Then shall the stars light earth with rich aspects,
And heaven shall burn in love with Absalon,
Whose beauty will suffice to chase* all mists,
And clothe the sun's sphere with a triple fire,
Sooner than his clear eyes should suffer stain,
Or be offended with a lowering day.

FIRST CONC. Thy father's honour, graceless Absalon,
And ours thus beaten with thy violent arms,
Will cry for vengeance to the host of heaven,
Whose power is ever arm'd against the proud,
And will dart plagues at thy aspiring head,
For doing this disgrace to David's throne.

SECOND CONC. To David's throne, to David's holy throne,
Whose sceptre angels guard with swords of fire,
And sit as eagles on his conquering fist,
Ready to prey upon his enemies;
Then think not thou, the captain of his foes,
Wert thou much swifter than Azahell was,
That could outpace the nimble-footed roe
To scape the fury of their thumping beaks,
Or dreadful scope of their commanding wings.

ACH. Let not my lord the king of Israel
Be angry with a silly woman's threats;
But with the pleasure he hath erst enjoy'd,

* *chase*] Old copy "*chast.*"

Turn them into their cabinets again,
Till David's conquest be their overthrow.
ABS. Into your bowers, ye daughters of disdain,
Gotten by fury of unbridled lust,
And wash your couches with your mourning tears,
For grief that David's kingdom is decay'd.
FIRST CONC. No, Absalon, his kingdom is enchain'd
Fast to the finger of great Jacob's God,
Which will not loose it for a rebel's love.
[*Exeunt* CONC.
AMA. If I might give advice unto the king,
These concubines should buy their taunts with blood.
ABS. Amasa, no; but let thy martial sword
Empty the veins* of David's armed men,
And let these foolish women scape our hands
To recompense the shame they have sustain'd.
First, Absalon was by the trumpet's sound
Proclaim'd through Hebron king of Israel;
And now is set in fair Jerusalem
With complete state, and glory of a crown.
Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run,
And to the air whose rapture rings my fame,
Where'er I ride they offer reverence.
Why should not Absalon, that in his face
Carries the final purpose of his God,
That is to work him grace in Israel,
Endeavour to achieve with all his strength,
The state that most may satisfy his joy,
Keeping his statutes and his covenants pure?

* *veins*] Old copy "*pains*:" perhaps we should read "*plains*."

His thunder is entangled in my hair,
And with my beauty is his lightning quench'd;
I am the man he made to glory in,
When by the errours of my father's sin
He lost the path that led into the land
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were bless'd.

Enter CUSAY.

CU. Long may the beauteous king of Israel live!
To whom the people do by thousands swarm.

ABS. What meaneth Cusay so to greet his foe?
Is this the love thou show'dst to David's soul,
To whose assistance thou hast vow'd thy life?
Why leav'st thou him in this extremity?

CU. Because the Lord, and Israel chooseth thee;
And as before I serv'd thy father's turn,
With counsel acceptable in his sight,
So likewise will I now obey his son.

ABS. Then welcome, Cusay, to king Absalon.
And now, my lords, and loving counsellors,
I think it time to exercise our arms
Against forsaken David and his host.
Give counsel first, my good Achitophel,
What times and orders we may best observe,
For prosperous manage of these high exploits.

ACH. Let me choose out twelve thousand valiant men;
And, while the night hides with her sable mists
The close endeavours cunning soldiers use,
I will assault thy discontented sire;

while with weakness of their weary arms,
arg'd with toil to shun thy sudden power,
eople fly in huge disorder'd troops
ve their lives, and leave the king alone,
will I smite him with his latest wound,
ring the people to thy feet in peace.
. Well hath Achitophel given his advice.
t us hear what Cusay counsels us,
e great experience is well worth the ear.
. Though wise Achitophel be much more meet
rchase hearing with my lord the king,
l his former counsels, than myself,
ot offending Absalon or him,
ime it is not good, nor worth pursuit;
ell thou know'st, thy father's men are strong,
g as she-bears robbed of their whelps:
s the king himself a valiant man,
d up in feats and stratagems of war;
ill not, for prevention of the worst,
with the common soldiers in the field:
w, I know, his wonted policies
taught him lurk within some secret cave,
ed with all his stoutest soldiers;
, if the forefront of his battle faint,
et give out that Absalon doth fly,
thy soldiers be discouraged:
himself withal, whose angry heart
lion's, letted of his walk,
ght himself, and all his men to one,
a few shall vanquish him by fear.

My counsel therefore is, with trumpet's sound
To gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
That they may march in number like sea sands,
That nestle close in one* another's neck:
So shall we come upon him in our strength,
Like to the dew that falls in showers from heaven,
And leave him not a man to march withal.
Besides, if any city succour him,
The numbers of our men shall fetch us ropes,
And we will pull it down the river's stream,
That not a stone be left to keep us out.

ABS. What says my lord to Cusay's counsel now?

AMA. I fancy Cusay's counsel better far
Than that is given us from Achitophel;
And so, I think, doth every soldier here.

ALL. Cusay's counsel is better than Achitophel's.

ABS. Then march we after Cusay's counsel all;
Sound trumpets through the bounds of Israel,
And muster all the men will serve the king,
That Absalon may glut his longing soul
With sole fruition of his father's crown.

ACH. Ill shall they fare that follow thy attempts,
That scorns the counsel of Achitophel. [*Exeunt.*

[*Restat Cusay.*

CU. Thus hath the power of Jacob's jealous God
Fulfill'd his servant David's drifts by me,
And brought Achitophel's advice to scorn.

* *one*] This word omitted in the old copy.

Enter SADOC, ABIATHAR, AHIMAAS, *and* JONATHAN.

SA. God save lord Cusay, and direct his zeal
To purchase David's conquest 'gainst his son.

ABI. What secrets hast thou glean'd from Absalon?

CU. These, sacred priests, that bear the ark of God:
Achitophel advis'd him in the night
To let him choose twelve thousand fighting men,
And he would come on David at unwares,
While he was weary with his violent toil:
But I advis'd to get a greater host,
And gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
To come upon him strongly in the fields.
Then send Ahimaas and Jonathan
To signify these secrets to the king,
And will him not to stay this night abroad;
But get him over Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people kiss the sword.

SA. Then go, Ahimaas, and Jonathan,
And straight convey this message to the king.

AHI. Father, we will, if Absalon's chief spies
Prevent not this device, and stay us here. [*Exeunt.*

SEMEI *solus.*

The man of Israel, that hath rul'd as king,
Or rather, as the tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hateful head upon the throne,
That God unworthily hath bless'd him with,
Shall now, I hope, lay it as low as hell,
And be depos'd from his detested chair.

O, that my bosom could by nature bear
A sea of poison, to be pour'd upon
His cursed head that sacred balm hath grac'd,
And consecrated king of Israel!
Or, would my breath were made the smoke of hell,
Infected with the sighs of damned souls,
Or with the reeking of that serpent's gorge,
That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,
That, as I open'd my revenging lips
To curse the shepherd for his tyranny,
My words might cast rank poison to his pores,
And make his swoln and rankling sinews crack,
Like to the combat blows that break the clouds,
When Jove's stout champions fight with fire.
See where he cometh, that my soul abhors:
I have prepar'd my pocket full of stones
To cast at him, mingled with earth and dust,
Which, bursting with disdain, I greet him with.

DAVID, JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, *with others.*

Come forth, thou murderer, and wicked man:
The lord hath brought upon thy cursed head
The guiltless blood of Saul and all his sons,
Whose royal throne thy baseness hath usurp'd;
And, to revenge it deeply on thy soul,
The Lord hath given the kingdom to thy son,
And he shall wreak the traitorous wrongs of Saul:
Even as thy sin hath still importun'd heaven,
So shall thy murders and adultery
Be punish'd in the sight of Israel,

As thou deserv'st, with blood, with death, and hell.
Hence, murderer, hence. [*throws at him.**

ABIS. Why doth this dead dog curse my lord the king?
Let me alone to take away his head.

DAV. Why meddleth thus the son of Zeruia
To interrupt the action of our God?
Semei useth me with this reproach,
Because the Lord hath sent him to reprove
The sins of David, printed in his brows
With blood, that blusheth for his conscience' guilt;
Who dares then ask him, why he curseth me?

SEM. If then thy conscience tell thee thou hast sinn'd,
And that thy life is odious to the world,
Command thy followers to shun thy face;
And by thyself here make away thy soul,
That I may stand and glory in thy shame.

DAV. I am not desperate, Semei, like thyself,
But trust unto the covenant of my God,
Founded on mercy with repentance built,
And finish'd with the glory of my soul.

SEM. A murderer, and hope for mercy in thy end!
Hate and destruction sit upon thy brows,
To watch the issue of thy damned ghost,
Which with thy latest gasp they'll take and tear,
Hurling in every pain of hell a piece.

* *throws at him*] In the old copy, this stage direction and the end of the speech are confounded, thus;

"*Hence, murtherer, hence, he threw at him.*"

Hence, murderer, thou shame to Israel,
Foul lecher, drunkard, plague to heaven and earth.
[*He throws at him.*

JOAB. What, is it piety in David's thoughts,
So to abhor from laws of policy
In this extremity of his distress,
To give his subjects cause of carelessness!
Send hence the dog with sorrow to his grave.

DAV. Why should the sons of Zeruia seek to check
His spirit, which the Lord hath thus inspir'd?
Behold, my son which issued from my flesh,
With equal fury seeks to take my life:
How much more then the son of Jemini,
Chiefly, since he doth nought but God's command?
It may be, he will look on me this day
With gracious eyes, and for his cursing bless
The heart of David in his bitterness.

SEM. What, dost thou fret my soul with sufferance?
O, that the souls of Isboseth and Abner,
Which thou sent'st swimming to their graves in blood,
With wounds fresh bleeding, gasping for revenge,
Were here to execute my burning hate!
But I will hunt thy foot with curses still;
Hence, monster, murderer, mirror of contempt.
[*He throws dust again.*

Enter AHIMAAS *and* JONATHAN.

AHI. Long life to David, to his enemies death!

DAV. Welcome, Ahimaas, and Jonathan:
What news sends Cusay to thy lord the king?

AHI. Cusay would wish my lord the king,
To pass the river Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people perish here;
For wise Achitophel hath counsell'd Absalon
To take advantage of your weary arms,
And come this night upon you in the fields.
But yet the Lord hath made his counsel scorn,
And Cusay's policy with praise preferr'd;
Which was to number every Israelite,
And so assault you in their pride of strength.

JONATH. Abiathar besides entreats the king
To send his men of war against his son,
And hazard not his person in the field.

DAV. Thanks to Abiathar, and to you both,
And to my Cusay, whom the Lord requite;
But ten times treble thanks to his soft hand,
Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,
And play him praises in my zealous breast,
That turn'd the counsel of Achitophel
After the prayers of his servant's lips.
Now will we pass the river all this night,
And in the morning sound the voice of war,
The voice of bloody and unkindly war.

JOAB. Then tell us how thou wilt divide thy men,
And who shall have the special charge herein.

DAV. Joab, thyself shall for thy charge conduct
The first third part of all my valiant men;
The second shall Abisai's valour lead;
The third fair Ithay, which I most should grace,

For comfort he hath done to David's woes;
And I myself will follow in the midst.
ITH. That let not David; for, though we should fly,
Ten thousand of us were not half so much
Esteem'd with David's enemies, as himself:
Thy people, loving thee, deny thee this.
DAV. What seems them best, then that will David do:
But now, my lords, and captains, hear his voice,
That never yet pierc'd piteous heaven in vain;
Then let it not slip lightly through your ears;
For my sake spare the young-man Absalon.
Joab, thyself didst once use friendly words
To reconcile my heart incens'd to him;
If then thy love be to thy kinsman sound,
And thou wilt prove a perfect Israelite,
Friend him with deeds, and touch no hair of him,
Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
Delight to play, and love* to make it curl,
Wherein the nightingales would build their nests,
And make sweet bowers in every golden tress,
To sing their lover every night asleep.
O, spoil not, Joab, Jove's fair ornaments,
Which he hath sent to solace David's soul!
The best, ye see, my lords, are swift to sin;
To sin our feet are wash'd with milk of roes,
And dried again with coals of lightening.
O Lord, thou see'st the proudest sin's poor slave,

* *love*] Old copy "*loves.*"

And with his bridle pull'st him to the grave!
For my sake then, spare lovely Absalon.

ITH. We will, my lord, for thy sake favour him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACHITOPHEL *solus, with a halter.*

ACH. Now hath Achitophel order'd his house,
And taken leave of every pleasure there;
Hereon depend* Achitophel's delights,
And in this circle must his life be clos'd.
The wise Achitophel, whose counsel prov'd
Ever as sound for fortunate success,
As if men ask'd the oracle of God,
Is now us'd like the fool of Israel:
Then set thy angry soul upon her wings,
And let her fly into the shade of death;
And for my death let heaven for ever weep,
Making huge floods upon the land I leave,
To ravish them, and all their fairest fruits.
Let all the sighs I breath'd for this disgrace,
Hang on my hedges like eternal mists,
As mourning garments for their master's death.
Ope, earth, and take thy miserable son
Into the bowels of thy cursed womb;
Once in a surfeit thou didst spew him forth,
Now for fell hunger suck him in again;
And be his body poison to thy veins:
And now, thou hellish instrument of heaven,
Once execute th' arrest of Jove's just doom,
And stop his breath† that curseth Israel. [*Exit.*

* *depend*] Old copy "*depends.*" † *breath*] Old copy "*breast.*"

Enter ABSALON, AMASA, *with all his train.*

ABS. Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,
And writ with David's blood upon the blade;
Now, Jove, let forth the golden firmament,
And look on him with all thy fiery eyes,
Which thou hast made to give their glories light:
To show thou lov'st the virtue of thy hand,
Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
Whose influence may govern Israel,
With state exceeding all her other kings.
Fight, lords, and captains, that your sovereign's face
May shine in honour brighter than the sun;
And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields,
That with sweet milk and honey overflow'd.
God, in the whizzing of a pleasant wind,
Shall march upon the tops of mulberry trees,
To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs,
As whilom he was good to Moyses' men.
By day the lord shall sit within a cloud,
To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
And in the night a pillar, bright as fire,
Shall go before you, like a second sun,
Wherein the essence of his godhead is;
That day and night you may be brought to peace,
And never swerve from that delightsome path,
That leads your souls to perfect happiness.
This shall he do for joy when I am king.

Then fight, brave captains, that these joys may fly,
Into your bosoms with sweet victory. [*Exeunt.*

The battle, and ABSALON *hangs by the hair.*

ABS. What angry angel, sitting in these shades,
Hath laid his cruel hands upon my hair,
And holds my body thus 'twixt heaven and earth?
Hath Absalon no soldier near his hand
That may untwine me this unpleasant curl,
Or wound this tree that ravisheth his lord?
O God, behold the glory of thy hand,
And choicest fruit of nature's workmanship,
Hang like a rotten branch, upon this tree,
Fit for the axe, and ready for the fire!
Since thou withhold'st all ordinary help,
To loose my body from this bond of death,
O let my beauty fill these senseless plants
With sense and power to loose me from this plague,
And work some wonder to prevent his death,
Whose life thou mad'st a special miracle!

JOAB, *with another Soldier.*

SOLD. My lord, I saw the young prince Absalon
Hang by the hair upon a shady oak,
And could by no means get himself unloos'd.
JOAB. Why slew'st thou not the wicked Absalon,
That rebel to his father and to heaven,
That so I might have given thee for thy pains
Ten silver shekels* and a golden waist.†

* *shekels*] Old copy "*sickles.*"
† *waist*] i. e. girdle: old copy "*wast.*"

SOLD. Not for a thousand shekels would I slay
The son of David, whom, his father charg'd
Nor thou, Abisai, nor the son of Gath,
Should touch with stroke of deadly violence.
The charge was given in hearing of us all;
And, had I done it, then, I know, thyself,
Before thou wouldst abide the king's rebuke,
Wouldst have accus'd me as a man of death.

JOAB. I must not now stand trifling here with thee.

ABS. Help, Joab, help, O, help thy Absalon!
Let not thy angry thoughts be laid in blood,
In blood of him, that sometimes nourish'd thee,
And soften'd thy sweet heart with friendly love:
O, give me once again my father's sight,
My dearest father, and my princely sovereign!
That, shedding tears of blood before his face,
The ground may witness, and the heavens record,
My last submission sound and full of ruth.

JOAB. Rebel to nature, hate to heaven and earth,
Shall I give help to him that thirsts the soul
Of his dear father, and my sovereign lord!
Now see, the Lord hath tangled in a tree
The health and glory of thy stubborn heart,
And made thy pride curb'd with a senseless plant;
Now, Absalon, how doth the Lord regard,
The beauty, whereupon thy hope was built,
And which thou thought'st his grace did glory in?
Find'st thou not now with fear of instant death,
That God affects not any painted shape,
Or goodly personage, when the virtuous soul
Is stuff'd with nought but pride and stubbornness?

But, preach I to thee, while I should revenge
Thy cursed sin that staineth Israel,
And makes her fields blush with her children's blood?
Take that as part of thy deserved plague,
Which worthily no torment can inflict.

ABS. O Joab, Joab, cruel, ruthless Joab!
Herewith thou wound'st thy kingly sovereign's heart,
Whose heavenly temper hates his children's blood,
And will be sick, I know, for Absalon.
O, my dear father, that thy melting eyes
Might pierce this thicket to behold thy son,
Thy dearest son, gor'd with a mortal dart!
Yet, Joab, pity me; pity my father, Joab;
Pity his soul's distress that mourns my life,
And will be dead, I know, to hear my death.

JOAB. If he were so remorseful of thy state,
Why sent he me against thee with the sword?
All Joab means to pleasure thee withal
Is, to despatch thee quickly of thy pain:
Hold, Absalon, Joab's pity is in this;
In this, proud Absalon, is Joab's love. [*He goes out.*

ABS. Such love, such pity Israel's God send thee,
And for his love to David pity me.
Ah, my dear father! see, thy bowels bleed;
See death assault thy dearest Absalon;
See, pity, pardon, pray for Absalon.

Enter five or six Soldiers.

SOLD. See where the rebel in his glory hangs:
Where is the virtue of thy beauty, Absalon?

Will any of us here now fear thy looks,
Or be in love with that thy golden hair,
Wherein was wrapt rebellion 'gainst thy sire,
And cords prepar'd to stop thy father's breath?
Our captain Joab hath begun to us;
And here's an end to thee and all thy sins.
Come, let us take the beauteous rebel down,
And in some ditch amids this darksome wood,
Bury his bulk* beneath a heap of stones,
Whose stony heart did hunt his father's death.

Enter in triumph with drum and ensign, JOAB, ABISAI *and Soldiers, to* ABSALON.

JOAB. Well done, tall† soldiers; take the traitor down,
And in this miry ditch inter his bones,
Covering his hateful breast with heaps of stones.
This shady thicket of dark Ephraim
Shall ever lower on his cursed grave;
Night ravens and owls shall ring his fatal knell,
And sit exclaiming on his damned soul;
There shall they heap their preys of carrion,
Till all his grave be clad with stinking bones,
That it may loath the sense of every man:
So shall his end breed horror to his name,
And to his traitorous fact eternal shame. [*Exeunt.*

* *bulk*] i. e. body.
† *tall*] i. e. brave.

CHORUS.

O dreadful precedent of his just doom,
Whose holy heart is never touch'd with ruth
Of fickle beauty, or of glorious shapes,
But with the virtue of an upright soul,
Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,
Though in his person loathsome and deform'd!
Now, since this story lends us other store,
To make a third discourse of David's life,
Adding thereto his most renowned death,
And all their deaths, that at his death he judg'd,
Here end we this, and what here wants to please,
We will supply with treble willingness.*

Trumpets sound: Enter JOAB, AHIMAAS, CUSAY, AMASA, *with all the rest.*

JOAB. Soldiers of Israel, and ye sons of Judah,
That have contended in these irksome broils,
And ript old Israel's bowels with your swords;
The godless general of your stubborn arms
Is brought by Israel's helper to the grave,
A grave of shame, and scorn of all the tribes:
Now then, to save your honours from the dust,

* After this speech of the Chorus, the old copy (Sig. G 4.) gives the following fragment, which belongs to some earlier scene of the play that has been lost;

"*Absalon, with three or four of his servants or gentlemen.*

"AB. What boots it, Absalon, unhappy Absalon,
Sighing I say, what boots it, Absalon,
To have disclos'd a far more worthy womb
Than"

And keep your bloods in temper by your bones,
Let Joab's ensign shroud your manly heads,
Direct your eyes, your weapons, and your hearts,
To guard the life of David from his foes.
Error hath mask'd your much too forward minds,
And you have sinn'd against the chosen state,
Against his life, for whom your lives are bless'd,
And follow'd an usurper to the field;
In whose just death your deaths are threaten'd,
But Joab pities your disorder'd souls,
And therefore offers pardon, peace, and love,
To all that will be friendly reconciled
To Israel's weal, to David, and to heaven.
Amasa, thou art leader of the host,
That under Absalon have rais'd their arms;
Then be a captain wise and politic,
Careful and loving for thy soldiers' lives,
And lead them to this honourable league.

AMA. I will; at least, I'll do my best:
And for the gracious offer thou hast made
I give thee thanks, as much as for my head.
Then, you deceiv'd poor souls of Israel,
Since now ye see the errors you incurr'd,
With thanks and due submission be appeas'd;
And as ye see your captain's precedent,
Here cast we then our swords at Joab's feet,
Submitting with all zeal and reverence
Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.

JOAB. Stand up, and take ye all your swords again; [*All stand up.*
David, and Joab, shall be blest herein.

AHI. Now let me go inform my lord the king
How God hath freed him from his enemies.
JOAB. Another time, Ahimaas, not now;
But Cusay, go thyself, and tell the king
The happy message of our good success.
CU. I will, my lord, and thank thee for thy grace.
[*Ex. Cus.*
AHI. What if thy servant should go too, my lord?
JOAB. What news hast thou to bring since he is gone?
AHI. Yet do Ahimaas so much content,
That he may run about so sweet a charge. [*Exit.*
JOAB. Run, if thou wilt; and peace be with thy steps.
Now follow, that you may salute the king
With humble hearts, and reconciled souls.
AMA. We follow, Joab, to our gracious king;
And him our swords shall honour to our deaths.
[*Exeunt.*

DAVID, BETHSABE, SALOMON, NATHAN, ADONIA, CHILEAB, *with their train.*

BETH. What means my lord, the lamp of Israel,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receive their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspects,
And paint his countenance with his heart's distress?
Why should his thoughts retain a sad conceit,
When every pleasure kneels before his throne,
And sues for sweet acceptance with his grace?

Take but your lute, and make the mountains dance,
Retrieve the sun's sphere, and restrain the clouds,
Give ears to trees, make savage lions tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest storms;
Then why should passions of much meaner power,
Bear head against the heart of Israel?

DAV. Fair Bethsabe, thou mightst increase the strength
Of these thy arguments, drawn from my skill,
By urging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose virtue ever serv'd for sacred balm
To cheer my pinings past all earthly joys:
But Bethsabe, the daughter of the highest,
Whose beauty builds the towers of Israel,
She, that in chains of pearl and unicorn,
Leads at her train the ancient golden world,
The world that Adam held in paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,
And makes the meadows smile at her repair;
She, she, my dearest Bethsabe,
Fair peace, the goddess of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of fair Jerusalem,
The fields of Israel, and the heart of David,
Leading my comforts in her golden chains,
Link'd to the life, and soul of Absalon.

BETH. Then is the pleasure of my sovereign's heart
So wrapt within the bosom of that son,
That Salomon, whom Israel's God affects,

And gave the name unto him for his love,
Should be no salve to comfort David's soul?
DAV. Salomon, my love, is David's lord;
Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:
In him (for that, and since he is thy son,)
Must David needs be pleased at the heart;
And he shall surely sit upon my throne:
But Absalon, the beauty of my bones,
Fair Absalon, the counterfeit of love,
Sweet Absalon, the image of content,
Must claim a portion in his father's care,
And be in life and death king David's son.
NATH. Yet as my lord hath said, let Salomon reign,
Whom God in naming hath anointed king.
Now is he apt to learn th' eternal laws,
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth
Will beautify his age with glorious fruits;
While Absalon, incens'd with graceless pride,
Usurps and stains the kingdom with his sin:
Let Salomon be made thy staff of age,
Fair Israel's rest, and honour of thy race.
DAV. Tell me, my Salomon, wilt thou embrace
Thy father's precepts graved in thy heart,
And satisfy my zeal to thy renown,
With practice of such sacred principles
As shall concern the state of Israel?
SAL. My royal father, if the heavenly zeal,
Which for my welfare feeds upon your soul,
Were not sustain'd with virtue of mine own,

If the sweet accents of your cheerful voice
Should not each hour beat upon mine ears
As sweetly as the breath of heaven to him
That gaspeth scorched with the summer's sun;
I should be guilty of unpardoned sin,
Fearing the plague of heaven, and shame of earth:
But since I vow myself to learn the skill
And holy secrets of his mighty hand
Whose cunning tunes the music of my soul,
It would content me, father, first to learn
How the eternal fram'd the firmament;
Which bodies lead their influence by fire;
And which are fill'd with hoary winter's ice;
What sign is rainy; and what star is fair;
Why by the rules of true proportion
The year is still divided into months,
The months to days, the days to certain hours;
What fruitful race shall fill the future world;
Or for what time shall this round building stand;
What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe
Men's minds with bridles of th' eternal law.

DAV. Wade not too far, my boy, in waves too deep:
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts
Behold things present, and record things past;
But things to come exceed our human reach,
And are not painted yet in angels' eyes:
For those, submit thy sense, and say—Thou power,
That now art framing of the future world,
Know'st all to come, not by the course of heaven,

By frail conjectures of inferior signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificed beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art;
But by a true and natural presage,
Laying the ground and perfect architect
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
From Adam to the end of Adam's seed:
O heaven, protect my weakness with thy strength!
So look on me that I may view thy face,
And see these secrets written in thy brows.
O sun, come dart thy rays upon my moon!
That now mine eyes, eclipsed to the earth,
May brightly be refin'd and shine to heaven:
Transform me from this flesh, that I may live
Before my death, regenerate with thee.
O thou great God, ravish my earthly sprite!
That for the time a more than human skill
May feed the organons of all my sense;
That, when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,
And, when I speak, I may be made by choice
The perfect echo of thy heavenly voice.
Thus say, my son, and thou shalt learn them all.

SAL. A secret fury ravisheth my soul,
Lifting my mind above her human bounds;
And, as the eagle, roused from her stand
With violent hunger towering in the air,
Seizeth her feather'd prey, and thinks to feed,
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,

Lets fall the fowl, and is emboldened
With eyes intentive to bedare the sun,
And styeth close unto his stately sphere;
So Salomon, mounted on the burning wings
Of zeal divine, lets fall his mortal food,
And cheers his senses with celestial air,
Treads in the golden starry labyrinth,
And holds his eyes fix'd on Jehovah's brows.
Good father, teach me further what to do.

NATH. See, David, how his haughty spirit mounts,
Even now of height to wield a diadem;
Then make him promise, that he may succeed,
And rest old Israel's bones from broils of war.

DAV. Nathan, thou prophet, sprung from Jesse's root,
I promise thee, and lovely Bethsabe,
My Salomon shall govern after me.

BETH. He that hath touch'd thee with this righteous thought
Preserve the harbour of thy thoughts in peace.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESS. My lord, thy servants of the watch have seen
One running hitherward from forth the wars.

DAV. If he be come alone, he bringeth news.

MESS. Another hath thy servant seen, my lord,
Whose running much resembles Sadoc's son.

DAV. He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

Enter AHIMAAS.

AHI. Peace and content be with my lord the king,
Whom Israel's God hath bless'd with victory.
DAV. Tell me, Ahimaas, lives my Absalon?
AHI. I saw a troop of soldiers gathered,
But know not what the tumult might import.
DAV. Stand by, until some other may inform
The heart of David with a happy truth.

Enter CUSAY.

CU. Happiness and honour live with David's soul,
Whom God hath bless'd with conquest of his foes.
DAV. But, Cusay, lives the young man Absalon?
CU. The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crown,
Fare ever, like the young man Absalon!
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,
His hair was tangled in a shady oak;
And hanging there, by Joab and his men,
Sustain'd the stroke of well deserved death.
DAV. Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon,
And make these cursed news the bloody darts,
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade, the thunder slew,
And fire from heaven hath made his branches black,
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon:
Against the body of that blasted plant

In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs,
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk
Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;
Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.

[*He goes to his pavilion and sits close awhile.*

BETH. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,
To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell;
O, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe,

[*She kneels down.*

Whose heart is pierced with thy breathy swords,
And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs!
Now sit* thy sorrows sucking of my blood:
O, that it might be poison to their powers,
And that their lips might draw my bosom dry,
So David's love might ease him, though she die!

NATH. These violent passions come not from above;
David and Bethsabe offend the Highest,
To mourn in this immeasurable sort.

* *sit*] Old copy, "*sits.*"

DAV. O Absalon, Absalon, O my son, my son!
'Would God that I had died for Absalon!
But he is dead; ah, dead! Absalon is dead:
And David lives to die for Absalon.
[*He looks forth, and at the end sits close again.*

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, *with their train.*

JOAB. Why lies the queen so prostrate on the ground?
Why is this company so tragic hued?
Why is the king now absent from his men,
And marcheth not in triumph through the gates?
[*He unfolds the pavilion.*
David, awake; if sleep have shut thine eyes,
Sleep of affection that thou canst not see
The honour offer'd to the victor's head:
Joab brings conquest, pierced on his spear,
And joy from all the tribes of Israel.

DAV. Thou man of blood, thou sepulchre of death,
Whose marble breast intombs* my bowels quick,
Did I not charge thee, nay entreat thy hand
Even for my sake to spare my Absalon?
And hast thou now in spite of David's health,
And scorn to do my heart some happiness,
Given him the sword, and spilt his purple soul?

JOAB. What, irks it David, that he victor breathes,
That Juda, and the fields of Israel,
Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood?

* *intombs*] Old copy "*intombe.*"

What, art thou weary of thy royal rule?
Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,
And he that set thee there, so far from thanks,
That thou must curse his servant for his sake?
Hast thou not said, that, as the morning light,
The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,
And not as flowers by the brightest rain,
Which grow up quickly, and as quickly fade?*
Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,
That cannot be preserved with the hand,
And that the man shall touch them, must be arm'd
With coats of iron, and garments made of steel,
Or with the shaft of a defenced spear?
And art thou angry he is now cut off,
That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,
And was more wicked than an host of men?
Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,
Or, by the Lord that sways the heaven I swear,
I'll lead thine armies to another king,
Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry;
And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
When his fair looks, with oil and wine refresh'd,
Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts,
That when elsewhere stern war shall sound his trump,
And call another battle to the field,

* *Which grow up quickly, and as quickly fade*] Old copy, in this line, "*grows*" and "*fades.*"

Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
And for their service happily confess
She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess:
Take thou this course and live, refuse and die.

ABIS. Come, brother, let him sit there till he sink;
Some other shall advance the name of Joab.
[*Offers to go out.*

BETH. O, stay, my lords, stay! David mourns no more,
But riseth to give honour to your acts. [*Stay.*
[*He riseth up.*

DAV. Then happy art thou, David's fairest son,
That, freed from the yoke of earthly toils,
And sequester'd from sense of human sins,
Thy soul shall 'joy the sacred cabinet
Of those divine ideas, that present
Thy changed spirit with a heaven of bliss.
Then thou art gone; ah, thou art gone, my son!
To heaven, I hope, my Absalon is gone:
Thy soul there plac'd in honour of the saints,
Or angels clad with immortality,
Shall reap a sevenfold grace for all thy griefs;
Thy eyes, now no more eyes, but shining stars,
Shall deck the flaming heavens with novel lamps;
There shalt thou taste the drink of Seraphins,
And cheer thy feelings with archangels' food;
Thy day of rest, thy holy sabbath day
Shall be eternal; and, the curtain drawn,
Thou shalt behold thy sovereign face to face,

With wonder, knit in triple unity,
Unity infinite and innumerable.
Courage, brave captains; Joab's tale hath stirr'd,
And made the suit of Israel preferr'd.

JOAB. Bravely resolv'd, and spoken like a king:
Now may old Israel, and his daughters sing.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

BATTLE OF ALCAZAR.

The Battell of Alcazar, fought in Barbarie, betweene Sebastian king of Portugall, and Abdelmelec king of Marocco. With the death of Captaine Stukeley. As it was sundrie times plaid by the Lord high Admirall his servants. Imprinted at London by Edward Allde for Richard Bankworth, & are to be solde at his shoppe in Pouls Churchyard at the signe of the Sunne. 1594. 4to.

In the *Biographia Dramatica* we are told that the plot of this play is taken from Heylin's *Cosmography;* a fact which one may be allowed to doubt, as Peter Heylin was not born till the year 1600.

Of Stukely, that "Bubble of Emptinesse, and Meteor of Ostentation," as he calls him, Fuller gives the following account:—

"THOMAS STUCKLEY. Were he alive, he would be highly offended to be ranked under any other Topick than that of Princes; whose memory must now be content and thankful too, that we will afford it a place amongst our Souldiers.

"He was a younger brother, of an ancient, wealthy, and worshipful Family, nigh *Illfracombe* in this County, being one of good parts, but valued the lesse by others; because over-prized by himself. Having prodigally mis-spent his Patrimony, he entred on several projects (the *issue general* of all decaied estates) and first pitched on the peopleing of *Florida*, then newly found out in the *West Indies*. So confident his ambition, that he blushed not to tell *Queen Elizabeth*, that *he preferred rather to be Soveraign of a Mole-hill, than the highest Subject to the greatest King in Christendome;* adding moreover, that, *he was assured he should be a Prince before his death: I hope* (*said* Queen Elizabeth) *I shall hear from you, when you are stated in your Principality: I will write unto you* (quoth Stukely.) *In what Language?* (said the Queen) He returned, *In the Stile of Princes; To our dear Sister.*

"His fair project of *Florida* being blasted for lack of money to pursue it, he went over into *Ireland*, where he was frustrate of

the preferment he expected, and met such Physick, that turned his Feaver into Frensie. For, hereafter resolving treacherously to attempt, what he could not loyally atchieve, he went over into *Italy*.

" It is incredible how quickly he wrought himself thorough the notice into the favour, through the Court into the Chamber, yea Closet, yea bosome of Pope *Pius Quintus*; so that some wise men thought his Holinesse did forfeit a parcel of his infallibility, in giving credit to such a *Glorioso*, vaunting that with *three thousand* souldiers he would beat all the English out of *Ireland*.

" The Pope finding it cheaper to fill *Stuckleys* swelling sails, with aiery Titles, than real Gifts, created him Baron of *Ross*, Viscount *Murrough*, Earl of *Wexford*, Marquesse of *Lemster*, and then furnished the Title-top-heavy General, with *eight hundred* souldiers paid by the King of *Spain* for the *Irish* Expedition.

" In passage thereunto *Stuckley* lands at *Portugal*, just when *Sebastian* the King thereof, with two *Moorish* Kings, were undertaking of a voyage into *Affrica*. *Stuckly* scorning to attend, is perswaded to accompany them. Some thought he wholly quitted his *Irish* design, partly because loath to be pent up in an Island (the Continent of *Affrica* affording more elbow-room for his Atchievements) partly because so mutable his mind, he ever loved the last project (as Mothers the youngest child:) best. Others conceive he took this *Affrican* in order to his *Irish* design; such his confidence of Conquest, that his Break-fast on the Turks, would the better enable him to dine on the *English* in *Ireland*.

" Landing in *Affrica*, *Stuckley* gave counsil, which was safe, seasonable and necessary; namely, that for two or three dayes they should refresh their land Souldiers; whereof some were sick, and some were weak, by reason of their tempestuous passage. This would not be heard, so furious was *Don Sebastion* to engage; as if he would pluck up the bays of Victory out of the ground, before they were grown up; and so in the Battail of *Alcaser* their Army was wholly defeated: Where *Stuckley* lost his life.

" *A fatal fight, where in one day was slain,*
Three Kings *that were, and* One *that would be fain.*

" This Battail was fought [4th August] *Anno* 1578. Where *Stuckley* with his *eight hundred* men behaved himself most valiantly, till over-powred with multitude."

Worthies, p. 258-9, ed. 1672.

I throw together a few poetical notices of him:

" that renowned battle
Swift fame desires to carry through the world,
The battle of Alcazar, wherein two kings,
Besides this king of Barbary, was slain,
King of Morocco and of Portugal,
With Stukeley, that renowned Englishman,
That had a spirit equal with a king,
Made fellow with these kings in warlike strife,
Honour'd his country, and concluded life."

Heywood's *If you Know not me, you Know Nobody.* Part Second. Sig. E 2. ed. 1609.

" A Stukeley or a Sherley, for his spirit,
Bounty and royalty to men at arms."

Cooke's *Greene's Tu Quoque.* n. d. Sig. D 1.

" It is a saying auncient (not autenticall, I win)
That whoso England will subdew, with Ireland must begin.
Imagine Stukelies onely name includeth all that's ill:
He forging worth, and to our State Malevolent in will,
Of bounteous Pensions was therefore possest in Spayne long while,
Untill (for it a Nature was in Stukelie to beguile,)
The King, whom he had cozen'd long, him purpos'd to exile.
Then for the Pope the Fugitive a welcome Agent was:
(For nothing ill, might worke us ill, hath Spayne and Rome let pas)
Of him he had an Armie, that for Irelands Conquest sayles:
When through a fight in Barbarie that Expedition fayles."

Warner's *Albion's England*, B. 10. Ch. 54. p. 242. ed. 1596.

" Rome's malice and Spaine's practice still concurs,
To vexe and trouble blest Elizabeth:
With Stukeley they combine to raise new stirs,
And Ireland bragging Stukeley promiseth
To give unto the Popes brave Bastard sonne
James Boncampagno, an ambitious boy,
And Stukely from the Pope a prize hath wonne,
A holy Peacocks Taile (a proper Toy)
But Stukely was in Mauritania slaine,
In that great battell at Alcazor fought.
Whereby we see his power doth still defend
His Church, which on his mercy doth depend."
Taylor's (the Water Poet's) *Churches Deliverances*, *Works*, p. 143, ed. 1630.

A ballad called *The Life & Death of the famous Lord Stukely, an English gallant, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his days in a Battle of three Kings of Barbary*, is in Evans's *Collection*, vol. iii. p. 148. ed. 1810.

He is the hero of another play, acted* long before it was printed, entitled *The Famous Historye of the life and death of Captaine Thomas Stukely. With his marriage to Alderman Curteis daughter, and valiant ending of his life at the Battaile of Alcasar. As it hath beene acted. Printed for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be sold at his shop at the entrance into the Exchange.* 1605.—4to. black letter.

I believe it is to the *Battle of Alcazar*, not to the *Famous History of Stukeley*, that Peele himself alludes in his *Farewell* to Norris and Drake:

" Bid Mahomet's Poo, and mighty Tamburlaine,
King Charlemagne, Tom Stukeley and the rest
Adieu."

* As we learn from Henslowe's Register;

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
R. the 11 of desember 1596, at Stewkley [11] - -	0	xxxx	0

(Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 307.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MOOR, MULY MAHAMET,
MULY MAHAMET, HIS SON,
ABDILMELEC,
MULY MAHAMET SETH,
CALSEPIUS BASSA,
ABDIL RAYES,
CELYBIN,
ZAREO,
PISANO,
KING SEBASTIAN,
DUKE OF AVERO,
DUKE OF BARCELES,
LEWES DE SILVA,
CHRISTOPHERO DE TAVERO,
DON DIEGO LOPIS,
DON DE MENYSIS,
STUKELEY,
BISHOP,
HERCULES,
JONAS,
LEGATE, EMBASSADORS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS,
BOY, &c.

QUEEN,
RUBIN ARCHIS,
CALIPOLIS,
LADIES, &c.

THE PRESENTER.

THE TRAGICAL BATTLE OF ALCAZAR IN BARBARY, WITH THE DEATH OF THREE KINGS, AND CAPTAIN STUKELEY, AN ENGLISHMAN.

ACTUS I.*

Enter the PRESENTER.

HONOUR, the spur that pricks the princely mind
To follow rule and climb the stately chair,
With great desire inflames the Portingal,
An honourable and courageous king,
To undertake a dangerous dreadful war,
And aid with Christian arms the barbarous Moor,
The negro Muly Hamet, that withholds
The kingdom from his uncle Abdilmelec,
Whom proud Abdallas wrong'd,
And in his throne installs his cruel son,
That now usurps upon this prince,
This brave barbarian lord Muly Molocco.
The passage to the crown by murder made,
Abdallas dies, and leaves† this tyrant king;

* In the old copy the Act is not marked here.

† *leaves*] Old copy "*deisnes.*" Something seems to be wanting in this passage.

Of whom we treat, sprung from th' Arabian Moor,
Black in his look, and bloody in his deeds;
And in his shirt stain'd with a cloud of gore,
Presents himself, with naked sword in hand,
Accompanied, as now you may behold,
With devils coated in the shapes of men.

THE FIRST DUMB-SHOW.

Enter MULY MAHAMET *and his son, and his two young brethren; the Moor showeth them the bed, and then takes his leave of them, and they betake them to their rest. And then the Presenter speaketh.*

Like those that were by kind of murder mumm'd,*
Sit down and see what heinous stratagems
These damned wits contrive. And lo, alas!
How like poor lambs prepar'd for sacrifice,
This traitor king hales to their longest home
These tender lords, his younger brethren both.

THE SECOND DUMB-SHOW.

Enter the Moor, and two murderers, bringing in his uncle Abdelmunen, then they draw the curtains and smother the young princes in the bed: which done in sight of the uncle, they strangle him in his chair, and then go forth. And then the Presenter saith.

His brethren thus in fatal bed behearst,
His father's brother of too light belief

* *mumm'd*] Old copy "*mumd:*" if it be not a misprint, it must mean—made silent.

This Negro puts to death by proud command.
Say not these things are feign'd, for true they are;
And understand how eager to enjoy
His father's crown this unbelieving Moor,
Murdering his uncle and his brethren,
Triumphs in his ambitious tyranny:
Till Nemesis, high mistress of revenge,
That with her scourge keeps all the world in awe,
With thundering drums awakes the god of war,
And calls the Furies from Avernus' crags,
To range and rage, and vengeance to inflict,
Vengeance on this accursed Moor for sin.
And now, behold, how Abdilmelec comes,
Uncle to this unhappy traitor king,
Arm'd with great aid that Amurath had sent,
Great Amurath Emperor of the East,
For service done to Sultan Solimon,
Under whose colours he had serv'd in field,
Flying the fury of this Negro's father,
That wrong'd his brethren to install his son.
Sit you, and see this true and tragic war,
A modern matter full of blood and ruth,
Where three bold kings confounded in their height,
Fell to the earth, contending for a crown;
And call this war, *The battle of Alcazar.* [*Exit.*

Sound drums and trumpets, and enter ABDILMELEC, *with* CALSEPIUS BASSA *and his guard, and* ZAREO *a Moor, with soldiers.*

ABDILM. All hail, Argerd Zareo; and, ye Moors,
Salute the frontiers of your native home:

Cease, rattling drums; and, Abdilmelec, here
Throw up thy trembling hands to heaven's throne,
Pay to thy God due thanks, and thanks to him
That strengthens thee with mighty gracious arms,
Against the proud usurper of thy right,
The royal seat and crown of Barbary,
Great Amurath, great emperor of the world;
The world bear witness how I do adore
The sacred name of Amurath the Great.
Calsepius Bassa, Bassa Calsepius,
To thee, and to thy trusty band of men
That carefully attend us in our camp,
Pick'd soldiers, comparable to the guard
Of Myrmidons, that kept Achilles' tent,
Such thanks we give to thee, and to them all,
As may concern a poor distressed king,
In honour and in princely courtesy.

BAS. Courteous and honourable Abdilmelec,
We are not come at Amurath's command,
As mercenary men, to serve for pay,
But as sure friends by our great master sent
To gratify and to remunerate
Thy love, thy loyalty, and forwardness,
Thy service in his father's dangerous war;
And to perform, in view of all the world,
The true office of right and royalty:
To see thee in thy kingly chair enthron'd,
To settle and to seat thee in the same,
To make thee Emperor of this Barbary,
Are come the viceroys and sturdy janisaries
Of Amurath, son to Sultan Solimon.

Enter MULY MAHAMET SETH,* RUBIN ARCHIS, ABDIL RAYES, *with others.*

ABD. RAYES. Long live my lord, the sovereign of my heart,
Lord Abdilmelec, whom the God of kings,
The mighty Amurath hath happy made;
And long live Amurath for this good deed.

MULY MAH. SETH. Our Moors have seen the silver moons to wane,
In banners bravely spreading o'er† the plain,
And in these‡ semicircles have descried
All in a golden field a star to rise,
A glorious comet that begins to blaze,
Promising happy sorting to us all.

RUB. Brave man at arms, whom Amurath hath sent,
To sow the lawful true succeeding seed,
In Barbary, that bows and groans withal
Under a proud usurping tyrant's mace,
Right thou the wrongs this rightful king hath borne.

ABDILM. Distressed ladies, and ye dames of Fesse,
Sprung from the true Arabian Muly Xarif,
The loadstar and the honour of our line,
Now clear your watery eyes, wipe tears away,
And cheerfully give welcome to these arms:
Amurath hath sent scourges by his men,

* *Seth*] Called in the old copy in this scene (but here only) "*Xeque.*" There is no end to the confusion of names in this play.

† *o'er*] Old copy "*over.*" ‡ *these*] Old copy "*this.*"

To whip that tyrant traitor king from hence,
That hath usurp'd from us, and maim'd you all.
Soldiers, sith rightful quarrels' aid
Successful are, and men that manage them
Fight not in fear as traitors and their feres,*
That you may understand what arms we bear,
What lawful arms against our brother's son,
In sight of heaven, even of mine honour's worth,
Truly I will deliver and discourse
The sum of all. Descended from the line
Of Mahomet, our grandsire Muly Xarif
With store of gold and treasure leaves Arabia,
And strongly plants himself in Barbary,
And of the Moors that now with us do wend
Our grandsire Muly Xarif was the first.
From him well wot ye Muly Mahamet Xeque,
Who in his life time made a perfect law,
Confirm'd with general voice of all his peers,
That in his kingdom should successively
His sons succeed. Abdallas was the first,
Eldest of four,† Abdelmunen the second,
And we the rest, my brother, and myself.
Abdallas reign'd his time; but see the change!
He labours to invest his son in all,
To disannul the law our father made,
And disinherit us his brethren;
And in his life-time wrongfully proclaims
His son for king that now contends with us.

* *feres*] See note † vol. i. p. 7. † *four*] Old copy "*fair.*"

Therefore I crave to re-obtain my right,
That Muly Mahamet the traitor holds,
Traitor and bloody tyrant both at once,
That murdered his younger brethren both:
But on this damned wretch, this traitor king,
The gods shall pour down showers of sharp revenge.
And thus a matter not to you unknown
I have deliver'd: yet for no distrust
Of loyalty, my well beloved friend,
But that the occasions fresh in memory
Of these incumbers so may move your minds,
As for the lawful true succeeding prince
Ye neither think your lives nor honours dear,
Spent in a quarrel just and honourable.

BAS. Such and no other we repute the cause,
That forwardly for thee we undertake,
Thrice puissant and renowned Abdilmelec,
And for thine honour, safety, and crown,
Our lives and honours frankly to expose
To all the dangers that our war attends,
As freely and as resolutely all,
As any Moor whom thou commandest most.

MULY MAH. SETH. And why is Abdilmelec then so slow
To chastise him with fury of the sword,
Whose pride doth swell to sway beyond his reach?
Follow this pride then with fury of revenge.

RUB. Of death, of blood, of wreak, and deep revenge,
Shall Rubin Archis frame her tragic songs:

In blood, in death, in murder, and misdeed,
This heaven's malice did begin and end.

ABDILM. Rubin, these rights to Abdelmunen's ghost
Have pierc'd by this to Pluto's grave below:
The bells of Pluto ring revenge amain,
The furies and the fiends conspire with thee,
War bids me draw my weapons for revenge
Of my deep wrongs, and my dear brother's death.

MULY MAH. SETH. Sheath not your swords, you soldiers of Amurath,
Sheath not your swords, you Moors of Barbary,
That fight in right of your anointed king,
But follow to the gates of death and hell,
Pale death and hell, to entertain his soul;
Follow, I say, to burning Phlegethon,
This traitor tyrant, and his companies.

BAS. Heave up your swords against these stony holds,
Wherein these barbarous rebels are enclos'd:
Call'd for is Abdilmelec by the Gods
To sit upon the throne of Barbary.

ABD. RAYES. Bassa, great thanks, the honour of the Turks:
Forward, brave lords, unto this rightful war.
How can this battle but successful be,
Where courage meeteth with a rightful cause?

RUB. Go in good time, my best beloved lord,
Successful in thy work thou undertakes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the MOOR *in his chariot, attended with his Son:* PISANO *his captain, with his guard and treasure* [*and his Queen*].

MOOR. Pisano, take a cornet of our horse,
As many argolets* and armed pikes,
And with our carriage march away before
By Scyras, and those plots of ground
That to Moroccus leads the lower way:
Our enemies keep upon the mountain tops,
And have encamp'd themselves not far from Fesse.
Madam, gold is the glue, sinews, and strength of war,
And we must see our treasure may go safe.
Away: now, boy, what's the news? [*Ex. Pisano, &c.*

THE MOOR'S SON.† The news, my lord, is war,
war and revenge;
And, if I shall declare the circumstance,
'Tis thus.
Rubin, our uncle's wife, that wrings her hands
For Abdelmunen's death, accompanied
With many dames of Fesse in mourning weeds,
Near to Argier encounter'd Abdilmelec,
That bends his force, puft up with Amurath's aid,
Against your holds and castles of defence.
The younger brother, Muly Mahamet Seth,
Greets the great Bassa, that the king of Turks

* *argolets*] "*argolet*, a light horseman." Cotgrave.

† *The Moor's Son*] The old copy "*Muly Mahamet*:" in the third act the title prefixed to his speech is "*The Moor's Son*," which, to avoid the confusion caused by the family name, I have adopted in this scene.

Sends to invade your right and royal realm;
And basely beg revenge arch-rebels all,
To be inflict upon our progeny.

MOOR. Why, boy, is Amurath's Bassa such a bug,*
That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?
Then, Bassa, lock the winds in wards of brass,
Thunder from heaven, damn wretched men to death,
Bar all the offices of Saturn's sons,
Be Pluto then in hell, and bar the fiends,
Take Neptune's force to thee, and calm the seas,
And execute Jove's justice on the world,
Convey Tamburlaine into our Affric here,
To chastise and to menace lawful kings:
Tamburlaine, triumph not, for thou must die,†
As Philip did, Cæsar, and Cæsar's peers.

THE MOOR'S SON. The Bassa grossly flatter'd to his face,
And Amurath's praise advanc'd above the sound
Upon the plains, the soldiers being spread,
And that brave guard of sturdy janisaries
That Amurath to Abdilmelec gave,
And bade him boldly be to them as safe
As if he slept within a walled town;
Who take them to their weapons, threatening revenge,
Bloody revenge, bloody revengeful war.

* *bug*] i. e. bugbear.

† *Tamburlaine, triumph not, for thou must die*] In the second part of the well-known tragedy that bears his name, the last words of Tamburlaine are;

"For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die."

MOOR. Away, and let me hear no more of this.
Why, boy, are we successors to the great Abdil-
melec
Descended from the Arabian Muly Xarif,
And shall we be afraid of Bassas, and of bugs,
Raw head, and bloody bone?
Boy, seest here this scymitar* by my side?
Sith they begin to bathe in blood,
Blood be the theme whereon our time shall tread;
Such slaughter with my weapon shall I make,
As through the stream and bloody channels deep,
Our Moors shall sail in ships and pinnaces,
From Tangier shore unto the gates of Fesse.

THE MOOR'S SON. And of those slaughter'd bodies
shall thy son
A huge tower erect like Nimrod's frame,
To threaten those unjust and partial gods,
That to Abdallas' lawful seed deny
A long, a happy, and triumphant reign.

Sound an alarum within, and enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. Fly, king of Fesse, king of Moroccus fly,
Fly with thy friends, emperor of Barbary;
O, fly the sword and fury of the foe,
That rageth as the ramping lioness,
In rescue of her younglings from the bear!
Thy towns and holds by numbers basely yield,

* *scymitar*] Old copy "*semitarie.*"

Thy land to Abdilmelec's rule resigns,
Thy carriage and thy treasure taken is
By Amurath's soldiers, that have sworn thy death;
Fly Amurath's power, and Abdilmelec's threats,
Or thou and thine look here to breathe your last.

MOOR. Villain, what dreadful sound of death and flight
Is this, wherewith thou dost afflict our ears?
But if there be no safety to abide
The favour, fortune, and success of war,
Away in haste, roll on my chariot wheels,
Restless till I be safely set in shade
Of some unhaunted place, some blasted grove
Of deadly hue* or dismal cypress tree,
Far from the light or comfort of the sun,
There to curse heaven, and he that heaves me hence;
To seek as Envy at Cecropia's gate,†
And pine the thought and terror of mishaps:
Away. [*Exeunt.*

* *hue*] Qy. "*yew.*"

† *To seek as Envy at Cecropia's gate*] The old copy "*Cecrope's.*" Perhaps "*to seek*" is put here adverbially in the sense of *at a loss*. I suspect we should read;

"To sicken as Envy at Cecrops' gate."

Envy is frequently accented on the last syllable by our old poets. The allusion is to a story in the second book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA.

Alarum, and then the PRESENTER *speaketh.*

Now war begins his rage and ruthless reign,
And Nemesis with bloody whip in hand
Thunders for vengeance on this negro Moor;
Nor may the silence of the speechless night
Divine architect* of murders and misdeeds,
Of tragedies, and tragic tyrannies,
Hide or contain this barbarous cruelty
Of this usurper to his progeny.

Three Ghosts crying "Vindicta."†

Hark, lords, as in a hollow place afar,
The dreadful shrieks and clamours that resound

* *architect*] Old copy "*architects.*"

† *Three Ghosts crying "Vindicta"*] Our author, I believe, was he first who put this exclamation (which was afterwards much ridiculed) into the mouth of a ghost; but Gifford (note on the *Poetaster*; Ben Jonson's Works, vol. ii. p. 457,) seems to have thought that it was originally used by the ghost of Albanact in *Locrine*. The *Battle of Alcazar* was acted in 1591, (perhaps earlier,) and printed in 1594: *Locrine* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed the following year.

Let me observe that when Gifford (note on the same play, p. 518,) says "*Cothurnal buskins* is parodied from an absurd expression in *Antonio and Mellida*, Part 2, A. II. s. 5.

O now *tragedia cothurnata* mounts,"

He forgets to quote the following line in the *Spanish Tragedy*;

"*Tragœdia cothurnata*, fitting Kings."

The truth is, Gifford was prejudiced against Marston.

And sound revenge upon this traitor's soul,
Traitor to kin and kind, to gods and men!
Now Nemesis upon her doubling drum,
Mov'd with this ghastly moan, this sad complaint,
'Larums aloud into Alecto's ears,
And with her thundering wakes, whereas they lie
In cave as dark as hell and beds of steel,
The furies, just imps of dire revenge.
Revenge, cries Abdilmunen's* grieved ghost,
And rouseth with the terror of this noise
These nymphs of Erebus; wreak and revenge
Ring out the souls of his unhappy brethren;
And now start up these torments of the world,
Wak'd with the thunder of Rhamnusia's drum
And fearful echoes of these grieved ghosts,
Alecto with her brand and bloody torch,
Megæra with her whip and snaky hair,
Tisiphone with her fatal murdering iron:
These three conspire, these three complain and moan.
Thus, Muly Mahamet, is a council held
To wreak the wrongs and murders thou hast done.
By this imagine was this barbarous Moor
Chas'd from his dignity and his diadem,
And lives forlorn among the mountain shrubs,
And makes his food the flesh of savage beasts.
Amurath's soldiers have by this install'd
Good Abdilmelec in his royal seat;
The dames of Fesse and ladies of the land,
In honour of the son of Soliman,

* *Abdilmunen's*] Old copy "*Abdilmelec's.*"

Erect a statue made of beaten gold,
And sing to Amurath songs of lasting praise.
Muly Mahamet's fury over-rul'd,
His cruelty controll'd, and pride rebuk'd,
Now at last when sober thoughts renew'd
Care of his kingdom and desired crown,
The aid that once was offer'd and refus'd
By messengers he furiously implores,*
Sebastian's aid, brave king of Portugal.
He forward in all arms and chivalry,
Hearkens to his embassadors, and grants
What they in letters and by words entreat.
Now listen, lordings, now begins the game,
Sebastian's tragedy in this tragic war. [*Exit.*

[*Alarum within, and then enter* ABDILMELEC, MULY MAHAMET SETH, CALSEPIUS BASSA, *with Moors and Janisaries, and the ladies.*

ABDILM. Now hath the sun display'd his golden beams,
And, dusky clouds dispers'd, the welkin clears,
Wherein the twenty-colour'd rainbow shews.
After this fight happy and fortunate
Wherein our Moors have lost the day,
And Victory adorn'd with Fortune's plumes
Alights on Abdilmelec's glorious crest,
Here find we time to breathe, and now begin
To pay thy due and duties thou dost owe
To heaven and earth, to Gods and Amurath.
[*Sound trumpets.*

* *implores*] Old copy "*imploys.*"

And now draw near, and heaven and earth give ear,
Give ear and record, heaven and earth, with me;
Ye lords of Barbary, hearken and attend,
Hark to the words I speak, and vow I make,
To plant the true succession of the crown:
Lo, lords, in our seat royal to succeed
Our only brother here we do install,
And by the name of Muly Mahamet Seth
Intitle him true heir unto the crown.
Ye Gods of heaven gratulate this deed,
That men on earth may therewith stand content.
Lo, thus my due and duty is done, I pay
To heaven and earth, to Gods and Amurath!

[*Sound trumpets.*

MULY MAH. SETH. Renowned Bassa, to remunerate
Thy worthiness and magnanimity,
Behold the noblest ladies of the land
Bring present tokens of their gratitude.

RUB. Rubin, that breathes but for revenge,
Bassa by this commends herself to thee;
Resign the token of her thankfulness:
To Amurath the god of earthly kings
Doth Rubin give and sacrifice her son,
Not with sweet smoke of fire or sweet perfume,
But with his father's sword, his mother's thanks,
Doth Rubin give her son to Amurath.

QUEEN. As Rubin gives her son, so we ourselves
To Amurath give, and fall before his face:
Bassa, wear thou the gold of Barbary,

And glister like the palace of the sun,
In honour of the deed that thou hast done.

BAS. Well worthy of the aid of Amurath
Is Abdilmelec, and these noble dames.
Rubin, thy son I shall ere long bestow,
Where thou dost him bequeath in honour's fee,
On Amurath mighty emperor of the east,
That shall receive the imp of royal race
With cheerful looks and gleams of princely grace.
This chosen guard of Amurath's janisaries
I leave to honour and attend on thee,
King of Morocco, conqueror of thy foes,
True king of Fesse, emperor of Barbary;
Muly Molocco, live and keep thy seat,
In spite of fortune's spite or enemies' threats.
Ride, Bassa, now, bold Bassa, homeward ride,
As glorious as great Pompey in his pride.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter DIEGO LOPIS, *governor of Lisbon, the* IRISH BISHOP, STUKELEY, JONAS, *and* HERCULES.

DIE. Welcome to Lisbon,* valiant Catholics,
Welcome, brave Englishmen, to Portugal.
Most reverent primate of the Irish church,
And, noble Stukeley, famous by thy name,
Welcome, thrice welcome to Sebastian's town;
And welcome, English captains, to you all:
It joyeth us to see his Holiness' fleet
Cast anchor happily upon our coast.

* *Lisbon*] In the old copy, here and elsewhere, "*Lisborne.*"

BISH. These welcomes, worthy governor of Lisbon
Argue an honourable mind in thee,
But treat of our misfortune therewithal.
To Ireland by Pope Gregory's command
Were we all bound, and therefore thus embark'd,
To land our forces there at unawares,
Conquering the land for his Holiness,
And so restore it to the Roman faith:
This was the cause of our expedition,
And Ireland long ere this had been subdued,
Had not foul weather brought us to this bay.

DIE. Under correction are ye not all Englishmen
And 'longs not Ireland to that kingdom, lords?
Then may I speak my conscience in the cause
Sans scandal to the holy see of Rome,
Unhonourable is this expedition,
And misbeseeming you to meddle in.

STUK. Lord governor of Lisbon, understand
As we are Englishmen, so are we men,
And I am Stukeley so resolv'd in all,
To follow rule, honour, and empery,
Not to be bent so strictly to the place,
Wherein at first I blew the fire of life,
But that I may at liberty make choice
Of all the continents that bound* the world.
For why? I make it not so great desert
To be begot or born in any place,
Sith that's a thing of pleasure and of ease,
That might have been performed else-where as we

* *bound*] Old copy "*bounds*."

DIE. Follow what your good pleasure will,
Good Captain Stukeley; be it far from me
To take exceptions beyond my privilege.
BISH. Yet, Captain, give me leave to speak,
We must affect our country as our parents,
And if at any time we alienate
Our love or industry from doing it honour,
It must respect effects and touch the soul,
Matter of conscience and religion,
And not desire of rule or benefit.
STUK. Well said, Bishop, spoken like yourself,
The reverend, lordly Bishop of St. Asses.
HER. The bishop talks according to his coat,
And takes not measure of it by his mind:
You see he hath it made thus large and wide,
Because he may convert it as he list
To any form may fit the fashion best.
BISH. Captain, you do me wrong to descant thus
Upon my coat or double conscience,
And cannot answer it in another place.
DIE. 'Tis but in jest, lord bishop, put it up:
And all as friends deign to be entertain'd,
As my ability here can make provision.
Shortly shall I conduct you to the king,
Whose welcomes evermore to strangers are
Princely and honourable, as his state becomes.
STUK. Thanks, worthy governor; come, bishop, come,
Will you show fruits of quarrel and of wrath?
Come, let us in with my lord of Lisbon here,
And put all conscience into one carouse,

Letting it out again as we may live.*
There shall no action pass my hand or sword,
That cannot make a step to gain a crown;
No word shall pass the office of my tongue,
That sounds not of affection to a crown;
No thought have being in my lordly breast,
That works not every way to win a crown;
Deeds, words, and thoughts, shall all be as a king's;
My chiefest company shall be with kings;
And my deserts shall counterpoise a king's:
Why should not I then look to be a king?
I am the Marquis now of Ireland made,
And will be shortly king of Ireland:
King of a mole-hill † had I rather be,
Than the richest subject of a monarchy:
Huff it, brave mind, and never cease t'aspire,
Before thou reign sole king of thy desire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the MOOR, *with* CALIPOLIS *his wife*, MULY MAHAMET *his son, and two others.*

MOOR. Where art thou, boy, where is Calipolis?
O deadly wound that passeth by mine eye,
The fatal prison of my swelling heart!
O fortune constant in unconstancy!
Fight, earthquakes, in the entrails of the earth,
And, eastern whirlwinds, in the hellish shades.
Some foul contagion of the infected heaven

* *as we may live*] i. e. as we may be live or lief,—i. e. willing, inclined.

† *King of a mole-hill, &c.*] So he told Elizabeth:—See prefatory matter to this play, p. 82.

Blast all the trees, and in their cursed tops
The dismal night-raven and tragic owl
Breed and become fore-tellers* of my fall,
The fatal ruin of my name and me.
Adders and serpents hiss at my disgrace,
And wound the earth with anguish of their stings:
Now Abdilmelec, now triumph in Fesse,
Fortune hath made thee king of Barbary.

CALIP. Alas, my lord! what boot† these huge exclaims
To advantage us in this distrest estate?
O, pity our perplext estate, my lord,
And turn all curses to submiss complaints,
And those complaints to actions of relief!
I faint, my lord, and naught may cursing plaints
Refresh the fading substance of my life.

MOOR. Faint all the world, consume and be accurst,
Since my state faints and is accurst.

CALIP. Yet patience, lord, to conquer sorrows so.

MOOR. What patience is for him that lacks his crown?
There is no patience where the loss is such:
The shame of my disgrace hath put on wings,
And swiftly flies about this earthly ball.
Car'st thou to live then, fond‡ Calipolis,

*_fore-tellers_] Ben Jonson, who in the fourth act of his _Poetaster_, quotes in ridicule some lines from this speech, "_fore-runners_."—See Gifford's edition, vol. ii. p. 463.

†_boot_] Old copy "_boots_." ‡_fond_] i. e. foolish.

When he that should give essence to thy soul,
He on whose glory all thy joy should stay,
Is soul-less, glory-less, and desperate,
Crying for battle, famine, sword, and fire,
Rather than calling for relief or life?
But be content, thy hunger shall have end;
Famine shall pine to death, and thou shalt live:
I will go hunt these cursed solitaries,
And make the sword and target here my hound
To pull down lions and untamed beasts. [*Exit.*

THE MOOR'S SON.* Tush, mother, cherish your unhearty soul,
And feed with hope of happiness and ease;
For if by valour, or by policy,
My kingly father can be fortunate,
We shall be Jove's commanders once again,
And flourish in a three-fold happiness.

ZAREO. His majesty hath sent Sebastian,
The good and harmless King of Portugal,
A promise to resign the royalty
And kingdom of Morocco to his hands;
And when this haughty offer takes effect,
And works affiance in Sebastian,
My gracious lord, warn'd wisely to advise,
I doubt not but will watch occasion,
And take her fore-top by the slenderest hair,
To rid us of this miserable life.

SON. Good madam, cheer yourself, my father's wife;

* *The Moor's son*] See Note, p. 95.

He can submit himself and live below,
Make shew of friendship, promise, vow, and swear,
Till by the virtue of his fair pretence,
Sebastian trusting his integrity,
He makes himself possessor of such fruits,
As grow upon such great advantages.

CALIP. But more dishonour hangs on such mis-deeds,
Than all the profit their return can bear;
Such secret judgments have* the heavens impos'd
Upon the drooping state of Barbary,
As public merits in such lewd attempts
Have drawn with violence upon our heads.

Enter MULY MAHAMET [*the Moor*] *with lion's flesh upon his sword.*

MOOR. Hold thee, Calipolis, feed and faint no more;
This flesh I forced from a lioness,
Meat of a princess, for a princess meet:
Learn by her noble stomach to esteem
Penury plenty in extremest dearth,
Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,
Pin'd not in melancholy or childish fear,
But as brave minds are strongest in extremes,
So she redoubling her former force,
Rang'd through† the woods, and rent the breeding vaults

* *have*] Old copy here "*hath*," as well as in the next line but two.

† *through*] Old copy "*thorough*."

Of proudest savages to save herself.
Feed then and faint not, fair Calipolis;*
For rather than fierce famine shall prevail
To gnaw thy entrails with her thorny teeth,
The conquering lioness shall attend on thee,
And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcases,
As bulwarks in her way, to keep her back.
I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
That as she flieth over fish in pools,†
The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all:
Jove's stately bird with wide-commanding wings
Shall hover still about thy princely head,
And beat down fowl by shoals into thy lap:
Feed then and faint not, fair Calipolis.

CALIP. Thanks, good my lord, and though my stomach be
Too queasy to disgest‡ such bloody meat,
Yet strength I it with virtue of my mind,
I doubt no whit but I shall live, my lord.

MOOR. Into the shades then, fair Calipolis,
And make thy son and negros here good cheer:
Feed and be fat that we may meet the foe,
With strength and terror, to revenge our wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Feed then and faint not, fair Calipolis*] The reader need scarcely be reminded that Shakespeare ridicules this line and the last line but one of the scene, in the rants of Pistol, *Henry IV.* part 2nd. act II. sc. 4.

† *That as she flieth over fish, &c.*] The osprey was said to have the power of fascinating the fish on which it preyed.

‡ *disgest*] For *digest*, a form common in our old writers.

Enter SEBASTIAN, *king of Portugal, the* DUKE OF AVERO, *the* DUKE OF BARCELES, LEWES DE SILVA, CHRISTOPHERO DE TAVERA.

SEB. Call forth those Moors, those men of Barbary,
That came with letters from the king of Fesse.
[*Exit one* [*and brings in the Embass.*]
Ye warlike lords, and men of chivalry,
Honourable embassadors of this high regent,
Hark to Sebastian king of Portugal:
These letters sent from your distressed lord,
Torn from his throne by Abdilmelec's hand,
Strengthen'd and rais'd by furious Amurath,
Import* a kingly favour at our hands,
For aid to re-obtain his royal seat,
And place his fortunes in their former height.
For 'quital of which honourable arms,
By these his letters he doth firmly vow
Wholly to yield and to surrender up
The kingdom of Maroccus to our hands,
And to become to us contributary;
And to content himself with the realm of Fesse.
These lines, my lords, writ in extremity,
Contain therefore but during fortune's date;
How shall Sebastian then believe the same?

EMB. Viceroys, and most Christian king of Portugal,
To satisfy thy doubtful mind herein,
Command forthwith a blazing brand of fire

* *import*] Old copy "*imports.*"

Be brought in presence of thy majesty;
Then shalt thou see by our religious vows,
And ceremonies most inviolate,
How firm our sovereign's protestations are.
Behold, my lord, this binds our faith to thee,
In token that great Muly Mahamet's hand
Hath writ no more than his stout heart allows,
And will perform to thee and to thine heirs;
We offer here our hands into this flame,
And as this flame doth fasten on this flesh,
So from our souls we wish it may consume
The heart of our great lord and sovereign,
Muly Mahamet king of Barbary,
If his intent agree not with his words!

SEB. These ceremonies and protestations
Sufficeth us, ye lords of Barbary,
Therefore return this answer to your king:
Assure him by the honour of my crown,
And by Sebastian's true unfeigned faith,
He shall have aid and succour to recover,
And seat him in his former empery.
Let him rely upon our princely word:
Tell him by August we will come to him
With such a power of brave impatient minds,
As Abdilmelec and great Amurath
Shall tremble at the strength of Portugal.

EMB. Thanks to the renowned king of Portugal,
On whose stout promises our state depends.

SEB. Barbarians, go glad your distressed king,
And say Sebastian lives to right his wrong.

[*Exeunt Embass.*

Duke of Avero, call in those Englishmen,
Don Stukeley, and those captains of the fleet,
That lately landed in our bay of Lisbon.
Now breathe, Sebastian, and in breathing blow
Some gentle gale of thy new formed joys.
Duke of Avero, it shall be your charge
To take the muster of the Portugals,
And bravest bloods of all our country.
Lewes de Silva, you shall be dispatch'd
With letters unto Philip king of Spain:
Tell him we crave his aid in this behalf;
I know our brother Philip nill* deny
His furtherance in this holy Christian war.
Duke of Barceles, as thy ancestors
Have always loyal been to Portugal,
So now in honour of thy toward youth,
Thy charge shall be to Antwerp speedily,
To hire us mercenary men at arms:
Promise them princely pay; and be thou sure
Thy word is ours, Sebastian speaks the word.

CHRISTO. I beseech your majesty, employ me in this war.

SEB. Christopher de Tavera, next unto myself,
My good Hephæstion, and my bedfellow,†
Thy cares and mine shall be alike in this,

* *nill*] See note p. 6, vol. i.

† *bedfellow*] We must remember that formerly the custom of men sleeping together, and terming each other *bedfellow*, was very common. Princes used occasionally to admit their favourite noblemen or gentlemen to the high honour of sharing their beds.

Enter STUKELEY *and the rest.*

And thou and I will live and die together.
And now, brave Englishmen, to you
Whom angry storms have put into our bay,
Hold not your fortune e'er the worse in this:
We hold our strangers' honours in our hand,
And for distressed frank and free relief.
Tell me then, Stukeley, for that's thy name I trow,
Wilt thou in honour of thy country's fame,
Hazard thy person in this brave exploit,
And follow us to fruitful Barbary,
With these six thousand soldiers thou hast brought,
And choicely pick'd through wanton Italy?
Thou art a man of gallant personage,
Proud in thy looks, and famous every way:
Frankly tell me, wilt thou go with me?

STUK. Courageous king, the wonder of my thoughts;
And yet, my lord, with pardon understand
Myself and these whom weather hath inforc'd
To lie at road upon thy gracious coast,
Did bend our course and made amain for Ireland.

SEB. For Ireland, Stukeley, (thou mistak'st me wondrous much;)
With seven ships, two pinnaces, and six thousand men?
I tell thee, Stukeley, they are far too weak
To violate the queen of Ireland's right;
For Ireland's queen commandeth England's force.
Were every ship ten thousand on the seas,

Mann'd with the strength of all the eastern kings,
Conveying all the monarchs of the world,
To invade the island where her highness reigns,
'Twere all in vain, for heavens and destinies
Attend and wait upon her majesty.
Sacred, imperial, and holy is her seat,
Shining with wisdom, love, and mightiness:
Nature that every thing imperfect made,
Fortune that never yet was constant found,
Time that defaceth every golden show,
Dare not decay, remove, or be impure;
Both nature, time, and fortune, all agree,
To bless and serve her royal majesty.
The wallowing ocean hems her round about;
Whose raging floods do swallow up her foes,
And on the rocks their ships in pieces split,
And even in Spain, where all the traitors dance
And play themselves upon a sunny day,
Securely guard the west part of her isle;
The south the narrow Britain sea begirts,
Where Neptune sits in triumph to direct
Their course to hell that aim at her disgrace:
The German seas alongst the east do run,
Where Venus banquets all her water nymphs,
That with her beauty glancing on the waves
Disdains the check* of fair Proserpina.
Advise thee then, proud Stukeley, ere thou pass
To wrong the wonder of the highest God;

* *check*] Qy. "*cheek?*" This high-flown compliment to her majesty is very far from intelligible.

Sith danger, death and hell doth follow thee,
Thee, and them all, that seek to danger her.
If honour be the mark whereat thou aim'st,
Then follow me in holy Christian wars,
And leave to seek thy country's overthrow.

STUK. Rather, my lord, let me admire these words,
Than answer to your firm objections.
His Holiness Pope Gregory the seventh
Hath made us four the leaders of the rest:
Amongst the rest, my lord, I am but one;
If they agree, Stukeley will be the first
To die with honour for Sebastian.

SEB. Tell me, lord bishop, captains, tell me, all,
Are you content to leave this enterprise
Against your country and your countrymen,
To aid Mahamet king of Barbary?

BISH. To aid Mahamet king of Barbary,
'Tis 'gainst our vows, great king of Portugal.

SEB. Then, captains, what say you?

JON. I say, my lord, as the bishop said,
We may not turn from conquering Ireland.

HERC. Our country and our countrymen will condemn us
Worthy of death, if we neglect our vows.

SEB. Consider, lords, you are now in Portugal,
And I may now dispose of you and yours:
Hath not the wind and weather given you up,
And made you captives to our royal will?

JON. It hath, my lord, and willingly we yield
To be commanded by your majesty;

But if you make us voluntary men,
Our course is then direct for Ireland.

SEB. That course will we direct for Barbary:
Follow me, lords; Sebastian leads the way
To plant the Christian faith in Africa.

STUK. St. George for England! and Ireland now adieu,
For here Tom Stukeley shapes his course anew.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III.*

Enter the PRESENTER, *and speaks.*

Lo thus into a lake of blood and gore
The brave courageous king of Portugal
Hath drench'd himself, and now prepares amain
With sails and oars to cross the swelling seas,
With men and ships, courage and cannon shot,
To plant this cursed Moor in fatal hour;
And in this Catholic cause† the king of Spain
Is call'd upon by sweet Sebastian,
Who surfeiting in prime time of his youth
Upon ambitious poison, dies thereon.
By this time is the Moor to Tangier come,
A city, 'longing to the Portugal,
And now doth Spain promise with holy face,
As favouring the honour of the cause,
His aid of arms, and levies men apace;

* In the old copy the Act is not marked here.

† *cause*] Old copy "*case*:" compare the last line but one of this page.

But nothing less than king Sebastian's good
He means; yet at Sucor de Tupea
He met, some say, in person with the Portugal,
And treateth of a marriage with the king;
But ware ambitious wiles and poison'd eyes:
There was nor aid of arms nor marriage,
For on his way without those Spaniards
King Sebastian went. [*Exit.*

Enter [SEBASTIAN] *the king of Portugal and his lords,* LEWES DE SILVA, *and the* EMBASSADORS *of Spain.*

SEB. Honourable lords, embassadors of Spain,
The many favours by our meetings done
From our beloved and renowned brother,
Philip the Catholic king of Spain,
Say therefore, good my lord embassador,
Say how your mighty master minded is
To propagate the fame of Portugal.

EMB. To propagate the fame of Portugal,
And plant religious truth in Africa,
Philip the great and puissant king of Spain,
For love and honour of Sebastian's name,
Promiseth aid of arms, and swears by us
To do your majesty all the good he can,
With men, munition, and supply of war
Of Spaniards proud, in king Sebastian's aid,
To spend their bloods in honour of their Christ.

LEGATE. And farther to manifest unto your majesty,
How much the Catholic king of Spain affects

This war with Moors and men of little faith,
The honour of your everlasting praise,
Behold to honour and enlarge thy name,
He maketh offer of his daughter Isabel
To link in marriage with the brave Sebastian;
And to enrich Sebastian's noble wife,
His majesty doth* promise to resign
The titles of the islands of Moluccas,
That by his royalty in Judah† he commands;
These favours with unfeigned love and zeal
Voweth king Philip to king Sebastian.

SEB. And God so deal with king Sebastian's soul,
As justly he intends to fight for Christ!
Nobles of Spain, sith our renowned brother,
Philip the king of honour and of zeal,
By you the chosen orators of Spain‡
The offer of the holds he makes
Are not so precious in our account,
As is the peerless dame whom we adore,
His daughter, in whose loyalty consists
The life and honour of Sebastian.
As for the aid of arms he promiseth,
We will expect and thankfully receive,
At Cadiz,§ as we sail alongst the coast.
Sebastian, clap thy hands for joy,
Honoured by this meeting and this match.

* *doth*] Old copy "*with.*"
† *Judah*] Qy. "*India.*"
‡ A line appears to have dropped out here.
§ *Cadiz*] Old copy here, and elsewhere, "*Cardis.*"

Go, lords, and follow to the famous war
Your king, and be his fortune such in all
As he intends to manage arms in right.

[*Exeunt* [*King and train.*]

Manent STUKELEY *and* ANOTHER.

STUK. Sit fast, Sebastian, and in this work
God and good men labour for Portugal!
For Spain, disguising with a double face,
Flatters thy youth and forwardness, good king:
Philip, whom some call the Catholic king,
I fear me much thy faith will not be firm,
But disagree with thy profession.

THE OTHER. What then shall of these men of war become,
Those numbers that do multiply in Spain?

STUK. Spain hath a vent for them and their supplies:
The Spaniard ready to embark himself,
Here gathers to a head; but all too sure
Flanders, I fear, shall feel the force of Spain.
Let Portugal fare as he may or can,
Spain means to spend no powder on the Moors.

THE OTHER. If kings do dally so with holy oaths,
The heavens will right the wrongs that they sustain:
Philip, if these forgeries be in thee,
Assure thee, king, 'twill light on thee at last;
And when proud Spain hopes soundly to prevail,
The time may come that thou and thine shall fail.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ABDILMELEC, MULY MAHAMET SETH, ZAREO, *and their train.*

ABDILM. The Portugal, led with deceiving hope,
Hath rais'd his power, and receiv'd our foe
With honourable welcomes and regard,
And left his country bounds, and hither bends
In hope to help Mahamet to a crown,
And chase us hence, and plant this Negro Moor,
That clads himself in coat of hammer'd steel
To heave us from the honour we possess.
But, for I have myself a soldier been,
I have, in pity to the Portugal,
Sent secret messengers to counsel him.
As for the aid of Spain, whereof they hop'd,
We have dispatch'd our letters to their prince,
To crave that in a quarrel so unjust,
He that entitled is the Catholic king,
Would not assist a careless Christian prince.
And, as by letters we are let to know,
Our offer of the seven holds we made
He thankfully receives with all conditions,
Differing in mind far from all his words
And promises to king Sebastian,
As we would wish, or you, my lords, desire.

ZAREO. What resteth then but Abdilmelec may
Beat back this proud invading Portugal,
And chastise this ambitious Negro Moor
With thousand deaths for thousand damned deeds?

ABDILM. Forward, Zareo, and ye manly Moors.

Sebastian, see in time unto thyself;
If thou and thine misled do thrive amiss,
Guiltless is Abdilmelec of thy blood. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DON DE MENYSIS, *Governor of Tangier, with his company, speaking to the captain.*

GOV. Captain,
We have received letters from the king,
That with such signs and arguments of love
We entertain the king of Barbary,
That marcheth toward Tangier with his men,
The poor remainders of those that fled from Fesse,
When Abdilmelec got the glorious day,
And stall'd himself in his imperial throne.

CAP. Lord Governor, we are in readiness
To welcome and receive this hapless king,
Chas'd from his land by angry Amurath;
And if the right rest in this lusty Moor,
Bearing a princely heart unvanquishable,
A noble resolution then it is
In brave Sebastian our Christian king,
To aid this Moor with his victorious arms,
Thereby to propagate religious truth,
And plant his springing praise in Africa.

ANOTHER CAP. But when arrives this brave Sebastian,
To knit his forces with this manly Moor,
That both in one, and one in both may join
In this attempt of noble consequence?
Our men of Tangier long to see their king,

Whose princely face, that's* like the summer's sun,
Gilds all these hither parts of Barbary.
Gov. Captains, he cometh hitherward amain,
Top and top-gallant, all in brave array:
The twenty-sixth day of June he left
The bay of Lisbon, and with all his fleet
At Cadiz happily he arriv'd in Spain
The eighth of July, tarrying for the aid
That Philip king of Spain had promised:
And fifteen days he there remain'd aboard,
Expecting when this Spanish force would come,
Nor stept ashore as he were going still:
But Spain that meant and minded nothing less,
Pretends a sudden fear and care to keep
His own from Amurath's fierce invasion,
And to excuse his promise to our king;
For which he storms as great Achilles erst
Lying for want of wind in Aulis'† gulf,
And hoiseth up his sails and anchors weighs,
And hitherward he comes, and looks to meet
This manly Moor, whose case he undertakes.
Therefore go we to welcome and receive,‡
With cannon shot and shouts of young and old,
This fleet of Portugals and troop of Moors. [*Exeunt.*

* *that's*] Old copy "*that.*"

† *Aulis'*] Old copy "*Aldest.*"

‡ *Therefore go we to welcome and receive*] Old copy "*rescue.*" But compare the line of the preceding page;

"To *welcome* and *receive* this hapless king."

The trumpets sound, the chambers are discharged: then enter* [SEBASTIAN] *the king of Portugal, and the Moor, with all their train.*

SEB. Muly Mahamet, king of Barbary,
Well met, and welcome to our town of Tangier,
After this sudden shock and hapless war.
Welcome, brave queen of Moors, repose thee here,
Thou and thy noble son; and soldiers all,
Repose you here in king Sebastian's town.
Thus far in honour of thy name and aid,
Lord Mahamet, we have adventured,
To win for thee a kingdom, for ourselves
Fame, and performance of those promises,
That in thy faith and royalty thou hast
Sworn to Sebastian king of Portugal,
And thrive it so with thee as thou dost mean,
And mean thou so as thou dost wish to thrive!
And if our Christ for whom in chief we fight,
Hereby to enlarge the bounds of Christendom,
Favour this war, and, as I do not doubt,
Send victory to light upon my crest;
Brave Moor, I will advance thy kingly son,
And with a diadem of pearl and gold
Adorn thy temples and enrich thy head.

MOOR. O brave Sebastian, noble Portugal,
Renown'd and honour'd ever mayst thou be,
Triumpher over those that menace thee!
The hellish prince, grim Pluto, with his mace

* *chambers*] i. e. small pieces of cannon.

Ding down my soul to hell, and with this soul
This son of mine, the honour of my house,
But I perform religiously to thee
That I have holily erst underta'en.
And that thy lords and captains may perceive
My mind in this single and pure to be,
As pure as is the water of the brook,
My dearest son to thee I do engage:
Receive him, lord, in hostage of my vow;
For even my mind presageth to myself,
That in some slavish sort I shall behold
Him dragg'd along this running river shore,
A spectacle to daunt the pride of those,
That climb aloft by force, and not by right.

THE MOOR'S SON. Nor can it otherwise befall the man,
That keeps his seat and sceptre all in fear;
That wears his crown in eye of all the world,
Reputed theft and not inheritance.
What title then hath Abdilmelec here
To bar our father or his progeny?
Right royal prince, hereof you make no doubt,
Agreeing with your wholesome Christain laws;
Help then, courageous lord, with hand and sword,
To clear his way, whose lets* are lawless men,
And for this deed ye all shall be renown'd,
Renown'd and chronicled in books of fame,
In books of fame, and characters of brass,
Of brass, nay beaten gold; fight then for fame,

* *lets*] i. e. impediments.

And find the Arabian Muly Hamet here,
Adventurous, bold, and full of rich reward.

STUK. Brave boy, how plain this princely mind in thee
Argues the height and honour of thy birth!
And well have I observ'd thy forwardness;
Which being tender'd by your majesty,
No doubt the quarrel open'd by the mouth
Of this young prince unpartially to us,
May animate and hearten all the host,
To fight against the devil for Lord Mahamet.

SEB. True, Stukeley, and so freshly to my mind
Hath this young prince reduc'd* his father's wrong,
That in good time I hope this honour's fire,
Kindled already with regard of right,
Bursts into open flames, and calls for wars,
Wars, wars, to plant the true succeeding prince.
Lord Mahamet, I take thy noble son
A pledge of honour, and shall use him so.
Lord Lodowick, and my good lord of Avero,
See this young prince convey'd safe to Messegon,
And there accompanied, as him fitteth best:
And to this war prepare ye more and less,
This rightful war, that Christians' God will bless.

[*Exeunt.*

* *reduc'd*] i. e. brought back.

ACTUS IV.

The PRESENTER *speaketh.*

Now harden'd is this hapless heathen prince,
And strengthen'd by the arms of Portugal,
This Moor, this murderer of his progeny;
And war and weapons now, and blood and death,
Wait on the counsels of this cursed king;
And to a bloody banquet he invites
The brave Sebastian and his noble peers.

Enter to the bloody banquet.

In fatal hour arriv'd this peerless prince,
To lose his life, his life, and many lives
Of lusty men, courageous Portugals,
Drawen* by ambitious golden looks.
Let fame of him no wrongful censure sound,
Honour was object of his thoughts, ambition was his ground. [*Exit.*

Enter ABDILMELEC *and his train.*

ABDILM. Now tell me, Celybin, what doth the enemy?

CEL. The enemy, dread lord, hath left the town
Of Arzil with a thousand soldiers arm'd,
To guard his fleet of thirteen hundred sail,
And mustering of his men before the walls,
He found he had two thousand armed horse,

* *Drawen*] Spelt, as pronounced, a disyllable,—for the sake of the verse.

And fourteen thousand men that serve on foot,
Three thousand pioneers, and a thousand coachmen,
Besides a number almost numberless
Of drudges, negroes, slaves, and muliters,*
Horse-boys, laundresses, and courtezans,
And fifteen hundred waggons full of stuff,
For noblemen brought up in delicate.

ABDILM. Alas, good king! thy foresight hath been small,
To come with women into Barbary,
With laundresses,† with baggage, and with trash,
Numbers unfit, to multiply thy host.

CEL. Their payment in the camp is passing slow,
And victuals scarce, that many faint and die.

ABDILM. But whither marcheth he in all this haste?

CEL. Some think‡ he marcheth hitherward,
And means to take this city of Alcazar.

ABDILM. Unto Alcazar? O unconstant chance!

CEL. The brave and valiant king of Portugal
Quarters his power in four battalions,
Afront the which, to welcome us withal,
Are six and thirty roaring pieces plac'd:
The first consisting of light-armed horse,
And of the garrisons from Tangier brought,

* *muliters*] For *muleteers*:—"Your mariners are *muliters*, reapers, people ingross'd by swift impress." Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 7.

† *laundresses*] Old copy "*landresse*."

‡ *think*] Old copy "*thinks*."

Is led by Alvaro Peres de Tavero;
The left or middle battle, of Italians,
And German horsemen, Stukeley doth command,
A warlike Englishman sent by the pope,
That vainly calls himself marquis of Ireland;
Alonso Aquilaz conducts the third;
That wing of German soldiers most consists;
The fourth legion is none but Portugals,
Of whom Lodevico Cæsar hath the chiefest charge:
Besides there stand six thousand horse
Bravely attir'd, prest* where need requires.
Thus have I told your royal majesty,
How he is plac'd to brave his fight.

ABDILM. But where's our nephew, Muly Mahamet?

CEL. He marcheth in the middle, guarded about
With full five hundred harquebuze on foot,
And twice three thousand needless armed pikes.

ZAREO. Great sovereign, vouchsafe to hear me speak,
And let Zareo's counsel now prevail;
Whilst time doth serve, and that these Christians dare
Approach the field with warlike ensigns spread,
Let us in haste with all our forces meet,
And hem them in, that not a man escape;
So will they be advis'd another time,
How they do touch the shore of Barbary.

* *prest*] i. e. ready.

ABDILM. Zareo, hear our resolution;
And thus our forces we will first dispose.
Hamet, my brother, with a thousand shot
On horse-back, and choice harquebuziers all,
Having ten thousand with spear and shield,
Shall make the right wing of the battle up;
Zareo, you shall have in charge the left,
Two thousand argolets,* and ten thousand horse;
The main battle of harquebuze on foot,
And twenty thousand horsemen in their troops,
Myself, environ'd with my trusty guard
Of janisaries, fortunate in war;
And toward Arzil will we take our way.
If then our enemy will balk our force,
In God's name let him, it will be his best;
But if he level at Alcazar walls,
Then beat him back with bullets as thick as hail,
And make him know and rue his oversight,
That rashly seeks the ruin of this land. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *King of Portugal, the* DUKE OF AVERO, STUKELEY, *and others.*

SEB. Why, tell me, lords, why left ye Portugal,
And cross'd the seas with us to Barbary?
Was it to see the country and no more,
Or else to fly† before ye were assail'd?
I am asham'd to think that such as you,
Whose deeds have been renowned heretofore,

* *argolets*] See note * p. 95. † *fly*] Old copy "*slay*."

Should slack in such an act of consequence:
We come to fight, and fighting vow to die,
Or else to win the thing for which we came.
Because Abdilmelec, as pitying us,
Sends messages to counsel quietness,
You stand amaz'd, and think it sound advice,
As if our enemy would wish us any good:
No, let him know we scorn his courtesy,
And will resist his forces whatsoe'er.
Cast fear aside, myself will lead the way,
And make a passage with my conquering sword,
Knee-deep in blood of these accursed Moors,
And they that love my honour, follow me.
Were you as resolute as is your king,
Alcazar walls should fall before your face,
And all the force of this barbarian lord
Should be confounded, were it ten times more.

AVERO. So well become these words a kingly mouth,
That are of force to make a coward fight;
But when advice and prudent foresight
Is joined with such magnanimity,
Trophies of victory and kingly spoils
Adorn his crown, his kingdom, and his fame.

HERC. We have descried upon the mountain tops
A hugy company of invading Moors;
And they, my lord, as thick as winter's hail
Will fall upon our heads at unawares:
Best then betimes t'avoid this gloomy storm,
It is in vain to strive with such a stream.

Enter [*the Moor*] MULY MAHAMET.

MOOR. Behold, thrice noble lord, uncall'd I come,
To counsel where necessity commands;
And honour of undoubted victory
Makes me exclaim upon this dastard flight.
Why, king Sebastian, wilt thou now foreslow,*
And let so great a glory slip thy hands?
Say you do march unto Tariffa now,
The forces of the foe are come so nigh,
That he will let† the passage of the river,
So unawares you will be forc'd to fight.
But know, O king, and you, thrice valiant lords,
Few blows will serve! I ask but only this,
That with your power you march into the field;
For now is all the army resolute
To leave the traitor helpless in the fight,
And fly to me as to their rightful prince.
Some horsemen have already led the way,
And vow the like for their companions:
The host is full of tumult and of fear.
Then as you come to plant me in my seat,
And to enlarge your fame in Africa,
Now, now or never, bravely execute
Your resolution sound and honourable,
And end this war together with his life,
That doth usurp the crown with tyranny.

SEB. Captains, you hear the reasons of the king,
Which so effectually have pierc'd mine ears,
That I am fully resolute to fight;

* *foreslow*] i. e. delay. † *let*] i. e. hinder.

And who refuseth now to follow me,
Let him be ever counted cowardly.

AVE. Shame be his share that flies when kings do fight!
Avero lays his life before your feet.

STUK. For my part, lords, I cannot sell my blood
Dearer than in the company of kings. [*Exeunt.*

Manet MULY MAHAMET [*the Moor.*]

MOOR. Now have I set these Portugals a work,
To hew a way for me unto the crown,
Or with your weapons here to dig your graves;
You dastards of the night and Erebus,
Fiends, fairies,* hags that fight in beds of steel,
Range through this army with your iron whips,
Drive forward to this deed this Christian crew,
And let me triumph in the tragedy,
Though it be seal'd and honour'd with my blood,
Both of the Portugal and barbarous Moor.
Ride, Nemesis, ride in thy fiery cart,
And sprinkle gore amongst these men of war,
That either party eager of revenge
May honour thee with sacrifice of death;
And having bath'd thy chariot wheels in blood,
Descend and take to thy tormenting hell
The mangled body of that traitor king,
That scorns the power and force of Portugal:
Then let the earth discover to his ghost
Such tortures as usurpers feel below;
Rack'd let him be in proud Ixion's wheel,

* *fairies*] Qy. "*furies.*"

Pin'd let him be with Tantalus' endless thirst,
Prey let him be to Tityus'* greedy bird,
Wearied with Sisiphus' immortal toil.
And lastly for revenge, for deep revenge,
Whereof thou goddess and deviser art,
Damn'd let him be, damn'd, and condemn'd to bear
All torments, tortures, plagues, and pains of hell.
[*Exit.*

ACTUS V.†

Enter the PRESENTER *before the last dumb show, and speaketh.*

Ill be to him that so much ill bethinks;
And ill betide this foul ambitious Moor,
Whose wily trains with smoothest course of speech
Have‡ tied and tangled in a dangerous war
The fierce and manly king of Portugal.
[*Lightning and thunder.*
Now throw the heavens forth their lightning flames,
And thunder over Afric's fatal fields:
Blood will have blood, foul murder scape no scourge.

Enter FAME, *like an angel, and hangs the crowns upon a tree.*

At last descendeth Fame, as Iris
To finish fainting Dido's dying life;

* *Tityus'*] Old copy "*Tisons.*"

† In the old copy the Act is not marked here.

‡ *Have*] Old copy "*hath.*"

Fame from her stately bower doth descend,
And on the tree as fruit new ripe to fall,
Placeth the crowns of these unhappy kings,
That erst she kept in eye of all the world.
[*Here the blazing star.*
Now fiery stars, and streaming comets blaze,
That threat the earth and princes of the same.
[*Fireworks.*
Fire, fire about the axletree of heaven
Whirls round, and from the foot of Cassiope,
In fatal hour consumes these fatal crowns.
[*One falls.*
Down falls the diadem of Portugal.
[*The other falls.*
The crowns of Barbary and kingdoms fall;
Aye me, that kingdoms may not stable stand!
And now approaching near the dismal day,
The bloody day wherein the battles join,
Monday the fourth of August seventy eight,
The sun shines wholly on the parched earth,
The brightest planet in the highest heaven.
The heathens eager bent against their foe,
Give onset with great ordnance to the war;
The Christians with great noise of cannon shot
Send angry onsets to the enemy.
Give ear and hear, how war begins his song,
With dreadful clamours, noise, and trumpets' sound.
[*Exit.*

[*Alarums within; let the chambers be discharged: then enter to the battle; and the Moors fly.*

[*Skirmish still: then enter* ABDILMELEC *in his chair,* ZAREO, *and their train.*

ABDILM. Say on, Zareo, tell me all the news,
Tell me what fury rangeth in our camp,
That hath inforc'd our Moors to turn their backs;
Zareo, say what chance did bode this ill,
What ill inforc'd this dastard cowardice?

ZAREO. My lord, such chance as wilful war affords;
Such chances and misfortunes, as attend
On him, the god of battle and of arms.
My lord, when with our ordnance fierce we sent
Our Moors with smaller shot, as thick as hail
Follows apace, to charge the Portugal;
The valiant duke, the devil of Avero,
The bane of Barbary, fraughted full of ire,
Breaks through the ranks, and with five hundred horse
All men at arms, forward and full of might,
Assaults the middle wing, and puts to flight
Eight thousand harquebuze that serv'd on foot,
And twenty thousand Moors with spear and shield,
And therewithal the honour of the day.

ABDILM. Ah, Abdilmelec! dost thou live to hear
This bitter process of this first attempt?
Labour, my lords, to renew our force
Of fainting Moors, and fight it to the last.

My horse, Zareo! O, the goal is lost,
The goal is lost! Thou king of Portugal,
Thrice happy chance it is for thee and thine
That heaven* abates my strength and calls me hence.
My sight doth fail; my soul, my feeble soul
Shall be releas'd from prison on this earth:
Farewell, vain world, for I have play'd my part.
[*He dieth.*

A long skirmish: and then enter his Brother
MULY MAHAMET SETH.

MULY MAH. SETH. Brave Abdilmelec, thou thrice noble lord!
Not such a wound was given to Barbary,
Had twenty hosts of men been put to sword,
As death, pale death, with fatal shaft hath given.
Lo, dead is he, my brother, and my king,
Whom I might have reviv'd with news I bring!
ZAREO. His honours and his types he hath resign'd
Unto the world, and of a manly man,
Lo, in a twinkling, a senseless stock we see!
MULY MAH. SETH. You trusty soldiers of this warlike king,
Be counsell'd now by us in this advice;
Let not his death be bruited in the camp,
Lest with the sudden sorrow of the news
The army wholly be discomfited.
My lord Zareo, thus I comfort you;

* *heaven*] Old copy "*heavens.*"

Our Moors have bravely borne themselves in fight,
Likely to get the honour of the day,
If ought may gotten be where loss is such.
Therefore, in this apparel as he died,
My noble brother will we here advance,
And set him in his chair with cunning props,
That our barbarians may behold their king,
And think he doth repose him in his tent.

ZAREO. Right politic and good is your advice;
Go, then, to see it speedily perform'd.
Brave lord, if Barbary recover this,
Thy soul with joy will sit and see the fight. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums: enter to the battle; and the Christians fly: the Duke of AVERO *slain. Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* STUKELEY.

SEB. See'st thou not, Stukeley, O Stukeley, see'st thou not
The great dishonour done to Christendom?
Our cheerful onset crost in springing hope;
The brave and mighty prince, duke of Avero,
Slain in my sight: now joy betide his ghost,
For like a lion did he bear himself!
Our battles are all now disordered,
And by our horses' strange retiring back,
Our middle wing of foot-men over-rode.
Stukeley, alas, I see my oversight!
False-hearted Mahamet, now to my cost,
I see thy treachery, warn'd to beware
A face so full of fraud and villainy.

Alarums within, and they run out, and two set upon STUKELEY, *and he driveth them in. Then enter the* MOOR *and his* BOY *flying.*

MOOR. Villain, a horse!

BOY. O, my lord, if you return, you die!

MOOR. Villain, I say, give me a horse to fly,
To swim the river, villain, and to fly. [*Exit Boy.*
Where shall I find some unfrequented place,
Some uncouth walk, where I may curse my fill,
My stars, my dam, my planets, and my nurse,
The fire, the air, the water, and the earth,
All causes that have thus conspir'd in one,
To nourish and preserve me to this shame?
Thou that wert at my birth predominate,
Thou fatal star, what planet e'er thou be,
Spit out thy poison bad, and all the ill
That fortune, fate, or heaven, may bode a man.
Thou nurse infortunate, guilty of all,
Thou mother of my life, that brought'st me forth,
Curst may'st thou be for such a cursed son;
Curst be thy son with every curse thou hast.
Ye elements of whom consists this clay,
This mass of flesh, this cursed crazed corpse,
Destroy, dissolve, disturb, and dissipate,
What water, earth, and air congeal'd.

Alarums, and enter the BOY.

BOY. O, my lord,
These ruthless Moors pursue you at the heels,
And come amain to put you to the sword!

MOOR. A horse, a horse, villain, a horse!
That I may take the river straight and fly.
BOY. Here is a horse, my lord,
As swiftly pac'd as Pegasus;
Mount thee thereon, and save thyself by flight.
MOOR. Mount me I will; but may I never pass
The river, till I be reveng'd upon
Thy soul, accursed Abdilmelec,
If not on earth, yet when we meet in hell:
Before grim Minos, Rhadamanth, and Æacus,
The combat will I crave upon thy ghost,
And drag thee thorough the loathsome pools
Of Lethe, Styx, and fiery Phlegethon. [*Exit.*

Alarums: enter STUKELEY *and two Italians.*

HERC. Stand, traitor, stand, ambitious English-
man,
Proud Stukeley, stand, and stir not ere thou die.
Thy forwardness to follow wrongful arms,
And leave our famous expedition erst
Intended by his Holiness for Ireland,
Foully hath here betray'd, and tied us all
To ruthless fury of our heathen foe;
For which, as we are sure to die,
Thou shalt pay satisfaction with thy blood.
STUK. Avaunt, base villains! twit ye me with
shame
Or infamy of this injurious war?
When he that is the judge of right and wrong
Determines battle as him pleaseth best.

But sith my stars bode me this tragic end,
That I must perish by these barbarous Moors,
Whose weapons have made passage for my soul,
That breaks from out the prison of my breast;
Ye proud malicious dogs of Italy,
Strike on, strike down this body to the earth,
Whose mounting mind stoops to no feeble stroke.

JONAS. Why suffer we this Englishman to live?
[*Stab him.*

Villain, bleed on, thy blood in channels run,
And meet with those whom thou to death hast done.
[*Exeunt* [*Herc. and Jonas.*]

STUK. Thus Stukeley slain with many a deadly stab,
Dies in these desert fields of Africa:
Hark, friends! and with the story of my life
Let me beguile the torment of my death.
In England's London, lordings, was I born;
On that brave bridge the bar that thwarts the Thames,
My golden days, my younger careless years,
Were when I touch'd the height of fortune's wheel,
And liv'd in affluence of wealth and ease.
Thus in my country carried long aloft,
A discontented humour drave me thence
To cross the seas to Ireland, then to Spain:
There had I welcome and right royal pay
Of Philip, whom some call the Catholic king:
There did Tom Stukeley glitter all in gold,
Mounted upon his jennet white as snow,
Shining as Phœbus in king Philip's court.

There like a lord famous Don Stukeley liv'd,
For so they call'd me in the court of Spain,
Till, for a blow I gave a bishop's man,
A strife 'gan rise between his lord and me,
For which we both were banish'd by the king.
From thence to Rome rides Stukeley all aflaunt;
Receiv'd with royal welcomes of the pope,
There was I grac'd by Gregory the great,
That then created me Marquis of Ireland.
Short be my tale, because my life is short.
The coast of Italy and Rome I left:
Then was I made lieutenant general
Of those small forces that for Ireland went,
And with my companies embark'd at Ostia.*
My sails I spread, and with these men of war
In fatal hour at Lisbon we arriv'd.
From thence to this, to this hard exigent,
Was Stukeley driven to fight or else to die,
Dar'd to the field, that never could endure
To hear God Mars his drum, but he must march.
Ah, sweet Sebastian! had'st thou been well advis'd,
Thou might'st have manag'd arms successfully:
But from our cradles we were marked all,
And destinate to die in Afric here.
Stukeley, the story of thy life is told;
Here breathe thy last, and bid thy friends farewell:
And if thy country's kindness be so much,
Then let thy country kindly ring thy knell.

* *Ostia*] Old copy "*Austria.*"

Now go, and in that bed of honour die,
Where brave Sebastian's breathless corse doth lie.
Here endeth fortune, rule and bitter rage;
Here ends Tom Stukeley's pilgrimage. [*He dieth.*

Enter MULY MAHAMET SETH, *and his train, with drums and trumpets.*

MULY MAH. SETH. Retreat is sounded through our camp, and now
From battle's fury cease our conquering Moors.
Pay thanks to heaven with sacrificing fire,
Alcazar, and ye towns of Barbary.
Now hast thou sit as in a trance, and seen
To thy soul's joy, and honour of thy house,
The trophies and the triumphs of thy men,
Great Abdilmelec, and the god of kings
Hath made thy war successful by thy right,
His friends whom death and fates have* ta'en from thee.
Lo, this was he that was the people's pride,
And cheerful sunshine to his subjects all!
Now have him hence, that royally he may
Be buried and embalmed as is meet.
Zareo, have you through the camp proclaim'd
As erst we gave in charge?

ZAREO. We have, my lord, and rich rewards propos'd

* *have*] Old copy "*hath*." A line seems to have dropped out here.

For them that find the body of the king;
For by those guard that had him in their charge
We understand that he was done to death,
And for his search two prisoners, Portugals,
Are set at large to find their royal king.

MULY MAH. SETH. But of the traitorous Moor you hear no news
That fled the field and sought to swim the ford?

ZAREO. Not yet, my lord, but doubtless God will tell,
And with his finger point out where he haunts.

MULY MAH. SETH. So let it rest, and on this earth bestow
This princely corse, till further for his funerals
We provide.

ZAREO. From him to thee as true succeeding prince,
With all allegiance and with honour's types,
In name of all thy people and thy land,
We give this kingly crown and diadem.

MULY MAH. SETH. We thank you all, and as my lawful right
With God's defence and yours shall I keep.

Enter two PORTUGALS *with the body of the king.*

PORT. As gave your grace in charge, right royal prince,
The fields and sandy plains we have survey'd,
And even among the thickest of his lords

The noble king of Portugal we found,
Wrapt in his colours coldly on the earth,
And done to death with many a mortal wound.
MULY MAH. SETH. Lo, here, my lords! this is the earth and clay
Of him that erst was mighty king of Portugal;
There let him lie, and you for this be free
To make return from hence to Christendom.

Enter Two *bringing in the Moor.*

ONE. Long live the mighty king of Barbary!
MULY MAH. SETH. Welcome, my friend; what body hast thou there?
ONE. The body of the ambitious enemy,
That squander'd all this blood in Africa,
Whose malice sent so many souls to hell,
The traitor Muly Mahamet do I bring,
And for thy slave I throw him at thy feet.
MULY MAH. SETH. Zareo, give this man a rich reward;
And thanked be the god of just revenge,
That he hath given our foe into our hands,
Beastly, unarmed, slavish, full of shame:
But say, how came this traitor to his end?
ONE. Seeking to save his life by shameful flight,
He mounteth on a hot Barbarian horse,
And so in purpose to have pass'd the stream,
His headstrong steed throws him from out his seat;
Where, diving oft for lack of skill to swim,
It was my chance alone to see him drown'd,

Whom by the heels I dragg'd from out the pool,
And hither have him brought thus fil'd with mud.

MULY MAH. SETH. A death too good for such a damned wretch:
But sith our rage and rigour of revenge
By violence of his end prevented is,
That all the world may learn by him to avoid
To hale on princes to injurious war,
His skin we will be parted from his flesh,
And being stiffen'd out and stuft with straw,
So to deter and fear the lookers on
From any such foul fact or bad attempt;
Away with him.
And now, my lords, for this Christian king:
My lord Zareo, let it be your charge
To see the soldiers tread a solemn march,
Trailing their pikes and ensigns on the ground,
So to perform the princes' funerals.*

Here endeth the tragical battle of Alcazar.

* *the princes' funerals*] i. e. of Abdilmelec and Sebastian.

DEVICE OF THE PAGEANT

BORNE BEFORE

WOOLSTONE DIXI.

The Device of the Pageant borne before Woolstone Dixi, Lord Maior of the Citie of London. An. 1585. *October* 29. *Imprinted at London by Edward Allde.* 1585. 4to.

This unique tract is preserved in a volume of Pageants and Triumphs, bequeathed to the Bodleian Library by Mr. Gough. It was formerly in the possession of Dr. Farmer, who has written the following note within the cover:

"This is probably the only copy remaining. It was given up to me as a favour, at Mr. West's auction, for eight shillings. I have seen a fine wooden print of Sir Wolstan at Christ's Hospital. R. Farmer."

Sir Wolstan Dixie was the fourth son of Thomas Dixie, whose eldest son Richard was the ancestor of the Baronets of that name. Sir Wolstan was Lord Mayor of London in 1585; and was twice married: first to Agnes, daughter of —— Walkedon, and secondly to Ann, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Christopher Draper, Knight, who survived him and re-married Sir William Hickman. Having attained the age of sixty-nine, Sir Wolstan Dixie was buried in the church of St. Michael, Bassingshaw, and bequeathed his estate of Bosworth in Leicestershire to his great nephew Sir Wolstan Dixie, father of the first Baronet.—*Kimber's Baronetage*, vol. II. p. 66.

Stowe records *fifteen* benefactions by him, among the "honourable acts of citizens."

THE DEVICE

OF

THE PAGEANT, ETC.

A speech spoken by him that rid on a luzern before the Pageant, apparelled like a Moor.*

FROM where the sun doth settle in his wain,
And yokes his horses to his fiery cart,
And in his way gives life to Ceres' corn,
Even from the parching zone, behold, I come,
A stranger, strangely mounted, as you see,
Seated upon a lusty luzern's back;
And offer to your honour, good my lord,
This emblem thus in show significant.
Lo, lovely London, rich and fortunate,
Fam'd through the world for peace and happiness,
Is here advanc'd, and set in highest seat,
Beautified throughly as her state requires!
First, over her a princely trophy stands,
Of beaten gold, a rich and royal arms,
Whereto this London ever more bequeaths
Service of honour and of loyalty.

* *luzern*] i. e. lynx.

Her props are well-advised magistrates,
That carefully attend her person still.
The honest franklin and the husbandman,
Lays down his sacks of corn at London's feet,
And brings such presents as the country yields.
The pleasant Thames, a sweet and dainty nymph,
For London's good conveys with gentle stream,
And safe and easy passage, what she can,
And keeps her leaping fishes in her lap.
The soldier and the sailor, frankly both,
For London's aid are all in readiness,
To venture and to fight by land and sea.
And this thrice reverend honourable dame,
Science, the sap of every commonwealth,
Surnam'd mechanical or liberal,
Is vow'd to honour London with her skill;
And London, by these friends so happy made,
First thanks her God, the author of her peace,
And next with humble gesture, as becomes,
In meek and lowly manner doth she yield
Herself, her wealth, with heart and willingness,
Unto the person of her gracious queen,
Elizabeth, renowned through the world,
Stall'd and anointed by the highest power,
The God of kings, that with his holy hand
Hath long defended her and her England.
This now remains, right honourable lord,
That carefully you do attend and keep
This lovely lady, rich and beautiful,
The jewel wherewithal your sovereign queen

Hath put your honour lovingly in trust,
That you may add to London's dignity,
And London's dignity may add to yours,
That worthily you may be counted one,
Among the number of a many moe
Careful lieutenants, careful magistrates,
For London's welfare and her worthiness.

DIXI.

Spoken by the Children in the Pageant, viz.

LONDON.

New Troy I hight, whom Lud my lord surnam'd,
London the glory of the western side;
Throughout the world is lovely London fam'd,
So far as any sea comes in with tide:
Whose peace and calm, under her royal queen,
Hath long been such as like was never seen.
Then let me live to carol of her name,
That she may ever live and never die,
Her sacred shrine set in the house of fame,
Consecrate to eternal memory:
My peerless mistress, sovereign of my peace,
Long may she joy with honour's great increase.

MAGNANIMITY.

The country and the Thames afford their aid,
And careful magistrates their care attend;
All English hearts are glad and well apaid,*
In readiness their London to defend.

* *apaid*] See note vol. i. p. 91.

Defend them, Lord, and these fair nymphs likewise,
That ever they may do this sacrifice.

LOYALTY.

The greatest treasure that a prince can have
Doth lovely London offer to her queen,
Such loyalty as like was never seen,
And such as any English heart can crave.

THE COUNTRY.

For London's aid the country gives supply
Of needful things, and store of every grain:
London, give thanks to him that sits on high,
(Had never town less cause for to complain,)
And love and serve the sovereign of thy peace,
Under whose reign thou hast this rich increase.

THE THAMES.

With silver glide my pleasant streams do run,
Where leaping fishes play betwixt the shores:
This gracious good hath God and kind begun
For London's use with help of sails and oars.
London, rejoice and give thy God the praise,
For her whose highness lengths thy happy days.

THE SOLDIER.

Armour of safe defence the soldier hath:
So lovely London carefully attends
To keep her sacred sovereign from scath,
That all this English land so well defends.
And so far London bids her soldiers go,
As well may serve to shield this land from woe.

THE SAILOR.

The sailor that in cold and quaking tide
The wrathful storms of winter's rage doth bide,
With streamers stretcht prepares his merry bark,
For country's wealth to set his men awark;
That queen and country easily may see
The seaman serves his prince in his degree.

SCIENCE.

For London's safety and her happiness,
The soldier and the sailor may you see,
All well prepar'd and put in readiness
To do such service as may fitting be;
And Art with them do join, and they with me:
London, then joy and let all ages know
What duty to thy sovereign thou dost owe.

THE FIRST NYMPH.

Thus with the morning sun and evening star
These holy lights shall burn, the cheerful flame
With sweetest odour shall perfume as far
As India stands, in honour of her name,
Whose trophy we adore with sacred rites,
With sweetest incense, and with endless lights.

THE SECOND NYMPH.

So long as sun doth lend the world his light,
Or any grass doth grow upon the ground,
With holy flame our torches shall burn bright,
And fame shall bruit with golden trumpet's sound
The honour of her sacred regiment,
That claims this honourable monument.

THE THIRD NYMPH.

Our holy lights shall burn continually,
To signify our duties to her state,
Whose excellent and princely majesty
Approves itself to be most fortunate.

THE FOURTH NYMPH.

Virtue shall witness of her worthiness,
And fame shall register her princely deeds;
The world shall still pray for her happiness,
From whom our peace and quietness proceeds.

Verses written under the Arms of England.

Gallia victa dedit flores, invicta leones
Anglia, jus belli in flore, leone suum;
O sic, O semper ferat Anglia læta triumphos,
Inclyta Gallorum flore, leone suo.

DONNE BY GEORGE PEELE, MAISTER OF ARTES IN OXFORD.

DESCENSUS ASTRÆÆ.

The Device of a Pageant, borne before M. William Web, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, on the day he took his oath; being the 29th of October, 1591. *Whereunto is annexed a Speech delivered by one, clad like a sea-nymph; who presented a Pinesse on the Water, bravely rigd and mand, to the Lord Maior, at the time he tooke Barge to go to Westminster. Done by G. Peele, Maister of Arts in Oxford. Printed for William Wright.* 4to.

DESCENSUS ASTRÆÆ.

The PRESENTER'S *Speech.*

SEE, lovely Lords, and you, my Lord, behold
How Time hath turn'd his restless wheel about,
And made the silver moon, and heaven's bright eye,
Gallop the zodiack, and end the year,
Whose revolution now begets anew
The days that have created and confirm'd
A worthy governor, for London's good,
To underbear, under his sovereign's sway,
Unpartial Justice' beam, and weav'd a Web*
For your content, and her command in all,
You citizens of this metropolis,
Whose honour and whose oath to gratulate,
Lordings, behold what emblem I present.
Astræa, daughter of the immortal Jove,
Great Jove, defender of this ancient town,
Descended of the Trojan Brutus' line,
Offspring of courageous conquering king,
Whose pure renown hath pierc'd the world's large ears,

* *Web*] A wretched pun upon the Mayor's name.

In golden scrolls rolling about the heavens;
Celestial sacred Nymph, that tends her flock
With watchful eyes, and keeps this fount in peace,
Guarded with Graces, and with gracious trains,
Virtues divine, and gifts incomparable,
Nor lets blind superstitious ignorance
Corrupt so pure a spring: O happy times,
That do beget such calm and quiet days,
Where sheep and shepherd breathe in such content!
Honour attends her throne; in her bright eyes
Sits majesty; virtue and stedfastness
Possess her heart; sweet mercy sways her sword.
Her champion arm'd with resolution,
Sits at her feet to chastise malcontents,
That threat her honour's wrack. And time and kind
Produce her years to make them numberless,
While Fortune for her service and her sake
With golden hands doth strengthen and enrich
The Web that they for fair Astræa weave.
Long may she live, long may she govern us,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars,
Our fair Astræa, our Pandora fair,
Our fair Eliza, or Zabeta fair.
Sweet Cynthia's darling, beauteous Cypria's peer,
As dear to England and true English hearts,
As Pompey to the citizens of Rome;
As merciful as Cæsar in his might:
As mighty as the Macedonian king,
Or Trojan Hector, terror to the Greeks.
Goddess, live long, whose honours we advance,

Strengthen thy neighbours', propagate thine own:
Guide well thy helm, lay thine anointed hand,
To build the temple of triumphant Truth,
That while thy subjects draw their peace from thee,
Thy friends with aid of arms may succour'd be.

ASTRÆA, *with her sheephook, on the top of the pageant.*

Feed on, my flock, among the gladsome green,
Where heavenly nectar flows above the banks;
Such pastures are not common to be seen:
Pay to immortal Jove immortal thanks,
For what is good from heaven's high throne doth fall;
And heaven's great architect be prais'd for all.

SUPERSTITION. *A Friar sitting by the fountain.*

Stir, Priest, and with thy beads poison this spring,
I tell thee all is baneful that I bring.

IGNORANCE, *a Priest.*

It is in vain: her eye keeps me in awe,
Whose heart is purely fixed on the law,
The holy law; and bootless we contend,
While this chaste nymph this fountain doth defend.

EUPHROSYNE.

Whilom, when Saturn's golden reign did cease,
And iron age had kindled cruel wars,
Envy in wrath perturbing common peace,
Engendering canker'd hate and bloody jars;

Lo, then Olympus' king, the thundering Jove,
Raught hence this gracious nymph Astræa fair;
Now once again he sends her from above,
Descended through the sweet transparent air:
And here she sits in beauty fresh and sheen,
Shadowing the person of a peerless queen.

AGLAIA.

A peerless queen, a royal princely dame,
Enroll'd in register of eternal fame.

THALIA.

The Graces throw their balm about her sacred head,
Whose government her realm's true happiness hath bred.

CHARITY.

That happiness continue in her land,
Great Israel's God, spring of all heavenly peace,
And let thine angels in her rescue stand;
With her life's wane done England's joys decrease:
O let her princely days never have fine,*
Whose virtues are immortal and divine!

HOPE.

Such virtues as her throne do beautify,
And make her honours mount, and scale the sky.

FAITH.

Where hope of her eternal bliss doth rest,
Conceived in her sweet and sacred breast.

* *fine*] i. e. end.

HONOUR.

With radiant beams, reflecting on the earth,
Even from the snowy brows of Albion,
Beyond the utmost verge of Christendom,
As bright as is the burning lamp of heaven,
Shineth my mistress' honour, in whose fame
The heathen carols sing, and all admire,
From icy Tanais to the sevenfold Nile,
Her glory, that commands this western isle.

CHAMPION.

In whose defence my colours I advance,
And girt me with my sword, and shake my lance:
These British lions, rampant in this field,
That never learn'd in battle's rage to yield,
Breathe terror to the proud aspiring foe,
Ranging the world, commanding where they go;
Therefore in vain this misproud malcontent
Threatens her state, whose harms the heavens prevent.
Sit safe, sweet nymph, among thy harmless sheep,
Thy sacred person angels have in keep.

1st MALCONTENT.

What meaneth this? I strive, and cannot strike;
She is preserv'd by miracle belike:
If so, then wherefore threaten we in vain
That Queen whose cause the gracious heavens maintain?

2nd MALCONTENT.

No marvel then, although we faint and quail,
For mighty is the truth, and will prevail.

In the hinder part of the pageant did sit a child, representing Nature, holding in her hand a distaff, and spinning a web, which passed through the hand of Fortune, and was wheeled up by Time, who spake as followeth:

TIME.

Thus while my wheel with ever-turning gyres,
At heaven's high hest serves earthly men's desires,
I wind the Web that kind so well begins,
While Fortune doth enrich what Nature spins.

A speech on the water, delivered in the morning, at my Lord Mayor's going to Westminster.

List, gentle Lords, and bubbling stream be still,
And whistling winds your angry murmur cease;
Let Thetis' nymph unfold the goddess' hest:
Behold, embark'd thus bravely as you see,
Laden with treasure, and with precious ore,
From where in Tellus' veins the parching sun
Doth gold and glittering minerals create,
Are come these strangers lovingly inflam'd,
To gratulate to you, my lovely Lord,
This gladsome day wherein your honours spring:
And by the bar that thwarts this silver stream,
Even to the beauteous verge of Troy-novant,
That decks this Thamesis on either side,
Thus far these friends have pierc'd, and all by me
Salute your honour and your company,
Thrice-worthy Prætor of this ancient town.

The mortar of these walls, temper'd in peace,
Yet holds the building sure, as are the sprigs
Woven from the spreading root in knotty box.
Labour, fair Lord, as other mayors of yore,
To beautify this city with deserts.
So wish these friendly strangers, man by man.*
Pass with advisement to receive thy oath;
Keep it inviolate for thy sovereign's hope,
Virtue's pure mirror, London's great mistress;
Unsheath the sword committed to thy sway,
With merciful regard of every cause.
So go in peace, happy by sea and land,
Guided by grace, and heaven's immortal hand.

* *So wish*, &c.] Qy.;
" So *with* these friendly strangers, man by man,
Pass," &c.

A FAREWELL

TO

SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, ETC.

AND

A TALE OF TROY.

A Farewell. Entituled to the famous and fortunate Generalls of our English forces: Sir John Norris and Syr Frauncis Drake Knights, and all theyr brave and resolute followers. Whereunto is annexed: A tale of Troy. Ad lectorem. Parve nec invideo sine me (liber) ibis ad arma, Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo. Doone by George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxforde. At London Printed by J. C. and are to bee solde by William Wright, at his shop adjoyning to S. Mildred's Church in the Poultrie. Anno. 1589.

On the back of the title are the arms of Elizabeth, with the motto "semper eadem," and under them these verses;

"Gallia victa dedit flores, invicta leones
Anglia: jus belli in flore, leone suum:
O sic, O semper ferat Elizabetha triumphos,
Inclyta Gallorum flore, leone suo."

In 1589, while the public exultation at the defeat of the Spanish Armada had not yet subsided, a band of gallant adventurers (excited chiefly by the desire of gain or glory) fitted out, almost entirely at their own expense, a fleet for an expedition to Portugal, for the declared purpose of seating on the throne of that country the bastard Don Antonio, who had taken refuge in England. On the 18th of April the armament set sail from Plymouth, consisting of 180 vessels and 21,000 men, under the command of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris. A minute detail of the disasters which ensued would here be out of place; suffice it to say, that about eleven thousand persons perished in this expedition, and of the eleven hundred gentlemen who accompanied it, only three hundred and fifty returned to their native country.

TO
THE MOST FAMOUS GENERALS OF OUR ENGLISH FORCES BY LAND AND SEA, SIR JOHN NORRIS, AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, KNIGHTS.

YOUR virtues famed by your fortunes, and fortunes renowned by your virtues, thrice honourable Generals, together with the admiration the world hath worthily conceived of your worthiness, have at this time encouraged me, a man not unknown to many of your brave and forward followers, captains and soldiers, to send my short farewell to our English forces. Whereunto I have annexed an old poem of mine own, the tale of Troy, a pleasant discourse, fitly serving to recreate by the reading the chivalry of England; to whom, as to your ingenious judgments, I dedicate the same: that good minds, inflamed with honourable reports of their ancestry, may imitate their glory in highest adventures; and my countrymen, famed through the world for resolution and

fortitude, may march in equipage of honour and arms with their glorious and renowned predecessors, the Troyans.

Beseeching God mercifully and miraculously, as hitherto he hath done, to defend fair England, that her soldiers may in their departure be fortunate, and in their return triumphant.

GEO. PEELE.

A FAREWELL ENTITULED TO THE FAMOUS AND FORTUNATE GENERALS OF OUR ENGLISH FORCES, &c.

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plough the swelling waves:
Bid England's shore, and Albion's chalky cliffs,
Farewell; bid stately Troynovant adieu,
Where pleasant Thames from Isis' silver head
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along
To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbour to the ancient stony Tower,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.
Change love for arms; girt to your blades, my boys!
Your rests* and muskets take, take helm and targe,
And let God Mars his consort make you mirth;
The roaring cannon,† and the brazen trump,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,

* *rests*] i. e. supports for the muskets, which in Peele's days were very heavy.

† *And let God Mars his consort make you mirth;*
The roaring cannon, &c.] Shakespeare perhaps remembered this passage when he wrote Othello's "farewell" to war: in Singer's *Shakespeare* (vol. 10. p. 443.) where Peele's lines are quoted, "*trumpet*" is printed instead of "*consort*."

It is necessary to observe, that when this poem was produced, and a considerable time after, the expression "*consort* of music" was in use:—the term "*concert*" is comparatively modern.

The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home:
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,
That under many a standard well advanc'd
Have hid* the sweet alarms and braves of love;
Bid theatres, and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet's Poo,† and mighty Tamburlaine,‡
King Charlemagne,§ Tom Stukeley,‖ and the rest,
Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!
With noble Norris, and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
To propagate religious piety,
And hew a passage with your conquering swords
By land and sea, wherever Phœbus' eye,
Th' eternal lamp of heaven lends us light:
By golden Tagus, or the western Inde,
Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,

* *hid*] Old copy "*bid*."

† *Mahomet's Poo*] Of this strange expression (which is most probably an error of the press,) I can make nothing.

‡ *Tamburlaine*] The well-known tragedy in two parts, which I still believe to be the work of Marlowe, notwithstanding what has been urged to the contrary: Gifford (note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. viii. p. 330.) pronounces it to contain lines which Shakespeare "might have fathered, without disgrace to his superior powers."

§ *King Charlemagne*] No drama called *Charlemagne* has come down to us, nor am I acquainted with any old play in which that monarch figures.

‖ *Tom Stukeley*] See the remarks prefixed to the *Battle of Alcazar*.

The wealthy ocean main, the Tyrrhene sea,
From great Alcides' pillars branching forth
Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;
There to deface the pride of Antichrist,
And pull his paper walls and popery down:
A famous enterprise for England's strength,
To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,
And cleanse Augeus' stalls in Italy.
To arms, my fellow soldiers! Sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intend;
And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,
Whether to Europe's bounds, or Asian plains,
To Afric's shore, or rich America,
Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,
Sail on, pursue your honours to your graves:
Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
And every climate virtue's tabernacle.
To arms, to arms, to honourable arms!*
Hoise sails, weigh anchors up, plough up the seas
With flying keels, plough up the land with swords:

* *To arms, to arms, to honourable arms*] In the tragedy of *Locrine* first printed in 1595, I find;

"*To arms, my lord, to honourable arms,*"

which is followed by what forms part of the eleventh verse of the present poem,

"*Take helm and targe:*"

I am aware that such trifling coincidences afford no grounds for supposing Peele to have been the author of *Locrine*; though there is as much probability that it was written by him as by Marlowe, to whom Malone ascribes it.

In God's name venture on; and let me say
To you, my mates, as Cæsar said to his,
Striving with Neptune's hills; you bear, quoth he,
Cæsar, and Cæsar's fortune in your ships.
You follow them, whose swords successful are:
You follow Drake by sea, the scourge of Spain,
The dreadful dragon, terror to your foes,
Victorious in his return from Inde,
In all his high attempts unvanquished;
You follow noble Norris, whose renown,
Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,
Spreads by the gates of Europe to the courts
Of Christian kings, and heathen potentates.
You fight for Christ, and England's peerless queen,
Elizabeth, the wonder of the world,
Over whose throne the enemies of God
Have thunder'd erst their vain successless braves.
O, ten times treble happy men, that fight
Under the cross of Christ and England's queen,
And follow such as Drake and Norris are!
All honours do this cause accompany;
All glory on these endless honours waits:
These honours, and this glory shall he send,
Whose honour, and whose glory, you defend.

Yours, G. P.

THE BEGINNING, ACCIDENTS, AND END OF THE WAR OF TROY.*

WHILOM in Troy, that ancient noble town,
Did dwell a king of honour and renown,
Of port, of puissance, and mickle fame,
And Priam was this mighty prince's name;
Whom, in regard of his triumphant state,
The world as then surnam'd the fortunate,
So happy was he for his progeny,
His queen, his court, his children, and country:
Yclypped stately Hecuba was she,
So fair a creature hardly might you see,
So brave, and of so comely personage;
And, long before she tasted fortune's rage,
With twenty sons and daughters, wondrous thing,
This lusty lady did enrich her king,
Fruit not unlike the tree whereof they sprong;
The daughters lovely, modest, wise, and yong;
The sons, as doth my story well unfold,
All knights at arms, gay, gallant, brave and bold,
Of wit and manhood such as might suffice,
To venture on the highest piece of service:
His peers as loyal to their royal lord,
As might ne tainted be for deed or word;

* The old copy has a short running argument, in the shape of marginal notes, which I have dismissed as an unnecessary incumbrance to the page.

His court presenting to our earthly eyes,
A sky of stars, or shining paradise.
Thus happy, Priam, didst thou live of yore,
That to thy hap could nought be added more:
Till 'mong the gods I wot not what was he
Envying tho* this happiness to thee,
Or goddess, or accursed fiend below,
Conspiring thy Troy's wrack and overthrow,—
Alack, that happiness may not long last,
That all these braveries been so brief a blast!
Till one (I say) avenging power or other
Buzz'd in the brain of the unhappy mother
A dreadful dream, and as it did befall,
To Priam's Troy a dream deadly and fatal.
For when the time of mother's pain drew nigh,
And now the load that in her womb did lie
Began to stir, and move with proper strength,
Ready to leave his place; behold at length
She dreams and gives her lord to understand,
That she should soon bring forth a fire-brand,
Whose hot and climbing flame should grow so great
That Neptune's Troy it would consume with heat.
And, counsel taken of this troublous dream,
The soothsayers said that not swift Simois' stream
Might serve to quench that fierce devouring fire,
That did this brand 'gainst town of Troy conspire.
Which to prevent (a piteous tale to tell)
Both sire and dame 'gainst law and kind rebel,

* *tho*] See vol. i. p. 17.

And that this fear might so be overblown,
This babe from Troy withouten ruth is thrown.
But tempted may the Gods, not mocked be;
It is thy fate, nor may thou, Troy, foresee
What must befall, thou may'st it not foreknow:
Yet Paris lives, and men him called so;
He lives a shepherd's swain on Ida hills,
And breathes a man 'gainst Troy and Troyans' wills,
That threatens fire to Troy, a jolly swain.
And here me list leave Priam and his train:
And tend we Paris yet another while;
How he can Nymphs and shepherds' trulls beguile,
And pipen songs, and whet his wits on books,
And wrap poor maids with sweet alluring looks;
So couth he* sing his lays among them all,
And tune his pipe unto the water's fall,†
And wear his coat of gray and lusty green,
That had the fair Œnone never seen
His 'ticing curled hair, his front of ivory,
The careless nymph had ne'er been so unhappy.
Then was the time when Flora with her flowers,
Like Iris in her pride and party colours,
Sate in her summer arbours like a queen,
And dight the earth in yellow, blue, and green,
Then Phœbe 'gan a solemn hunting make,
A feast for Pallas', Juno, Venus' sake;

* *couth he*] i. e. he had skill to, knew how to.

† *And tune his pipe unto the water's fall*] From Spenser's Eclogue for April;

"And tuned it unto the water's fall."

And on that Ida, where king Priam's son,
Paris, this lovely shepherd's swain did won,
A wondrous strife and variance did befall,
Among the goddesses for a golden ball,
That some fell fury threw among them all.
And fatal was it to this shepherd's boy,
That in his bosom bare the bane of Troy,
To wander by that sacred place alone;
Belike his Nymph and walking mate was gone:
And there was chosen judge to end this strife,
That after lost full many a man his life.
And thus this doughty daysman*, as I reed,
Did crankly† venture on this thankless deed:
Whom Juno first, the great and stately Goddess,
Entic'd with honour of much wealth and riches:
And certes gold hath store of eloquence.
Him Pallas eke the queen of sapience,
Tempted with wisdom and with chivalry,
To win the golden ball bequeath'd to beauty.
But neither wealth nor wisdom might him move,
When Venus 'gan t' encounter him with love.
So led away with over-vain conceit,
And surfeiting belike on pleasure's bait,
As men are wont to let the better go
And choose the worse, this jolly shepherd, lo!
In hope to win the gallant flower of Greece,
Fair Helena, that brave and peerless piece;
Giveth the prize to lady Venus' grace,
And ends with endless war this doubtful case.

* *daysman*] See note vol. i. p. 54. † *crankly*] i. e. briskly.

Ah Paris! hadst thou had but equal eyes,
Indifferent in bestowing of the prize,
Thy human wit might have discerned well,
Wherein true beauty of the mind did dwell.
But men must err, because that men they be,
And men with love yblinded cannot see.*
Throughout the world the rumour being blown
Of this event, the man was quickly known,
And homewards comes forsooth to luckless Troy,
Of yore a shepherd's swain, king Priam's boy:
And in his breast did bear an uncouth heat,
The strength whereof began to grow so great,
As needs Sir Paris must prepare to see
What might the substance of this shadow be,
That yet his fancy wrought upon so fast.
So furnished with men and ships at last
To Lacedemon doth this minion come;
The winds made way, the sea affording room:
In fine, the cut and voyage being short,
This knight arrives at Menelaus' Court,
Where such his entertainment was I find,
As justly might content a princely mind;
For she was there to give him welcome tho,
Who more his inward sense, than eye did know;
A lusty, brave, and lively dame was she,
A lass well worthy to be Paris fee;

* In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, (under the head of Beauty, p. 18) this couplet is given thus,

"*All* men *do* err, because that men they be,
And men with *beauty blinded* cannot see."

The queen herself that hight fair Helena,
Whom yet unseen his thoughts did all obey:
And by the hand she takes her new-come guest,
And gives him entertainment of the best.
Yet stately Troy did flourish in his pride,
And Priam whom no prince might mate beside,
Till love and hate together did conspire,
To waste this town and realm with wasteful fire.
The Prince of Troy 'gan easily now to see,
How well her person with her fame did 'gree;
When calling on Dame Venus for his due,*
The King of Sparta with a lordly crew,
Must post from home and leave his wife forsooth,
To give Sir Paris welcome for his tooth.
Thus Venus first to help Love's policy,
Advantag'd him with opportunity.
And now as lovers wont their times espy,
This lover can his task full well apply,
And strives to court his mistress cunningly,
Whose tender breast the conquering god of love,
As will'd his dame, with arrows 'gan to prove,
And found it fit for love's impression.
No sooner was King Menelaus gone,
But Helen's heart had ta'en so great a flame,
As love increas'd with Paris' only name:
And now she 'gan survey his lovely face,
And curiously observe each courtly grace,
And after large disputes of right and wrong,
What did to love and woman-hood belong,—

* *When calling, &c.*] i.e. when *Paris* calling on Venus, &c.

Ah, that this love will be no better rul'd,
Ah, that these lovers nill be better school'd !—
After sweet lines, that from this stranger's pen
Came swiftly to her reading now and then,
Regard of honour thrown aside by this,
She arms her boldly to this great amiss;*
And, for her heart was from her body hent,†
To Troy this Helen with her lover went,
Thinking, perdy, a part contrary kind,
Her heart so raught,‡ herself to stay behind.
And thus hath Paris with his cunning caught
The dainty bird that all so far he sought.
No sooner were they started thus away,
But straight the king, yet all too late a day,
Had news of this unworthy traitorous deed,
And after (says my story) 'gins to speed;
But conquering love, that hath no leaden heels,
Belike tied wings unto the Troyan's keels.
Away flies Paris with his chased prey,
And lands in Troy the gallant Helena,
Whom aged Priam and Queen Hecuba,
With all their noble sons and daughters too,
Welcome with royal feasts and much ado;

* *amiss*] i. e. fault,—to exemplify which meaning of the word Mr. Todd (in his ad. to Johnson) cites the following line of *Hamlet*;

"Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*."
ACT. IV. SC. 5,

where it means *misfortune*. He was perhaps misled by Steevens's quotations in a note on the passage.

† *hent*] i. e. seized. ‡ *raught*] Old copy "*wrought*."

And every lovely dame and lusty knight,
Do pay the prince such honour as they might.
The peers, the princes, and the lords of Greece,
Touch'd with the rape of this reproachful piece,
Not suffering such barbarous villany,
Dishonour to their state and country,
In fury 'gan the quarrel undertake;
Not all alone for Menelaus' sake,
But to rebuke and to avenge beside
Helen's false love, Paris' adulterous pride;
Making provision for a lasting war,
That wounded all so deep, and yet the scar
Remains, and will endure from day to day,
That teeth of fretting time shall never wear away.
In Aulis' gulf they mightily assemble,
Whose power might make the proudest Troy to tremble:
Lord Agamemnon there among them all,
With Greeks' consent was chosen general.
Before this time a while, as I can reed,
Ulysses, by the means of Palamede,
Unhappy man, was fetch'd from Ithaca,
Yet well could counterfeit a cause of stay,
To tarry with his wife Penelope;
But private cause must common cause obey,
And though he feign'd a madness for the nonce,
Yet can Sir Palamedes all at once
To try his wit offer his tender son,
Whom while the sire refus'd to over-run,
That play'd the frantic ploughman all in vain,
He roundly brought him to the Argive train:

That for the hate he harbour'd in his head
Nill cease till this Sir Palamede was dead.
So Peleus' noble son, the great Achilles,
That lothly with the Grecians went to seas,
Clad by his dame in habit of a woman,
Unworthy cowardice of a valiant man,
But that no cowardice this deed can hight
In him that was approv'd so good a knight,
Ulysses with his toys and trifles trim
Full like a pedler can decipher him.
The force of Greece and armies all by this,
For want of wind have hover'd long in Aulis:
What mighty men misdo, the meaner rue;
So great an ill by lingering doth ensue.
Nor was there other help but Iphigen,
That might enforce the winds to blow agen;
And will he, nill he, Agamemnon must,
If he will termed be a general just,
Dispatch some trusty messenger or page,
Under pretence of love or marriage,
To fetch to Aulis' gulf the Argive queen,
To see the spousals of fair Iphigen;
And prince Achilles was her lover nam'd;
But all untowardly this business fram'd:
For Clytemnestra had espied ere long
Whereto this subtle message did belong.
In fine, the virgin slain in sacrifice,
The Greeks have wind at will, the waters rise.
How many ills do follow one annoy?
Now merrily sail our gallant Greeks to Troy,

And scour the seas, and cheerly run forth right,
As shoots a streaming star in winter's night,
Away they fly, their tackling teft and tight,
Top and top-gallant in the bravest sort.
And, as ye wot, this war and tragic sport
It was for Helena.
King Priam now 'gan easily understand
How Greeks with all their power were hard at hand;
And sadly do the peers their prince advise,
The while in rage Cassandra calls and cries,
Render, ye Troyans, to these madding Greeks
The dame that all this expedition seeks.
And to this battle, bruited far by fame,
Great aid of arms on either party came:
From Tyber,* and the quaking Tanais,
To Troy, the queen of Amazons by this,
Penthesilea with her warlike band
Arriv'd in honour of king Priam's land.
And over long it were for me to tell
In this afflicting war what hap befell;
How many Greeks, how many Troyan knights,
As chivalry by kind in love delights,
Upon their helms their plumes can well advance,
And twist their ladies' colours in their lance.
So love doth make them bold and venturous:
So hardy was the true knight Troilus,
All for pure love of the unconstant Cressid,
T'encounter with th' unworthy Diomed.

* *Tyber*] A misprint which I cannot set right.

But leave I here of Troilus to say,
Whose passions for the ranging Cressida
Require* a volume to unfold at large,
And cunning need he be that takes the charge,
To paint the colours of that changing piece,
Stain to all dames of Troy and stately Greece.
And that I may do every man his right,
Sir Paris mounted, in his armour bright,
Pricks forth, and on his helm his mistress' sleeve;
How could that sight but Menelaus grieve!
And now the Greeks, and now the Troyans may,
As pleaseth Fortune, bear away the day.
The times of truce set down by martial law,
The dames of Troy with lovely looks do draw
The hearts of many Greeks, and lo, at last
The great Achilles is enthralled fast!
That night ne day he might his rest enjoy,
So was his heart engaged whole to Troy:
That now no more of arms this warrior would,
Or, mought I say, no more for love he could;
The camp complains upon his love and sloth,
And charge him with his knighthood and his oath.
Now rides out Hector, call'd the scourge of Greeks,
And like the untam'd panther prys and seeks
Where he might prove his force, and storming thus
He lights upon Achilles' friend, Patroclus.
Whenas the great Achilles 'gan him greet,
And lion-like runs proudly him to meet,

* *Require*] Old copy "*requires.*"

For rescue of his friend, as he were wood,
And charging tight his staff in eager mood,
Forgetful of the fair Polixena,
As faulcon wonts to stoop upon her prey,
As Hector had unhors'd Patroclus tho,
Despoiling him in field, alas, for woe!
Unwares to wreak this deed of his beleek,*
He slays a peerless Troyan for a Greek;
And having thus perform'd this murderous treason,
He triumphs in the spoils of Priam's son.
Now 'gan the Grecians clap their hands for glee,
But blood will blood, so ever mought it be.
The Troyans' glory now 'gan waxen dim,
And cold their hope, sith death hath seized him,
That gave them hope and happy fortune too.
The Mother Queen withouten more ado,
'Gan whet her wits to wreak this malice done,
And traitorous murder of her valiant son.
When Hector's death was more than half forgot,
Or at the least dissembled well I wot,
Full wisely 'gan this lady offer make,
That if the Prince Achilles list to take
Her daughter fair Polixena to spouse,
In Pallas' temple should he make his vows:
And thus the queen that knew no law of arms
Vow'd clear to him and void of further harms.
But when this Greek did little think of guile,
To work revenge for Hector's death the while,

* *beleek*] For *belike*,—written so for the sake of the rhyme.

Even in the fatal place Sir Paris than*
With poison'd shaft dispatch'd the hapless man;
And where his mother Thetis him not hent,
Directly thither was his arrow sent.
Now lies the great Achilles dead in Troy;
The Greeks make moan, the Troyans leap for joy,
And Priam doth bestow his bloodless bones
Upon his wretched heartless Myrmidons.
Immediately began a bloody brawl
Among the lords and Greekish captains all,
Touching the armour of this valiant knight.
Sir Ajax first doth claim it as his right,
And then 'gainst him the Lord of Ithaca
Thinks for desert to bear the prize away;
And of the twain but one might it enjoy,
And plead they must upon the strond of Troy
Before the ships, where Ajax in a heat,
For that the stomach of the man was great,
Lays open to the Greeks his service done
In their affairs since first this war begun,
And twits Ulysses with his cowardice:
But, Ajax, this for thee may not suffice;
For though the targe were over big to bear,
And stout Achilles' helm unfit to wear
For wise Laertes' son, yet policy,
That hight indeed the strength of chivalry,
Was that whereof this knight doth chiefly vaunt;
So with his words he 'gan their wits enchant,

* *than*] See note, vol. i. p. 38.

That, when he must conclude and say no more,
'A shows the fatal sign that to the shore
'A stole by night from Troy, and then (quoth he)
Bestow it here, ye Greeks, if ye nill give it me.
Wherewith he won their hearts, and charm'd their eyes,
And from Sir Ajax got the martial prize:
The man, whom wrath and fury overcame,
Not able to endure this open shame,
Foully sought violent means to stint this strife,
And with a deadly stab reav'd his own life.
And now this wasteful war that lasted long,
To dames of Troy and Greece a tedious wrong,
With hot encounter and unhappy fight,
And hasten'd death of many a hardy knight,
'Gan grow to this, that Greeks to blear the eyes
Of their forwearied foes began devise:
And having built a great unwieldy frame,
Much like a horse, and well ystuft the same
With men of war, they make a subtle show,
As though from Troy they homeward meant to go,
And raise the siege, and leave the prize behind,
But gods do know they nothing less do mind:
For, as I ween, my history doth say,
To Tenedos the Grecians took their way,
An isle that gave them harbour and abode:
Now leave we there these Greeks to lie at road.
Amidst this hurly burly and uproar,
King Priam sends away young Polydore,

With store of treasure, and with mickle muck,
His youngest son to Thrace; but little luck
Ensued this deed: for Polymnestor, lo,
The thirst of Priam's riches chok'd him so!
A woful tale as I have heard it told,
Murders this prince for lucre of his gold.
The subtle Sinon, for his villany
The noted author of Troy's tragedy,
When traitorous Greeks had slunk to Tenedos,
'Gan with the silly Troyans highly gloze,
And tell a tale perdy of little truth,
Although, as it befel, of mickle ruth:
And so bewitch'd King Priam and his court,
That now at last to Troyan's fatal hurt,
Instead of that might most their states advance,
They 'gree to hoise this engine of mischance,
And make a breach like fools, and never lin*
Till their own hands had pull'd their enemies in:
Thus riot, rape, and vain credulity
Bin nam'd chief author's of Troy's tragedy.
The monstrous horse, that in his hugy sides
A traitorous throng of subtle Grecians hides,
'Gan now discharge his vast and hideous load,
And silently disperse his strength abroad.
It was the time when midnight's sleep and rest
With quiet pause the town of Troy possess'd;
The Greeks forsake the ships, and make return:
Now Troy, as was foretold, began to burn,

* *lin*] i. e. cease.

And Ilium's stately towers to smoke apace;
The conquering Greeks begin amain to chase,
And follow fast their foes, that unawares
False Sinon had betrapped in his snares.
Ah, what a piercing sight it was to see
So brave a town as Troy was said to be,
By quenchless fire laid level with the soil,
The prince and people made the soldier's spoil!
Th' unhappy Priam maz'd with frights and fears,
Seeing his palace flame about his ears,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
And weening to have play'd a young man's part,
Girts to his arming sword with trembling hand;
But she, alas! that bear the fatal brand
That fir'd the town, the most unhappy queen,
Whose like for wretched hap was never seen,
Said, leave, my lord, becomes us not to strive,
Whom would no morning sun might see alive!
And fly from aid of men to powers divine,
And so with me lay hold on Phœbus' shrine.
But he, whose bloody mind and murdering rage
Nor law of gods nor reverence of age
Could temper from a deed so tyrannous,
Achilles' son, the fierce unbridled Pyrrhus,
His father's ghost belike enticing him,
With slaughtering hand, with visage pale and dim,
Hath hent this aged Priam by the hair,
Like butcher bent to slay; and even there
The man that liv'd so many golden years,
The Lord and Master of such lordly peers,

The King of Troy, the mighty King of Troy,
With cruel iron this cursed Greekish boy
Rids of his life, as whilom he had done
With poison'd shaft Paris, old Priam's son.
Thus souls by swarms do* press to Pluto's hall;
Thus, naked Troy, or now not Troy at all,
Done is thy pride, dim is thy glorious gite,†
Dead is thy prince in this unhappy fight.
My pen, forbear to write of Hecuba,
That made the glorious Sun his chariot stay,
And raining tears his golden face to hide,
For ruth of that did afterwards betide:
Sith this unhappy Queen surviv'd the last,
Till fortune's spite and malice all was past,
And worn with sorrow, wexen fell and mad:
And all the happiness that Priam had
In his mishaps and bloody funeral,
Was that he saw not yet the end of all;
His daughters ravish'd, slain in sacrifice,
Astyanax before his mother's eyes,
The princely babe thrown from the highest tower;
Thus to our deaths there needeth but an hour.
Short tale to make, when first the town of Troy
The Greeks had sack'd, to Asia's great annoy,
When Pyrrhus had the guilty Paris slain,
Lo, now at last the Greeks have home again,
With loss of many a Greek and Troyan's life,
Unhappy Helen, Menelaus' Wife!

* *do*] Old copy "*doth.*"
† *gite*] See note, p. 40.

The good Æneas, whom the gods beleek
Reserv'd some further better hap to seek,
With old Anchises leaves this wretched town,
And on the seas ytossed up and down,
Arrives in Lavine land, when he had seen
The bounty of the famous Carthage Queen,
Whom, driven by fates, this wandering knight deceiv'd,
That him and his so royally receiv'd.

My author says, to honour Helen's name,
That through the world hath been belied by fame,
How when the king her fere was absent thence,
A tale that well may lessen her offence,
Sir Paris took the town by arms and skill,
And carried her to Troy against her will;
Whom whether afterward she lov'd or no
I cannot tell, but may imagine so.

POLYHYMNIA.

Polyhymnia, Describing the honourable Triumph at Tylt, before her Maiestie, on the 17. *of November last past, being the first day of the three and thirtith yeare of Her Highnesse raigne. With Sir Henrie Lea his resignation of honour at Tylt, to her Maiestie, and received by the right honorable the Earle of Cumberland. Printed at London by Richard Jhones* 1590. 4to.

On the back of the title is;

"*Polyhymnia. Entituled, with all dutie to the Right Honourable Lord Compton of Compton. By George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxforde.*"

"It appears," says the late Mr. Nichols, (*Prog. of Eliz.* vol. iii. p. 41. ed. 1823,) "by Warton's notes on Milton, p. 593, that George Peele wrote 'Polyhymnia, the Description &c. 1590,' but of this I have not been able to obtain a copy." I reckon myself therefore most fortunate in being able to offer to the reader a reprint of this very rare and curious poem, from a copy in the Library of the University of Edinburgh, among the books presented by the poet Drummond in 1626. In the first edition of these volumes, *Polyhymnia* wanted several lines, Drummond's copy being slightly mutilated. In the present edition, it is given complete; the omissions having been supplied through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, from a MS. copy of the poem discovered in an old family mansion in Oxfordshire. Like other old transcripts of our early poetry, it presents several variations from the printed copy, which I have marked. Beloe (*Anec. of Lit.* vol. ii. p. 5.) has reprinted the Sonnet, "His golden locks," &c. at the end of the present tract, among 'Songs from Garrick collection;' but though several pieces not dramatic are bound up in that collection, I have repeatedly searched it for *Polyhymnia* in vain.

Sir Henry Lee was the son of Sir Anthony Lee, and of Margaret sister of Sir Thomas Wyatt. He died at his mansion at Quarendon in Bucks, in 1611, aged 80.

The following long extract from Segar's *Honour, Military and Civill*, will perhaps be acceptable to the reader: it forms the whole of the 54th chapter of the 3d book, and is entitled "The Originall occasions of the yeerely Triumphs in England:"

"Here will we remember also (and I hope without envie so may,) that these annuall exercises in Armes, solemnized the 17. day of Nouember, were first begun and occasioned by the right vertuous and honourable Sir Henry Lea, Master of her Highnesse Armorie, and now deservingly Knight of the most noble Order, who of his great zeale, and earnest desire to eternize the glory of her Maiesties Court, in the beginning of her happy reigne, voluntarily vowed (unless infirmity, age, or other accident did impeach him) during his life, to present himself at the Tilt armed, the day* aforesayd yeerely, there to performe in honor of her sacred Maiestie the promise he formerly made. Whereupon the Lords and Gentlemen of the sayd Court, incited by so worthy an example, determined to continue that custome, and not unlike to the antient knighthood della Banda in Spain, have ever since yerely assembled in armes accordingly: though true it is, that the author of that custome (being now by age overtaken) in the 33 yeere of her Maiesties reigne resigned and recommended that office unto the right noble George Earle of Cumberland. The ceremonies of which assignation were publiquely performed in presence of her Maiestie, her Ladies and Nobilitie, also an infinite number of people, beholding the same, as followeth.

"On the 17 day of November, anno 1590, this honourable gentleman together with the Earle of Cumberland, having first performed their service in armes, presented themselves unto her Highnesse, at the foot of the staires under her Gallery window in the Tilt yard at Westminster, where at that time her Maiestie did sit, accompanied with the Viscount Turyn Ambassador of France, many Ladies, and the chiefest Nobilitie.

"Her Maiestie beholding these armed Knights comming toward her, did suddenly heare a musicke so sweete and secret,

* The anniversary of Elizabeth's accession to the throne: Mary died in the afternoon of the 17th of November, 1558.

as every one thereat greatly marveiled. And hearkening to that excellent melodie, the earth as it were opening, there appeared a Pavilion, made of white Taffata, containing eight score elles, being in proportion like unto the sacred Temple of the Virgins Vestall. This temple seemed to consist upon pillars of pourferry, arched like unto a church, within it were many Lampes burning. Also, on the one side there stood an Altar covered with cloth of gold, and thereupon two waxe candles burning in rich candlesticks, upon the Altar also were layd certaine Princely presents, which after by three Virgins were presented unto her Maiestie. Before the doore of this Temple stood a crowned Pillar, embraced by an Eglantine tree, whereon there hanged a Table; and therein written (with letters of gold) this prayer following

ELIZÆ, &c.

Piæ, Potenti, Fælicissimæ virgini,
Fidei, Pacis, Nobilitatis vindici,
Cui Deus, Astra, Virtus,
Summa devoverunt
omnia
Post tot Annos, tot Triumphos,
Animam ad pedes positurus
Tuos,
Sacra Senex
affixit Arma.
Vitam quietam, Imperium, famam
Æternam, æternam
precatur tibi,
Sanguine redempturus suo.
Ultra columnas Herculis
Columna moveatur Tua.
Corona superet coronas omnes,
ut quam cœlum felicissime
nascenti Coronam dedit,
Beatissima moriens reportes cœlo.
Summe, Sancte, Æterne,
Audi, exaudi,
Deus.

"The music aforesayd, was accompanied with these verses pronounced and sung by M. Hales her Maiesties servant, a Gentleman in that Arte excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable.

"My golden locks time hath to silver turnd
(Oh time too swift, and swiftnes never ceasing)
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurnd,
But spurnd in vaine, youth waineth by encreasing,
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading beene,
Duety, faith, and love, are rootes and ever greene.

My Helmet now shall make an hive for Bees,
And lovers songs shall turne to holy Psalmes;
A man at Armes must now sit on his knees,
And feed on pray'rs, that are old ages almes.
And so from Court to Cottage I depart,
My Saint is sure of mine unspotted hart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
Ile teach my Swaines this Carrol for a song,
Blest be the hearts that thinke my Sovereigne well,
Curs'd be the soules that thinke to doe her wrong.
Goddesse, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your Beadsman now, that was your knight.

"The gifts which the Vestall maydens presented unto her Maiesty, were these: A vaile of white exceeding rich and curiously wrought: a cloke and safegard set with buttons of gold, and on them were graven Emprezes of excellent devise: in the loope of every button was a noble mans badge, fixed to a pillar richly embroidered.

"And here (by way of digression) let us remember a speech which this noble Gentleman used at such time as these buttons were set upon the garment aforesaid: I would (quoth he) that all my friends might have bene remembred in these buttons,

but there is not roome enough to containe them all; and if I have them not all, then (said he) those that are left out, may take exception. Whereunto another standing by, answered: Sir, let as many be placed as can be, and cause the last button to be made like the Caracter of &c. Now Godamercie with all my heart (quoth the Knight) for I would not have given the *Cætera* of my friends for a million of gold.

" But to return to the purpose, these presents and prayer being with great reverence delivered into her Maiesties owne hands, and he himselfe disarmed, offered up his armour at the foot of her maiesties crowned pillar; and kneeling upon his knees, presented the Earle of Cumberland, humbly beseeching she would be pleased to accept him for her knight, to continue the yeerely exercises aforesaid. Her Maiestie gratiously accepting of that offer, this aged Knight armed the Earle, and mounted him upon his horse. That being done, he put upon his owne person a side coat of blacke velvet pointed under the arme, and covered his head (in lieu of an helmet) with a buttoned cap of the countrey fashion.

" After all these ceremonies, for divers dayes hee ware upon his cloake a crowne embroidered, with a certaine motto or device, but what his intention therein was, himselfe best knoweth.

" Now to conclude the matter of assignation, you shall understand that this noble Gentleman by her Maiesties expresse commandement, is yerely (without respect unto his age) personally present at these military exercises, there to see, survey, and as one most carefull and skilfull to direct them; for indeed his vertue and valour in arms is such as deserveth to command: And touching that point I will let you know the opinion of Monsieur de Champany, a Gentleman of great experience and notable observation, who at his being Embassadour in England for causes of the Low Countreys, and writing to his friends there, in one of his intercepted letters, among other occurrents these words were found: I was (quoth he) one day by Sir Christopher Hatton Captaine of her Maiesties guard invited to Eltham, an house of the Queenes, whereof he was guardian:

At which time I heard and saw three things that in all my travel of France, Italy, and Spaine, I never heard or saw the like. The first was a consort of musicke, so excellent and sweet as cannot be expressed. The second a course at a Bucke with the best and most beautifull Greyhounds that ever I did behold. And the third a man of Armes excellently mounted, richly armed and indeed the most accomplished Cavalier I had ever seene. This knight was called Sir Henry Lea, who that day (accompanied with other Gentlemen of the Court) onley to doe me honour, vouchsafed at my returne to Greenwich to breake certaine Lances: which action was performed with great dexterity and commendation.

"Thus much was the substance (and well neere the whole circumstance, of Sir Henry Lea his last taking of Armes: wherein he seemed to imitate the auncient Romanes, who having served a convenient time, and claiming the priviledges due to old Souldiers (whome they called Emeriti) did come into Campo Martio every man leading his owne horse; and there offered his Armes unto Mars in presence of the chiefe magistrates: which ceremony, Scipio, Cassius, the great Pompey, with many other noble Captaines, disdained not to doe. Summarily, these anuall actions have been most nobly perfourmed (according to their times) by one Duke, 19 Earles, 27 Barons, 4 Knights of the Garter, and above 150 other Knights and Esquiers." Segar's *Honour*, p. 197, fol. 1602.

THE NAMES OF THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN THAT RAN, AND THE ORDER OF THEIR RUNNING.

THE COUPLES.

I.
Sir Henry Lee, and
The Earl of Cumberland.

II.
The Lord Strange, and
Master Thomas Gerrard.

III.
The Lord Compton, and
Master Henry Nowell.

IV.
The Lord Burke, and
Sir Edward Denny.

V.
The Earl of Essex, and
Master Fulk Greville.

VI.
Sir Charles Blount,
Master Thomas Vavasor.

VII.
Master Robert Carey, and
Master William Gresham.

VIII.
Sir William Knowles,
Master Anthony Cooke.

IX.
Sir Thomas Knowles,
Sir Philip Butler.

X.
Master Robert Knowles,
Master Ralph Bowes.

XI.
Master Thomas Sidney,
Master Robert Alexander.

XII.
Master John Nedham,
Master Richard Acton.

XIII.
Master Charles Davers,
Master Everard Digby.

POLYHYMNIA.

WHEREFORE,* when thirty-two were come and gone,
Years of her reign, days of her country's peace,
Elizabeth, great empress of the world,
Britannia's Atlas, star of England's globe,
That sways the massy sceptre of her land,
And holds† the royal reins of Albion;
Began the gladsome sunny day to shine,
That draws in length date of her golden reign,
And thirty-three she numbereth in her throne,
That long in happiness and peace I pray
May number many to these thirty-three.
Wherefore it fares as whilom and of yore,
In armour bright and sheen fair England's knights,
In honour of their peerless sovereign,
High mistress of their service, thoughts, and lives,
Make to the tilt amain; and trumpets sound,
And princely coursers neigh, and champ the bit:
When all addrest for deeds of high devoir,
Preace‡ to the sacred presence of their prince.

* *Wherefore*] Ox. MS. "*Therefore.*"

† *holds*] Ox. MS. "*rules.*"

‡ *preace*] Or *prease:* see note ‡, vol. i. p. 197.—Ox. MS. "*press.*"

The First Couple. { SIR HENRY LEE, THE EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

Mighty in arms, mounted on puissant horse,
Knight of the crown, in rich embroidery,
And costly fair caparison charg'd with crowns,
O'ershadow'd with a wither'd running vine,
As who would say, my spring of youth is past;
In corselet gilt of curious workmanship,
Sir Henry Lee, redoubted man at arms,
Leads in the troops: whom worthy Cumberland,
Thrice-noble earl, accoutred as became
So great a warrior and so good a knight,
Encounter'd first, y-clad in coat of steel,
And plumes and pendants all as white as swan,
And spear in rest, right ready to perform
What 'long'd unto the honour of the place.
Together went these champions, horse and man,
Thundering along the tilt; that at the shock
The hollow gyring vault of heaven resounds.
Six courses spent, and spears in shivers split,

The Second Couple. { THE LORD STRANGE, MASTER THOMAS GERRARD.

The Earl of Derby's valiant son and heir,
Brave Ferdinand lord Strange, strangely embark'd
Under Jove's kingly bird the golden eagle,
Stanley's old crest and honourable badge,
As veering 'fore the wind in costly ship,
And armour white and watchet buckled fast,
Presents himself; his horses and his men
Suited in satin to their master's colours,

Well near twice twenty squires that went him by.
And having by his trounchman* pardon crav'd,
Vailing his eagle to† his sovereign's eyes,
As who should‡ say, stoop, eagle, to this sun,
Dismounts him from his pageant, and attonce§
Taking his choice of lusty stirring horse,
Cover'd with sumptuous rich caparisons,
He mounts him bravely for his friendly foe;
And at the head he aims, and in his aim
Happily thrives, and breaks his azure staves.
Whom‖ gentle Gerrard, all in white and green,
Colours belike best serving his conceit,
Lustily meets, mounted in seat of steel,
With flourishing plume and fair¶ caparison;
And then at every shock the shivers fly,
That recommend their honours to the sky.

The Third Couple. { THE LORD COMPTON, / MASTER HENRY NOWELL.

Next, in the virgin's colours, as before
Ran Cumberland, comes lovely Compton in;
His courser trapt in white, and plumes and staves
Of snowy hue, and squires in fair array,
Waiting their lord's good fortune in the field;
His armour glittering like the moon's bright rays,

* *trounchman*] Can scarcely be a misprint for "*truchman*," or "*trouchman*," i. e. interpreter.—Qy. is it put for "*truncheon-man*?"

† *Vailing his eagle to*] Ox. MS. "*Vailed* his eagle *in*."

‡ *should*] Ox. MS. "*would*."

§ *attonce*] See note * vol. i. p. 41.

‖ *Whom*] Ox. MS. "*When*." ¶ *fair*] Ox. MS. "*rich*."

Or that clear silver path, the milk-white way,
That in Olympus leads to Jove's high court.
Him noble-minded Nowell pricks to meet,*
All arm'd in sables, with rich bandalier,
That bauldrick-wise he ware, set with fair stones
And pearls of Inde, that like a silver bend
Shew'd on his varnish'd corselet black as jet;
And beauteous plumes and bases suitable;
And on his stirrup waits a trusty train
Of servants clad in purple liveries:
And to't they go, this lord and lusty knight,
To do their royal mistress honour's right.

The Fourth Couple. { THE LORD BURKE, / SIR EDWARD DENNY

When, mounted on his fierce and foaming steed,
In riches and in colours like his peers,
With ivory plumes, in silver shining arms,
His men in crimson dight and staves in red,
Comes in Lord Burke, a fair young Ireland lord,
Bent chiefly to the† exercise of arms:
And bounding in his princely mistress' eye,‡

* *Him noble-minded Nowell, &c.*] Ox. MS.
" Him noble-minded Nowell pricks to meet,
Brave Nowell fam'd for courtship and for arms,
All *in black armour* with rich bandalier."

† *chiefly to the*] Ox. MS. " to the *princely.*"

‡ *and bounding, &c.*] Ox. MS.
" And bounding in his *royal* mistress' eye,
(*Askances thus, I come to honour thee*)
Chargeth," &c.

Chargeth his staff, when trumpet calls* away,
At noble Denny's head, brave man at arms,
That furiously with flaming sword in hand,
(As if the god of war had sent him down,
Or, if you will, to shew his burning zeal
And forwardness in service of her person,†
To whom those martial deeds were consecrate,)
Speeds to the tilt amain,‡ rich as the rest;
Himself, his horse, his pages, all in green,
Green velvet, fairly garnish'd horse and man.

The Fifth Couple. { THE EARL OF ESSEX,
MASTER FULK GREVILLE.

Then proudly shocks amid the martial throng
Of lusty lanciers, all in sable|| sad,
Drawn on with coal-black steeds of dusky hue,
In stately chariot full of deep device,
Where gloomy Time sat whipping on the team,
Just back to back with this great champion,
Young Essex, that thrice honourable earl;
Y-clad in mighty arms of mourner's hue,§
And plume as black as is the raven's wing,
That from his armour borrow'd such a light,
As boughs of yew receive¶ from shady stream.
His staves were such, or of such hue at least,

* *trumpet calls*] Ox. MS. "*trumpets call.*"
† *her person*] Ox. MS. "*the day,*" omitting the next line.
‡ *amain*] Ox. MS. "*apace.*"
|| *sable*] Ox. MS. "*sables.*"
§ *hue*] Ox. MS. "*die.*"
¶ *yew receive*] Old copy "*vu receives.*"

As are those banner staves that mourners bear;
And all his company in funeral black,*
As if he mourn'd to think of him he miss'd,
Sweet Sidney, fairest shepherd of our green,
Well-letter'd warrior, whose successor he
In love and arms had ever vow'd to be:
In love and arms O may he so succeed,
As his deserts, as his desires would speed!
With this great lord must gallant Greville run,
Fair man at arms, the Muses' favourite,
Lover of learning and of chivalry,
Sage in his saws, sound judge of poesy,
That lightly mounted makes to him amain,
In armour gilt and bases full of cost:
Together go these friends as enemies;
As when a lion in a thicket pent,
Spying the boar all bent to combat him,
Makes through the shrubs and thunders as he goes.

The Sixth Couple. { Sir Charles Blount, / Master Thomas Vavasor.

And then, as blithe as bird of morning's light,
Inflam'd with honour, glistering as the sun,
What time he mounts the sweating lion's back,
Beset with glorious sun-shine of his train,
Bearing the sun upon his armed breast,
That like a precious shining† carbuncle,
Or Phœbus' eye, in heaven itself reflects;

* *funeral black*] Ox. MS. "black *beheest*," Qy. "*behearst*."
† *shining*] Ox. MS. "*sparkling*."

Comes Sir Charles Blount, in or and azure dight;
Rich in his colours, richer in his thoughts,
Rich in his fortune, honour, arms, and art.
And him the valiant Vavasor assails,
On fierce and ready horse, with spear in rest,
In orange tawny, bright and beautiful,
Himself, his men, and all: and on they speed,
And haste they make to meet, and meet they do,
And do the thing for which they meet in haste;
Each in his armour amiable to see,
That in their looks bear love and chivalry.

The Seventh Couple. { MASTER ROBERT CAREY, MASTER WILLIAM GRESHAM.

By this the trump call'd Carey to the tilt,
Fair bird, fair cygnet of our silver swan;
When, like a lord in pomp and princely show,
And like a champion fitted for the war,
And not unlike the son of such a sire,
Under a plume of murrey and of white,
That like a palm-tree beautifully spread,
On mighty horse of Naples mounted fair,
And horse at hand and men and pages pight,
All with a burning heart greets he her grace,
Whose gracious countenance he his heaven esteems,
And to her sacred person it presents,*
As who would say, my heart and life† is hers,
To whom my loyalty this heart prefers.

* *And to her sacred, &c.*] Ox. MS.
" And to her *majesty the same* presents."

† *heart and life*] Ox. MS. " life and *all*."

And at the summons out his foeman flies,
Gresham, the heir of golden Gresham's land,
That beautified* new Troy with royal Change,
Badge of his honour and magnificence:
Silver and sable such his colours were,
And ready was his horse, and readier he,
To bound, and well behave him in her eye,
Upon whose looks his life and honour stood.
Then horse and man conspir'd to meet amain;
Along the tilt Carey and Gresham go,†
Swift as the swallow, or that Greekish nymph
That seem'd to overfly the ears‡ of corn:
And break they do, they miss not, as I ween,
And all was done in honour of their queen.

The Eighth Couple. { Sir WILLIAM KNOWLES, / MASTER ANTHONY COOKE.

Then, like the three Horatii in the field,
Betwixt the Roman and the Alban camp,
That triumph'd in the royal right of Rome,
Or old duke Aymon's glory, Dordogne's pride,‖
Came in the noble English Nestor's sons,
Brave Knowles his offspring, hardy champions;

* *beautified*] Ox. MS. "*beautifieth.*"

† *go*] Ox. MS. "*glide.*"

‡ *ears*] Old copy "*eyles.*"

‖ *Or old duke Aymon's glory, Dordogne's pride*] The adventures of the four sons of Aymon have furnished matter for various romances both in prose and verse. Of *Le Livre de quatre fils Aymon* two translations had appeared in English before Peele's time. A play called *The four sons of Amon* was written by Robert Shawe.

Each in his plumes, his colours, and device,
Expressing warrior's wit, and courtier's grace.
Against sir William ran a lusty* knight;
Fine in device he was and full of wit,
Famous beyond the chalky British cliffs,
And lov'd and honour'd in his country's bounds,
Anthony Cooke, a man of noble name,†
For arms and courtship equal to the best:
Valour and Virtue sat upon his helm,
Whom Love and lowering Fortune led along,
And Life and Death he portray'd in his shew;
A liberal Hand, badge of nobility,
A Heart that in his mistress' honour vows
To task his hand in witness‡ of his heart,
Till age shake off rough war's‖ habiliments.
Then with such cunning can they couch their staves,
That worthily each knight himself behaves.

The Ninth Couple. { Sir Thomas Knowles, / Sir Philip Butler.

The youngest brother, Mars his sworn man,
That wan his knightly spurs in Belgia,
And follow'd dub of drum in fortune's grace,
Well hors'd and arm'd Sir Philip Butler greets;
The noble Essex friend and follower,
In mourning sable dight by sympathy,

* *lusty*] Ox. MS. "*gentle.*"
† *name*] Ox. MS. "*mind.*"
‡ *witness*] Ox. MS. "*trial.*"
‖ *rough war's*] Ox. MS. "*war's rough.*"

A gentle knight; and meekly at the tilt*
He stands, as one that had no heart to hurt
His friendly foe: but at the trumpet's sound
He flies along; and bravely at the face
His force he bends: the rival of his fame
Spurs on his steed, nor shuns the shock for fear:
And so they meet; the armour bears the scar
Of this encounter and delightful war.

The Tenth Couple. { MASTER ROBERT KNOWLES, MASTER RALPH BOWES.

The last, not least, of these brave bretheren,†
Laden with honour and with golden boughs,‡
Entering the lists, like Titan arm'd with fire
When in the queachy§ plot Python he slew,
Bowes takes to task with strong and mighty arm,‖
Right richly mounted: horse and man it seem'd
Were well agreed to serve as roughly there
As in the enemy's reach for life they would;¶
And when they ran methought a tempest rose,
That in the storm the clattering armours sound,
As horse and man had both been borne to ground.

* *A gentle knight, &c.*] Ox. MS.
" A knight *well-thew'd*; and *mildly* at the tilt."

† *bretheren*] So spelt in the old copy for the sake of the verse.

‡ *boughs*] Ox. MS. " *leaves*."

§ *queachy*] Spelt " *queackie*" in the old copy: see note * vol. i. p. 132.

‖ *strong and mighty arm*] Ox. MS. " *stout* and *sturdy lance*."

¶ *they would*] Ox. MS. " *and fame*."

The Eleventh Couple. { MASTER THOMAS SIDNEY, MASTER ROBERT ALEXANDER.

Thus long hath dainty Sidney sit and seen
Honour and Fortune hover in the air,
That from* the glorious beams of England's eye
Came streaming; Sidney, at which name I sigh,
Because I lack the Sidney that I love,†
And yet I love the Sidneys that survive.
Thus long, I say, sat Sidney and beheld
The shivers fly of many a shaken spear;
When, mounted on a courser trapt in white,
And throughly well appointed he and his,
Pure sparks of virtue kindling honour's fire,
He thought he might, and, for he might, he would
Reach at this glory,—fair befall him still!—
And to the tilt, impatient of delay,
He comes, encounter'd with a threatening point
That Alexander menac'd to him fast,
A valorous and lusty gentleman,
Well fitted with his armour and his steed;
And him young Sidney sits, and had he charg'd
The Macedonian Alexander's staff,
He had been answer'd by that valiant youth:‡
So well behav'd himself this fair young knight,
As Paris had to great Achilles' lance
Applied his tender fingers and his force.

* *from*] Ox. MS. "*fore.*"

† *love*] Ox. MS. "*lov'd.*"

‡ *that valiant youth*] Ox. MS. "*this lovely boy.*"

The Twelfth Couple. { MASTER [JOHN] NEDHAM, MASTER RICHARD ACTON.

The next came Nedham in on lusty horse,
That, angry with delay, at trumpet's sound,
Would snort, and stamp, and stand upon no ground,
Unwilling of his master's tarriance:
Yet tarry must his master, and with him
His prancing steed; till trumpets-sounding shrill
Made Acton spur apace, that with applause
Of all beholders hied him lustily,
As who would say, now go I to* the goal:
And then they ride, and run, and take their chance,
As death were fixt at point of either's lance.

The Thirteenth Couple. { MASTER CHARLES DAVERS, MASTER EVERARD DIGBY.

Now drew this martial exercise to end;
And Davers here and Digby were the last
Of six and twenty gallant gentlemen,
Of noble birth and princely resolution,
That ran in compliment, as you have heard,
In honour of their mistress' holiday;
A gracious sport, fitting that golden time,
The day, the birth-day of our happiness,
The blooming time, the spring of England's peace.
Peace then, my muse, yet, ere thou peace, report,
Say how thou saw'st these actors play their parts,
Both mounted bravely, bravely minded both,
Second to few or none for their success;
Their high devoir, their deeds do say no less.

* *to*] Ox. MS. "*for*."

And now had England's queen, fair England's life,*
Beheld her lords, and lovely lordly knights,
Do honour's service to their sovereign:
And heaven by this distill'd down tears of joy,
In memory and honour of this day.

SIR HENRY LEE *resigns his place of honour at Tilt to the* EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

And now, as first by him intended was,
In sight of prince, and peers, and people round,
Old Henry Lee, knight of the crown, dismounts;†
And in a fair pavilion hard at hand,
Where holy lights burn'd‡ on the hallow'd shrine
To Virtue or to Vesta consecrate,
Having unarm'd his§ body, head and all,
To his great mistress his petition makes;
That in regard and favour of his age
It would so please her princely majesty‖
To suffer him give up his staff and arms,
And honourable place wherein he serv'd,
To that thrice valiant earl, whose honour's pledge
His life should be: with that he singled forth
The flower of English knights, the valiant earl
Of Cumberland; and him, before them all,
He humbly prays her highness to accept,

* *life*] Ox. MS. "*eye.*"
† *dismounts*] Ox. MS. "*alights.*"
‡ *burn'd*] Ox. MS. "*burn.*"
§ *his*] Ox. MS. "*himself.*"
‖ *princely majesty*] Ox. MS. "*royal excellence.*"

And him install in place of those designs;
And to him gives his armour and his lance,
Protesting to her princely majesty,
In sight of heaven and all her princely* lords,
He would betake him to his orisons,
And spend the remnant of his waning age,
Unfit for wars and martial exploits,
In prayers for her endless happiness.
Whereat she smiles, and sighs, and seem'd to say,
" Good woodman, though thy green be turn'd to gray,
Thy age past April's prime† and pleasant May,
Have thy request, we take him at thy praise;
May he succeed the honour of thy days!"
Amen, said all, and hope they do no less,
No less his virtue and nobility,
His skill in arms and practice‡ promiseth.
And many champions such§ may England live to have,
And days and years as many such‖ as she in heart can crave!

* *princely*] Ox. MS. " *lovely*."
† *prime*] Ox. MS. " *spring*."
‡ *practice*. Ox. MS. " *honour*."
§ *such*] Ox. MS. " *moe*."
‖ *such*] Ox. MS. " *moe*."

A SONNET.*

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by encreasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

* We have seen (p. 195) that Segar has this Sonnet with several variations: Evans (who had never met with *Polyhymnia,*) reprinted it from Segar's work, and attributed it to the Earl of Essex, because "Sir Henry Wotton, in his parallel between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham, says, that a Sonnet of the Earl's was, upon a certain occasion, sung before the Queen, by one Halle, in whose voice she took some pleasure." *Old Ballads*, vol. iv. p. 48. ed. 1810. Ellis has given it (from Segar) among the pieces of "Uncertain Authors," *Spec.* vol. ii. p. 402. ed. 1811: a proof how rare *Polyhymnia* is, when unknown to such an editor as Ellis! This Sonnet is not in the Ox. MS.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song;
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think her any wrong:
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

THE

HONOUR OF THE GARTER.

The Honour of the Garter Displaied in a Poeme gratulatorie: Entitled to the worthie and renowned Earle of Northumberland. Created Knight of that Order, and installd at Windsore. Anno Regni Elizabethæ, 35. *Die Junii*, 26. *By George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxenforde. At London Printed by the Widdowe Charlewood, for John Busbie, and are to be sold at the West doore of Paules.* 4to. 1593.

On the back of the title are the arms of Elizabeth with the motto "semper eadem," and under them these verses;

"Gallia victa dedit flores, invicta leones
Anglia: jus belli in flore, leone suum:
O sic, O semper ferat Elizabetha triumphos,
Inclyta Gallorum flore, leone suo!"

In editing this piece, I have followed the text of a copy now in the possession of Mr. Thorpe, the bookseller: on comparing it with another copy in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, I found several various readings, which I have given. Alterations must have been made in the work, after a part of the impression was thrown off.

Henry, the ninth earl of Northumberland, was born in 1564. Miss Aikin has given so elegant a sketch of his life, that I cannot do better than transcribe it here. "Immediately after the fatal catastrophe of his father in 1585, this young nobleman, anxious apparently to efface the stigma of popery and disaffection stamped by the rash attempts of his uncle and father on the gallant name of Percy, had seized the opportunity of embarking with Leicester for the wars of the Low Countries. He now sought distinction on another element and in a cause still nearer to the hearts of Englishmen [i. e. when in 1588 he joined the fleet against the Spanish Armada, on board a vessel hired by himself]. The conversion to Protestantism and loyalty of the head of such a house could not but be regarded by Elizabeth with feelings of peculiar complacency; and in 1593 she was

pleased to confer upon the earl the insignia of the Garter. He was present in 1601 at the siege of Ostend; where he considered himself as so much aggrieved by the conduct of Sir Francis Vere, that on the return of this officer to England he sent him a challenge. During the decline of the queen's health, Northumberland was distinguished by the warmth with which he embraced the interests of the king of Scots; and he was the first privy-councillor named by James on his accession to the English throne. But the fate of his family seemed still to pursue him: on some unsupported charges connected with the gun-powder plot, he was stripped of all his offices, heavily fined and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment; the tardy mercy of the king procured however his release at the end of fifteen years; and he passed the remainder of his life in tranquil and honourable retirement. This unfortunate nobleman was a person of considerable talents: the abundant leisure for intellectual pursuits afforded by his long captivity was chiefly employed by him in the study of the mathematics; including perhaps the occult sciences; and as he was permitted to enjoy freely the conversation of such men of learning as he was desirous of assembling around him, he became one of their most bountiful patrons."* He died in 1632.

All that is known concerning this nobleman is to be found in Collins's *Peerage*, by Sir E. Brydges, vol. ii. p. 328.

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* *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 219. Let me observe that one of the weakest parts of Miss Aikin's excellent work is her account of the early English dramatists: she appears to have no acquaintance with them, and has drawn her notices not from the best sources. She has not mentioned Peele.

AD MÆCENATEM PROLOGUS.

PLAIN is my coat, and humble is my gait,
Thrice-noble Earl; behold with gentle eyes
My wit's poor worth; even for your noblesse,
Renowned Lord, Northumberland's fair flower,
The Muses' love, patron, and favourite,
That artisans and scholars dost embrace,
And clothest Mathesis in rich ornaments;
That admirable mathematic skill,
Familiar with the stars and zodiack,
To whom the heaven lies open as her book;
By whose directions undeceivable,
Leaving our schoolmen's vulgar trodden paths,
And following the ancient reverend steps
Of Trismegistus and Pythagoras,
Through uncouth ways and unaccessible,
Dost pass into the spacious pleasant fields
Of divine Science and Philosophy;
From whence beholding the deformities
Of common errors, and world's vanity,
Dost here enjoy that sacred sweet content,
That baser souls, not knowing, not affect:
And so by Fate's and Fortune's good aspect
Rais'd, in thy height, and these unhappy times,

Disfurnish'd wholly of heroical spirits,
That learning should with glorious hands uphold,
(For who should learning underbear, but he
That knows thereof the precious worthiness,
And sees true science from base vanity?)
Hast in regard the true Philosophy,
That in pure wisdom seats her happiness.
And you the Muses, and the Graces three,
You I invoke from heaven and Helicon,
For other patrons have poor poets none,
But Muses and the Graces, to implore.
Augustus long ago hath left the world,
And liberal Sidney, famous for the love
He bare to learning and to chivalry,
And virtuous Walsingham are fled to heaven.
Why thither speed not Hobbin and his feres,
Great Hobbinol,* on whom our shepherds gaze,

* *Hobbinol*] Old copy "*Hobbinall.*"—*Hobbinol*, as most readers are aware, was the poetic name of Gabriel Harvey, and *Colin Clout* that of Spenser: but that Spenser is meant here I have no doubt: in *England's Helicon*, 1600, is a poem attributed to *Spenser* called *Hobbinol's Dittie in praise of Eliza, Queene of the Shepheards*. Mr. J. P. Collier observes to me; "Hobbinol may mean G. Harvey, on whom Spenser, one of the shepherds 'gazed.' Peele is not abused by Harvey, although he fell foul of Greene and Nash; perhaps they were on terms, or that Peele flattered him (Harvey) into good humour. 'Shepherd,' as Malone has shown with needless labour, was an ordinary term for *poet*,—almost synonymous." But in the *Old Wives Tale*, 1595, (which Mr. C. had not seen when he made the preceding observation) Peele ridicules Harvey's Hexameters: yet in 1593, the date of the present poem, they might have been on terms.

And Harington,* well letter'd and discreet,
That hath so purely naturalized
Strange words, and made them all free-denizens?
Why thither speeds not Rosamond's trumpeter,†
Sweet as the nightingale? Why goest not thou,
That richly cloth'st conceit with well made words,
Campion, accompanied with our English Fraunce,‡
A peerless sweet translator of our time?
Why follow not a thousand that I know,
Fellows to these, Apollo's favourites,
And leave behind our ordinary grooms,
With trivial humours to pastime the world,
That favours Pan and Phœbus both alike?
Why thither post not all good wits from hence,
To Chaucer, Gower, and to the fairest Phaer
That ever ventur'd on great Virgil's works?

* *Harington*] Sir John Harington's *Orlando Furioso* was first printed in 1591.

† *Rosamond's trumpeter*] Samuel Daniel: his *Delia: contayning certaine sonnets; with The Complaint of Rosamond* appeared in 1592.

‡ *Campion, accompanied with our English Fraunce*] Thomas Campion wrote several poems and masques, which excited no slight contemporary admiration. For the best notice of him and his writings, I refer the reader to Haslewood's *Ancient Critical Essays*, vol. ii. p. 6. Abraham Fraunce, poured forth English hexameters with great facility. His poems, chiefly translations, are not undeservedly forgotten: see a list of them in Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 211. Some account of his life is given by Malone, *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. ii. p. 239.

To Watson, worthy many epitaphs
For his sweet poesy, for Amyntas' tears
And joys, so well set down?* And after thee
Why hie they not, unhappy in thine end,
Marley,† the Muses' darling for thy verse,

* *To Watson, worthy many epitaphs*
For his sweet poesy, for Amyntas' tears
And joys, so well set down]

The pieces of Watson here alluded to are the following. First, *Amyntas Thomæ Watsoni Londinensis J. V. studiosi. Nemini datur amare simul et sapere. Excudebat Henricus Marsh ex assignatione Thomæ Marsh*, 1585, duod. its subject the lamentations of Amyntas for the death of Phyllis: this rare poem I have read at the British Museum, (where is the only copy Malone had ever seen,) and it is not unworthy of perusal; but I cannot subscribe to the opinion of Nash, who, in his Address prefixed to R. Greene's *Arcadia or Menaphon*, calls it the "sugred Amintas," and says "it may march in equipage of honour with any of your ancient poets." (In the *Phœnix Nest*, 1593, is a copy of verses by Watson, printed also in *England's Helicon*, 1600, entitled *Amintas for his Phillis.*) Secondly, *Amintæ Gaudia, Authore Thoma Watsono Londinensi, juris studioso. Londini, Impensis Gulihelmi Ponsonbei* 1592, 4to.: in the dedication to this piece by C. M., Watson is spoken of as dead. Dr. Drake has fallen into an error when he says that Watson "is supposed to have died about the year 1595," (*Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. I. p. 663.) and appears never to have heard of the first-mentioned *Amyntas*.

† *Marley*] One of the various ways in which the name of the great dramatist, Christopher Marlowe, was spelt: he was killed by Francis Archer at Deptford, and buried there 1st June 1593.

it to write passions for the souls below,
any wretched souls in passion speak?
hy go not all into th' Elysian fields,
nd leave this centre, barren of repast,
nless in hope Augusta will restore,
he wrongs that learning bears of covetousness,
nd court's disdain, the enemy to art?
Leave, foolish lad, it mendeth not with words;
Nor herbs nor time such remedy affords.

Your Honour's in all humble service,

GEO. PEELE.

THE HONOUR OF THE HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

ABOUT the time when vesper in the west
'Gan set the evening watch, and silent night,
Richly attended by his twinkling train,
Sent sleep and slumber to possess the world,
And fantasy to hauzen* idle heads;
Under the starry† canopy of heaven
I laid me down, laden with many cares,
(My bed-fellows almost these twenty years,)

* *hauzen*] The opening of this poem is given in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 333, under the head *Vesper*. In a note on the reprint of that miscellany, p. 623, we are told that *hauzen* means *confound* or *frighten*. I believe it rather means *embrace* or *surround*; in which sense *halse* is employed by the early writers of England, and *hals* or *hawse* by those of Scotland: in the northern parts of the latter country *hawse* is not altogether obsolete. During a hasty conversation which I was fortunate enough to hold with Dr. Jamieson about the word *hauzen* in the text, he expressed his conviction of its being a form of *hawse*: if these pages ever meet the eye of that eminent lexicographer, I trust he will not feel offended at this unauthorized mention of his name.

† *starry*] *England's Parnassus* (ibid.) "*stately*."

Fast by the stream where Thame and Isis meet,
And day by day roll to salute the sea
For more than common service it perform'd
To Albion's queen, when foemen shipt for fight,
To forage England plough'd the ocean up,
And slonk into the channel that divides
The Frenchmen's strond fro Brittain's fishy towns.
Even at that time, all in a fragrant mead,
In sight of that fair castle, that o'erlooks
The forest one way, and the fertile vale
Water'd with that renowned river Thames,
Old Windsor Castle, did I take my rest.
When Cynthia, companion of the night,
With shining brand lightening* his ebon car,
Whose axletree was jet enchas'd with stars,
And roof with shining ravens' feathers ceil'd,
Piercing mine eyelids as I lay along,†
Awak'd me through: therewith methought I saw
A royal glimmering light streaming aloft,
As Titan mounted on the lion's back
Had cloth'd himself in fiery pointed beams,
To chase the night, and entertain the morn;
Yet scarce had chanticleer rung the midnight peal,
Or Phœbe half-way gone her journey through.
Sleeping or waking as alone I lay,

* *lightening*] *England's Parnassus* (where this passage is given, p. 334, under the head *Noctis initium,*) "*lighting.*"

† *Piercing mine eyelids as I lay along*] *England's Parnassus,* (ibid.)

"Piercing *my* eyelids as I *lie* along."

Mine eyes, and ears, and senses all were serv'd
With every object perfect in his kind:
And lo, a wonder to my senses all!
For through the melting air, perfum'd with sweets,
I might discern a troop of horsemen ride,
Arm'd cap de pè with shield and shivering lance,
As in a plash,* or calm transparent brook,
We see the glistering fishes scour along;
A number numberless, appointed well
For tournament; as if the god of war
Had held a justs in honour of his love,
Or all the sons of Saturn and of Ops
Had been in arms against Enceladus.
Therewith I heard the clarions and the shalms,
The sackbuts, and a thousand instruments
Of several kinds, and, loudest of them all,
A trump more shrill than Triton's is at sea:†
The same‡ Renown, precursor of the train,
Did sound,—for who rings louder than Renown?
He mounted was upon a flying horse,
And cloth'd in faulcon's feathers to the ground:
By his escutcheon justly might you guess
He was the herald of eternity,
And pursuivant at arms to mighty Jove.
I look'd to see an end of that I saw,
And still methought the train did multiply;
And yielding clouds gave way, and men at arms

* *plash*] i. e. pool.

† *is at sea*] *England's Parnassus*, p. 381, (under the head *Renown*) "*on the* sea."

‡ *same*] *England's Parnassus*, (ib.) "*said*."

Succeed as fast, one at another's heels,
As in the vast Mediterranean sea
The rolling waves do one beget another.
Those that perfum'd the air with myrrh and balm,
Dancing and singing sweetly as they went,
Were naked virgins, deck'd with garlands green,
And seem'd the Graces, for with golden chains
They linked were, three lovely countenances.
About them Cupid, as to me it seem'd,
Lay playing on his particolour'd wings;
And sometime on a horse as white as milk
I see him arm'd and mounted in the throng,
As love had right to march with men of war.
Weary of looking up, I laid me down,
Willing to rest, as sleepy souls are wont,
When of a sudden such a noise I heard
Of shot of ordnance pealing in mine ears,
As twenty thousand tire had play'd at sea,
Or Ætna split had belch'd her bowels forth,
Or heaven and earth in arms thundering amain
Had bent their great artillery for war,
And weary Atlas had let fall his load,
Enough to wake Endymion from his trance.
Yet was the welkin clear, nor smoke nor dust
Annoy'd mine eyes: I gaz'd, and as I look'd,
Methought this host of aery armed men
Girt Windsor Castle round. Anon I saw
Under a canopy of crimson bysse,*

* *bysse*] "sorte d'étoffe de soie." Roquefort. *Gloss. de la Langue Romane*, vol. i. p. 196.

Spangled with gold, and set with silver bells,
That sweetly chim'd, and lull'd me half a sleep,
A goodly king in robes most richly dight,
The upper like a Roman palliament,
Indeed a chaperon, for such it was;
And looking nearer, lo, upon his leg
An ancient badge of honour I espied,
A garter brightly glistering in mine eye,
A worthy ornament! Then I call'd to mind
What princely Edward, of that name the third,
King Edward, for his great atchievments fam'd,
What he began, the order of St. George,
That at this day is honour'd through the world,
The order of the Garter so yclept,
A great effect grown of a slender cause,
Grac'd by a king, and favour'd of his feres,
Fam'd by his followers, worthy kings and queens,
That to this day are sovereigns of the same.
The manner how this matter grew at first
Was thus. The king disposed on a time
To revel, after he had shaken France,
(O, had he bravely held it to the last!)
And deck'd his lions with their flower de lyce,
Dispos'd to revel, some say, otherwise,
Found on the ground by fortune as he went
A lady's garter, and* the queen's I trow,
Lost in a dance, and took it up himself:
It was a silken ribbon weav'd of blue.

* *and*] Ashmol. copy; "*but.*"

His lords and standers by, seeing the king
Stoop for this garter, smil'd, as who would say,
Our office that had been, or somewhat else.
King Edward wistly looking on them all,
With princely hands having that garter seiz'd,
From harmless heart, where honour was engrav'd,
Bespake in French, ('a could the language well,
And rife was French those days with Englishmen;
They went to school to put together towns,
And spell in France with fescues* made of pikes,)
Honi soit qui mal y pense, quoth he.
Wherewith upon advisement, though the cause
Were small, his pleasure and his purpose was
T'advance that garter, and to institute
A noble order sacred to St. George,
And knights to make, whom he would have be term'd
Knights of the Garter. This beginning had
This honourable order of our time.
Hereon I thought when I beheld the king;
But swifter than my thought, by that I saw,
And words I heard, or seem'd to hear at least,
I was instructed in the circumstance,
And found it was King Edward that did march
In robes like those he ware, when with his lords
He held St. George's royal feast on earth.
His eldest son surnamed the Black Prince,—
Though black of hue, that surname yet in France

* *fescues*] i. e. pieces of wire or stick, with which those who taught children to read pointed out the letters.

He wan, for terror to the Frenchmen's hearts
His countenance was, his sword an iron scourge,—
He on a coal-black courser mounted was,
And in his hand a battle-axe he hent,
His beaver up, his corselet was of steel
Varnish'd as black as jet, his bases black,
And black fro head to foot, yea horse and hoof,
As black as night: but in a twinck methought
'A chang'd at once his habit and his steed,
And had a garter as his father had,
Right rich and costly, with embroidery
Of pearl and gold; I could on it discern
The poesy whereof I spake of yore,
And well I wot, since this King Edward's days,
Our kings and queens about their royal arms
Have in a garter borne this poesy.
Still as I lay I gaz'd, and guess'd at once
What was this train, and whither it did bend:
I found at last King Edward was the man,
Accompanied with kings and conquerors,
That from the spacious aery house of Fame
Set forward royally to solemnize
Th' installment of some new-created knights.
For lo! I saw in strange accoutrements,
Like to King Edward's and the Prince of Wales',
Full four and twenty knights, nor more nor less,
In robes with precious collars of St. George;
And garters all they had buckled with gold.
Fame, in a stole of purple set with eyes

And ears and tongues, carried a golden book;
Upon the cover this I saw engrav'd;
Pauci quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dîs geniti.*
Methought this saying could not but import
They should be noble men of golden minds,
And great account, favour'd of prince and peers,
Whose names should in that register be writ,
Consecrate to St. George's chosen knights.
Herewith the golden book 'gan† open fair,
And eathly‡ I might read their names, that next
Went to the King: they were no common men,
For to my seeming each one had a page,
That bare a fair escutcheon after him,
Whereon his arms were drawn; I have forgot
Their several coats, but well I wot their names.
And first I saw enroll'd within this book
King Edward's name, he was the sovereign.
Their register was Fame: Renown before
That sounded shrill, was officer at arms
And usher to the train; his office-badge
Was a black rod whereof he took his name.
Honour went King-at-arms, next to the knights,
Half-arm'd, like Pallas shap'd for arms and arts,
Rich in habiliments of peace and war:
Ancient and grave he was and sage to see.

* Virgil, *Æneid.* vi. 129.

† *'gan*] Ashmol. copy; *"did."* ‡ *eathly*] i. e. easily.

Near him went Time well pleas'd and well content
As if he joy'd t'accompany this train,
And in his hand a royal standard bare,
Wherein St. George was drawn and limn'd in gold.
Under the verge, as title to the book,
Was writ, *Knights of the order of St. George, Knights of the Garter.* Edward Prince of Wales,
Was first, then Henry Duke of Lancaster,
And Nicholas Earl of Warwick made the third.
Captaine de Bouche was next, renown'd for arms;
Then the brave Earls of Stafford and Southampton,
To whose successors, for his sake that lives
And now survives in honour of that name,
To whom my thoughts are humble and devote
Gentle Wriothesley, Southampton's star,
I wish all fortune, that in Cynthia's eye,
Cynthia the glory of the western world,
With all the stars in her fair firmament,
Bright may he rise and shine immortally.
And* Mortimer, a gentle trusty lord,
More loyal than that cruel Mortimer
That plotted Edward's death at Killingworth,
Edward the second, father to this king,
Whose tragic cry† even now methinks I hear,
When graceless wretches murder'd him by night.
Then Lisle and Burwash‡, Beauchamp, and Mohun‖,

* *And*] Ashmol. copy; "*Sir.*"

† *Whose tragic cry*] An allusion most probably to Marlowe's tragedy of *Edward the Second.*

‡ *Burwash*] Written more correctly, "*Burghersh.*"

‖ *Mohun*] Old copy, "*Mahun.*"

Grey, Courtney, and the Hollands worthy knights,
Fitz-simon, Wale, and Sir Hugh Wrotesley,*
Nele Loring,† Chandos, Sir Miles Stapleton,
Walter Pagannel,‡ Eam, and D'Audley,‖ last
Was the good knight Sir Sanchet Dabrichecourt.§
These names I read, for they were written fair;
And as it seem'd to me, these were the first
Created of that order by the king:
And man by man they march'd in equipage.
A many moe there were than I could note,
And sooth to say, I think the book was full;
And in the train a number infinite,
True knights of all the orders in the world,
Christians and Heathens, that accompanied
This worthy king in his procession.
Cæsar himself was there; I saw him ride,
Triumphing in his three and twenty wounds,
Because they shew'd the malice of the world.
Pompey was there, the rival of his fame,
That died a death as base and violent.
Leave I this theme: the mightiest that have liv'd
Have fallen, and headlong too; in misery
It is some comfort to have company.

* *Wrotesley*] Old copy "*Woortesley.*"

† *Loring*] Old copy "*Lording.*"

‡ *Pagannel*] The proper way of spelling his name is "*Paveley:*" I have met with it written "*Paynel.*"

‖ *D'Audley*] Old copy "*Dandley.*"

§ *Sanchet Dabrichecourt*] Old copy "*Haunchet Dambricourte.*"

Hector of Troy, and kings ere Troy was built,
Or Thrace was Thrace, were there: old Dardanus,
And Ilus, and Assaracus, came along.
For in the house of Fame what famous man,
What prince, but hath his trophy and his place?
There Joshua, David, and great Machabee,
Last anchor-hold and stay of Jacob's race,
Did march; and Macedonian Alexander,
Victorious Charles the great, the flower of France,
Godfrey of Bullen, whom the Christian kings
Created King of great Jerusalem;
And Arthur glory of the western world,
And all his knights were in this royal train.
Jason was there, knight of the golden fleece,
Knights of the Tosson,* and of St. Iago,
Knights of the Rhodes, knights of the Sepulchre,
Were there: the air was pester'd † to my thought.
Among them all a worthy man of mark,
A prince of famous memory I saw,
Henry the Eighth, that led a warlike band
Of English earls, and lords, and lusty knights,
That ware the garter sacred to St. George.
Who was not there? I think the court of Fame
Was naked and unpeopled, in this train
There was so many emperors, lords, and kings,
Knights errant and adventurous. In the book

* *Tosson*] i. e. toison d'or. Of the different orders of knighthood mentioned here, the reader will find a particular account in Segar's *Honour*, p. 79, 94, 95, 106.

† *pester'd*] i. e. crowded.

That on a desk lay open before Fame,—
For in a sumptuous chariot did he ride
Of crystal, set with leaves of glittering gold,
And fair tralucent* stones, that over all
It did reflect,—within that glorious book
I saw a name rejoiced me to see,
Francis of Bedford; I could read it plain,
And glad I was that in that precious book
That name I found, for now methought I said,
Here virtue doth outlive th' arrest of death.
For dead is Bedford, virtuous and renown'd
For arms, for honour, and religious love,
And yet alive his name in Fame's records,
That held this garter dear, and ware it well;
Some worthy wight let blazon his deserts:
Only a tale I thought on by the way,
As I observ'd his honourable name.
I heard it was his chance o'erta'en with sleep,
To take a nap near to a farmer's lodge,
Trusted a little with himself belike:
This aged earl, in his apparel plain,
Wrapt in his russet cloak, lay down to rest,
His badge of honour buckled to his leg,
Bare, and unhid. There came a pilfering swad,†

* *tralucent*] This word (the same as *translucent*) is found in several pieces before the appearance of Jonson's *Masque of Hymen*, where Gifford (note on his works, vol. vii. p. 78) seems to think it was first used.

† *swad*] Means here, as in other passages of our old writers, a rude clown, a rustick: "I see swaines are not such *swads*, but

And would have prey'd upon this ornament,
And 'say'd t' unbuckle it, thinking him asleep:
The noble gentleman*, feeling what he meant,
" Hold, foolish lad," quoth he, " a better prey;
This garter is not fit for every leg,
And I account it better than my purse."
The varlet ran away; the earl awak'd,
And told his friends, and smiling said withal,
" 'A would not, had 'a understood the French
Writ on my garter, dar'd t' have stoln the same."
This tale I thought upon, told me for truth,
The rather for it prais'd the poesy,
Right grave and honourable that importeth much;
Ill be to him, it saith, that evil thinks.
O sacred loyalty, in purest hearts
Thou build'st thy bower! thy weeds of spotless white,
Like those that stood for Rome's great offices,

they have thoughts and passions, and be they never so low, they can looke at beauty."—Greene's *Never too late, Part Second.* Sig. N 2. n. d.

" A Bonny lasse, quaint in her country tire,
Was lovely Phillis, Coridon swore so:
Her locks, her lookes, did set the *swaine* on fire,
He left his Lambes, and he began to woe,
He lookt, he sitht, he courted with a kisse,
No better could the silly *swad* then this."

Greene's *Perimedes, The Blacke-Smith*, 1588, Sig. H 3.

Mr. Todd and Archdeacon Nares are most amusingly at variance in their explanations of this word: the former (in his ed. of Johnson's *Dict.*) says, it means " a short fat person," the latter (in his *Gloss.*) " a slender person."

* *gentleman*] Ashmol. copy " *gentle.*"

Make* thee renown'd, glorious in innocency.
Why stick I here? The train cast in a ring
About the castle, making melody,
Under the glorious spreading wings of Fame,
I saw a virgin queen, attir'd in white,
Leading with her a sort† of goodly knights,
With garters, and with collars of St. George:
Elizabeth on a compartiment
Of gold in bysse was writ, and hung askew
Upon her head, under an imperial crown.
She was the sovereign of the knights she led:
Her face, methought, I knew, as if the same,
The same great empress that we here enjoy,
Had climb'd the clouds, and been in person there;
To whom the earth, the sea, and elements
Auspicious are. A many that I knew
Knighted in my remembrance, I beheld,
And all their names were in that register;
And yet I might perceive some so set down,
That howsoe'er it hapt I cannot tell,
The carl Oblivion stoln from Lethe's lake,
Or Envy stept from out the deep Avern,
Had ras'd, or blemish'd, or obscur'd at least.
What have those fiends to do in Fame's fair court?
Yet in the house of Fame, and courts of kings,
Envy will bite, or snarl, and bark at least,
As dogs against the moon that yelp in vain:
Say frustra to those curs, and shake thy coat.

* *make*] Old copy "*makes*."
† *sort*] i. e. company.

And all the kings, since that king Edward's days,
Were with their knights and companies in that train:
When all were whist,* King Edward thus bespake;
" Hail Windsor! where I sometimes took delight
To hawk, and hunt, and back the proudest horse,
And where in princely pleasure I repos'd,
In my return fro France,"—a little sigh
I heard him fetch withal; his reason why
I cannot guess; I think it was for this,
That England had given o'er their traffic there,—
" And twenty times hail Windsor!" quoth the king,
" Where I have stall'd so many hardy knights,
And tournaments, and royal justs perform'd:
Behold in honour of mine ancient throne,
In honour of fair England, and St. George,
To whom this order of the garter first
I sacred held; in honour of my knights,
Before this day created and install'd,
But specially in honour of those five,
That at this day this honour have receiv'd,
Under Elizabeth, England's great sovereign,
Northumberland and Worcester, noble earls,
Borough, and Sheffield, lords of lively hope,
And honourable old Knowles fam'd for his sons,
And for his service gracious and renown'd;
Lo, from the house of Fame, with princely trains
Accompanied, and kings, and conquerors,
And knights of proof, loyal and valourous,

* *whist*] i. e. still, silent.

I resalute thee here, and gratulate
To those new knights created by a queen,
Peerless for wisdom and for majesty,
The honour of the Garter: may they long
Wear them as notes of true nobility,
And virtue's ornaments. Young Northumberland,
Mounted on fortune's wheel, by virtue's aim
Become thy badge, as it becometh thee,
That Europe's eyes thy worthiness may see.
And, Worcester, what pure honour hath put on
With chaste and spotless hands, in honour wear;
Answer the noblest of thine ancestry,
In deeds to fame and virtue consecrate.
Borough, brought up in learning and in arms,
Patron of music and of chivalry,
Brandish thy sword in right, and spend thy wits
In commonwealth affairs: it shall become
Thy forwardness to follow virtue's cause,
And great designs of noble consequence.
And, Sheffield, shape thy course no otherwise
Than loyalty, the load-star of renown,
Directs; that as thine ancestors have done,
Thine earthly race in honour thou may'st run.
To thee, old man," with kindness quoth the king,
" That reap'st this honour in thy waning age,
See what a trophy Queen Elizabeth
Prepares before thy hearse: long may'st thou live,
And die in fame, that hast well near atchiev'd
The noble Norris' honour in thy sons,
Thrice noble lord, as happy for his few,

As was the king of Troy for many moe."
With that he ceas'd, and to the foremost earl,—
For why methought I see them every man,
Stall'd in their places, and their ornaments,—
"Percy," quoth he, "thou and thy lordly peers,
Your names are in this register of Fame,
Written in leaves and characters of gold;
So live, as with a many moe you may
Survive and triumph in eternity,
Out of Oblivion's reach, or Envy's shot;
And that your names immortally may shine
In these records, not earthly but divine."
Then shalms and sackbuts sounded in the air,
But shrill'st of all, the trumpet of Renown;
And by and by a loud retraite he rung.
The train retir'd, as swift as stars don shoot,
From whence they came, and day began to break;
And with the noise and thunder in the sky,
When Fame's great double doors fell to and shut,
And this triumphant train was vanish'd quite,
The gaudy Morn out of her golden sleep
Awak'd, and little birds uncag'd gan sing,
To welcome home the bridegroom of the sea.

EPILOGUS.

Wherewith I rous'd, recounting what I saw:
And then thought I; were it as once it was,
But long ago, when learning was in price,
And poesy with princes gracious,
I would adventure to set down my dream,
In honour of these new advanced lords,
St. George's knights. I was encouraged,
And did as I have done; which humbly here
I yield, as firstlings of my scholar's crop,
Consecrated purely to your noble name,
To gratulate to you this honour's height,
As little boys with flinging up their caps,
Congratulate great kings and conquerors.
Take it in gree,* fair lord: Procul hinc turba in diosa:
Stirps rudis urtica est, stirps generosa rosa.

G. P.

* *gree*] See note * vol. i. p. 15.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS WATSON,

Prefixed to the Εκατομπαθια, *or Passionate Centurie of Love.**

If graver heads shall count it overlight
To treat of love, say thou to them, a stain
Is incident unto the finest die:
And yet no stain at all it is for thee,
These lays of love, as mirth to melancholy,
To follow fast thy sad Antigone,†

* The ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ *or Passionate Centurie of Love, divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authour's sufferance in Love: the latter, his long farewell to love and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watson, Gentleman; and published at the request of certeine Gentlemen his very frendes. London, Imprinted by John Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Holy Ghost.* 4to. n. d. See more concerning Watson in my account of Peele and his writings, and at p. 222. of this vol.

† *thy sad Antigone*] *Sophoclis Antigone. Interprete Thoma Watsono J. U. studioso. Huic adduntur pompæ quædam, ex singulis Tragediæ actis derivatæ; et post eas, totidem themata sententiis refertissima; eodem Thoma Watsono Authore. Londini excudebat Johannes Wolfius,* 1581. 4to.

Which may bear out a broader work than this,
Compil'd with judgment, order, and with art;
And shrowd thee under shadow of his wings,
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning fraight,
Shall yield thee gracious favour and defence.

THE PRAISE OF CHASTITY,

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH, BY WAY OF COMPARISON,
HOW GREAT IS THE CONQUEST OVER
OUR AFFECTIONS.

From the *Phœnix Nest*, 1593.

THE noble Romans whilom wonted were,
For triumph of their conquer'd enemies,
The wreaths of laurel and of palm to wear,
In honour of their famous victories;

And so, in robes of gold and purple dight,
Like bodies shrin'd in seats of ivory,
Their names renown'd for happiness in fight,
They bear the guerdon of their chivalry.

The valiant Greeks for sack of Priam's town,
A work of manhood match'd with policy,
Have fill'd the world with books of their renown,
As much as erst the Roman empery.

The Phrygian knights that in the house of fame
  Have shining arms of endless memory,
By hot and fierce repulse did win the same,
  Though Helen's rape hurt Paris' progeny.

Thus strength hath guerdon, by the world's award;
  So praise we birth, and high nobility:
If then the mind and body reap reward,
  For nature's dower, conferred liberally,

Press then for praise unto the highest room,
  That art the highest of the gifts of heaven,
More beautiful by wisdom's sacred doom
  Than Sol himself amid the planets seven;

Queen of content, and temperate desires,
  Choice nurse of health, thy name hight Chastity!
A sovereign power to quench such climbing fires
  As choak the mind with smoke of infamy:

Champion at arms, re'ncounter with thy foe,
  An enemy foul and fearful to behold;
If then stout captains have been honour'd so,
  Their names in books of memory enroll'd,

For puissant strength: ye Roman peers, retire,
  And, Greeks, give ground; more honour there is won
With chaste rebukes to temper thy desire,
  Than glory gain'd the world to overrun;

Than fierce Achilles got by Hector's spoil;
Than erst the mighty prince of Macedon,
King Philip's imp, that put his foes to foil
And wish'd more worlds to hold him play than one.

Believe me, to contend 'gainst armies royal,
To tame wild panthers but by strength of hand;
To praise the triumph, not so special,
As ticing pleasure's charmes for to withstand.

And, for me list compare with men of war,
For honour of the field, I dare maintain,
This victory exceedeth that as far
As Phœbus' chariot Vulcan's forge doth stain.

Both noble, and triumphant in their kinds,
And matter worthy queen Remembrance' pen;
But that that tangles both our thoughts and minds,
To master that, is more than over men

To make thy triumph: sith, to strength alone
Of body it belongs, to bruise or wound;
But raging thoughts to quell, or few or none,
Save Virtue's imps, are able champions found;

Or those whom Jove hath lov'd; or noble of birth:
So strong Alcides, Jove's unconquer'd son,
Did lift Achelous' body from the earth,
To shew what deeds by Virtue's strength are done:

So him he foil'd; and put to sudden flight,
By aim of wit, the foul Stimphalides!
And while we say, he master'd men by might,
Behold in person of this Hercules,

It liketh me to figure Chastity;
His labour like that foul unclean desire,
That under guide of tickling fantasy
Would mar the mind through pleasure's scorching fire.

And who hath seen a fair alluring face,
A lusty girl, yclad in quaint array,
Whose dainty hand makes music with her lace,
And tempts thy thoughts, and steals thy sense away:

Whose ticing hair, like nets of golden wire,
Enchain thy heart; whose gait and voice divine
Enflame thy blood, and kindle thy desire;
Whose features wrap and dazzle human eyne:

Who hath beheld fair Venus in her pride
Of nakedness, all alabaster white,
In ivory bed, strait laid by Mars his side,
And hath not been enchanted with the sight;

To wish to dally, and to offer game,
To coy, to court, et cætera to do;
(Forgive me, Chastness, if in terms of shame,
To thy renown, I paint what longs thereto.)

Who hath not liv'd, and yet hath seen, I say,
That might offend chaste hearers to endure?
Who hath been haled on to touch and play,
And yet not stoopt to pleasure's wanton lure;

Crown him with laurel for his victory,
Clad him in purple, and in scarlet dye,
Enroll his name in books of memory,
Ne let the honour of his conquest die!

More royal in his triumph, than the man
Whom tigers drew in coach of burnish'd gold;
In whom the Roman monarchy began,
Whose works of worth no wit hath erst controll'd:

Elysium be his walk, high heaven his shrine,
His drink sweet nectar, and ambrosia
The food that makes immortal and divine,
Be his to taste, to make him live for aye!

And that I may, in brief, describe his due,
What lasting honour Virtue's guerdon is,
So much and more his just desert pursue,
Sith his desert awards it to be his.

L'ENVOY.

To thee, in honour of whose government
Entitled is—this praise of Chastity,

My gentle friend, these hasty lines are meant;
So flowereth Virtue like the laurel-tree,
Immortal green that every eye may see:
And well was Daphne turn'd into the bay,
Whose Chasteness triumphs, grows, and lives for a

CORIDON AND MELAMPUS' SONG,*

From *England's Helicon*, 1600.

COR. Melampus, when will Love be void of fears?
MEL. When Jealousy hath neither eyes nor ears.
COR. Melampus, when will Love be throughly shriev'd?
MEL. When it is hard to speak, and not believ'd.
COR. Melampus, when is Love most mal-content?
MEL. When lovers range, and bear their bows unbent.
COR. Melampus, tell me when Love takes least harm?
MEL. When swains' sweet pipes are puft, and trulls are warm.
COR. Melampus, tell me when is Love best fed?
MEL. When it has suckt the sweet that ease hath bred.
COR. Melampus, when is time in Love ill spent?†
MEL. When it earns meed and yet receives no rent.
COR. Melampus, when is time well spent in Love?
MEL. When deeds win meed, and words love works do prove.

* This song formed part of the *Hunting of Cupid*, see p. 261.

† So stands the line in *England's Helicon*, 1600, Malone's copy of which is now before me: in the reprint of that very rare work (in the *British Bibliographer*,) it is incorrectly given thus:

"Melampus, when is *Love in time* ill-spent."

CUPID'S ARROWS,

From *England's Parnassus*, 1600.*

At Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son
These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done.
The first is Love, as here you may behold,
His feathers, head, and body, are of gold:
The second shaft is Hate, a foe to love,
And bitter are his torments for to prove:
The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs,
His feathers [they] are pull'd from Fortune's wings:
Fourth Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell,
This metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from hell.

* E. P. p. 177, under the head *Love*. These verses are (as I suspected before I had seen the Drummond MSS.) a portion of the *Hunting of Cupid*: see p. 261.

LOVE.*

WHAT thing is love?—for sure love is a thing:—
Love is a prick, love is a sting, love is a pretty, pretty
thing;
Love is a fire, love is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;
And, as myself can best devise,
His dwelling is in ladies' eyes,
From whence he shoots his dainty darts
In to the lusty gallants' hearts:
And ever since was call'd a god
That Mars with Venus play'd even and odd.

* These ten lines were most obligingly transcribed for me by Dr. Bliss, from one of Rawlinson's MSS. (in the Bodleian library) which attributes them to "Mr. G. Peele." Since I received them from Oxford, I have discovered that they are an extract from the *Hunting of Cupid*: see p. 260.

In an old play, *the Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600, Sig. A 4. Cornelia sings the first six of these lines with some very trifling variations.

A MERRY
BALLAD OF THE HAWTHORN TREE.*

TO BE SUNG AFTER DONKIN DARGESON.†

(From a Manuscript in the Cottonian Library, Vesp. A. xxv.)

It was a maid of my country,
As she came by the hawthorn tree,
As full of flowers as might be seen,
She marvell'd to see the tree so green.

At last she asked of this tree,
How came this freshness unto thee,
And every branch so fair and clean?
I marvel that you grow so green.

* Why did Ritson, who has given this ballad among his *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 146, omit to mention that the MS. has "G. Peele" appended to it? our poet's name is indeed written in a much more modern hand than the ballad, but it must have been there long before Ritson's day. That Peele was really the author of it, I think very doubtful.

† *Donkin Dargeson*] "This tune, whatever it was, appears to have been in use till after the Restoration."—*Ritson.*

The tree made answer by and by,
I have good cause to grow triumphantly;
The sweetest dew that ever be seen
Doth fall on me to keep me green.

Yea, quoth the maid, but where you grow,
You stand at hand for every blow,
Of every man for to be seen,
I marvel that you grow so green.

Though many one take flowers fro' me,
And many a branch out of my tree,
I have such store they will not be seen,
For more and more my twigs grow green.

But how and they chance to cut thee down,
And carry thy branches into the town?
Then will they never no more be seen,
To grow again so fresh and green.

Though that you do, it is no boot,
Although they cut me to the root,
Next year again I will be seen
To bud my branches fresh and green.

And you, fair maid, can not do so,
For if you let your maidhood go,
Then will it never no more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green.

The maid with that began to blush,
And turn'd her from the hawthorn bush;
She thought herself so fair and clean,
Her beauty still would ever grow green.

When that she heard this marvellous doubt,
She wander'd still then all about,
Suspecting still what she would ween,
Her maidhood lost would never be seen.

With many a sigh she went her way,
To see how she made herself so gay,
To walk, to see, and to be seen,
And so outfac'd the hawthorn green.

Besides all that, it put her in fear,
To talk with company any where,
For fear to lose the thing that should be seen
To grow as were the hawthorn green.

But after this never I could hear
Of this fair maiden any where,
That ever she was in forest seen,
To talk again of the hawthorn green.

Fragments of the Hunting of Cupid, from a MS. volume, (consisting chiefly of extracts from books,) by WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, belonging to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

THE HUNTING OF CUPID,*

BY GEORGE PEELE OF OXFORD, PASTORAL.

ON the snowie browes of Albion. sueet woodes sueet running brookes, y^{t} chide in a pleasant tune and make quiet murmur, leaving [*laving ?*] the lilies, mints and waterflowers in ther gentle glide. making her face the marke of his wondring eies and his eyes the messengers of his woundit hart. Like a candle keepith but a litil roome zet blazeth round about. Heardgroome w^{t} his strauberrie lasse. Some w^{t} his sueet hart making false position putting a schort sillabe wher a long one should be. some a

* This curious jumble is printed from a verbatim transcript of the original, made by Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, who kindly examined with me the Drummond MSS. in the hope of finding some mention of Peele. *The Hunting of Cupid*, and Drummond's MSS. I have noticed in my account of Peele and his writings.

false supposition. to celebrate mistres holiday in Idlenesse.

LOVE. What thing is love (for wel I wot) love is a thing
it is a pricke, it is a sting
it is a prettie, prettie thing
it is a fire, it is a cole
whose flame creepes in at eurie hole.
and is [*as*] my wit doth best devise
loves dwelling is in ladys eies:
from whence do glance loves piercing darts
that mak such holes into o^{r} harts
and al the world herin accord
love is a great and mightie lord
And when he list to mount so hie
With Venus he in heaven doth lie
And ever more hath been a god
Since Mars and sche plaid even and od.

Kis a litle and use not.

Q. why kissings good. R. to stirre zour bloud to make zou wel dispos'd to play. ab aquilone omne malum. wold have moued teares in vreath [*wrath?*] herselfe. wrinckled sorrow sate in furrowes of a faire face. famous for his il fortune. zou that think ther is no heaven but on earth. zou that sucke poison insteed of honney. he excedeth fiends in crueltie and fortune in unconstancie.

set up Cynthea by day and Citherea by nig^{t}
sche strakid his head and mist his hornes.
who bluntly bespake her
grew this sueet rose in [*on*] this soure stalke

CUPIDS ARROWES

At Venus entreate for Cupid her sone
these arrowes by Vlcan are cunningly done
the first is love the second shafte is hate
but this is hope from whence sueet comfort springs
this jelousie in bassest minds doth duell
his mettall Vlcan's Cyclops fetcht from Hel
a smaking kis that wakt me w^t^ the dine [*din*]
knew good and eschew it praise chastnesse and follow lustful love like the old [*one or two words illegible here*]
al quicklie com home by weeping crosse.
highest imperial orbe and throne of the thunder
Et non morieris inultus. schelter and shade.
holdeth them faster than Vlcan's fine wires kept Mars.
a song to be sung for a wager a dish of damsons new gathered off the trees.

Melampus when wil love be voide of feares
when jelousie hath nather eies nor eires
Melampus tel me when is love best fed
when it hath sucke the sueet y^t^ ease hath bred

Licoris as sueet to him as licorice. Cor sapit et [*some words illegible here*] a hot liver must be in a lover. To commend anay thing is the Italian way of crauing. my hart is like a point of geometrie indiuisible, and wher it goes it goes al.

Hard hart that did thy reed (poore shephard) brake
thy reed y^t^ was the trumpet of thy wit
Zet thought unworthie sound thy phenix's praise
and with this slender pipe her glorie raise

Cupid enraged to see a thousand boyes
as faire as he sit shooting in her eies
fell doune and sche
pIuckt al his plumes and made herselfe a fan
suering him her true litle seruing man.
Muse chuse
My mistres feeds the ayre ayre feeds not her
ly^{t} of the ly^{t} sche is, delyt supreame.
Zet so far from the lytness of her sex
for sche is the bird whose name doth end in X.
Not clouds cast from the spungie element
nor darknesse shot from Orcus pitchie eyes
Zet both her shines vailed w^{t} her arche beauties
her words such quickning odors cast
as raise the sicke and make the soundest thinke
ayre is not wholsome, til her walke be past
more then the fontaynes til the vnicornes drinke
a thousand echoes vat [*wait*] upon her voice.

CUPID. Those milkie mounts he eurie morning hants
wher to their drink his mothers doues he calls.
in my younger dayes when my witts ran a wool gathering
some prettie lye he coined.

PEELE'S
MERRY CONCEITED JESTS.

" *Merrie conceited Iests of George Peele, Gentleman, sometimes a Student in Oxford. Wherein is shewed the course of his life, how he liued: a man very well knowne in the Citie of London, and elsewhere.*

Buy, reade, and iudge
The price doe not grudge:
It will doe thee more pleasure,
Then twice so much treasure.

London, Printed by G. P. for F. Faulkner, and are to be sold at his Shop in Southwarke, neere Saint Margarets Hill, 1627. 4to.

Of this tract I have made particular mention in my account of Peele and his writings.

THE JESTS OF GEORGE PEELE, WITH FOUR OF HIS COMPANIONS AT BRAINFORD.

George, with others of his associates, being merry together at the tavern, having more store of coin than usually they did possess, although they were as regardless of their silver, as a garden whore is of her honesty; yet they intended for a season to become good husbands, if they knew how to be sparing of that their pockets were then furnished withal. Five pounds they had amongst them, and a plot must be cast how they might be merry with extraordinary cheer three or four days, and keep their five pounds whole in stock. George Peele was the man must do it, or none, and generally they conjured him by their loves, his own credit, and the reputation that went on him, that he would but in this show his wit; and withal he should have all the furtherance that in them lay. George as easy as they earnest to be won to such an exploit, consented, and [they] gathered their money together, and gave it

all to George, who should be their purse-bearer, and the other four should seem as servants to George Peele; and the better to colour it, they should go change their cloaks, the one like the other, so near as they could possible; the which at Beelzebub's brother the broker's, they might quickly do. This was soon accomplished, and George was furnished with his black satin suit, and a pair of boots, which were as familiar to his legs, as the pillory to a baker's or collier's neck; and he sufficiently possessed his friends with the whole scope of his intent, as, gentle reader, the sequel will show. Instantly they took a pair of oars, whose arms were to make a false gallop no further than Brainford, where their fare was paid them so liberally, that each of them the next tide to London, purchased two new waistcoats, yet should these good benefactors come to their usual places of trade, and if they spy a better fare than their own, that happily the gentleman hath more mind to go withal, they will not only fall out with him that is of their own sweet transporters, as they are, but abuse the fare they carry with foul speeches, as a pox, or the devil go with you, as their godfather Charon, the ferryman of hell, hath taught them. I speak not this of all, but of some that are brought up in the east, some in the west, some in the north, but most part in the south; but for the rest they are honest complete men. Leaving them to come to my honest George, who is now merry at

the Three Pigeons in Brainford,* with sack and sugar, not any wine wanting, the musicians playing, my host drinking, my hostess dancing with the worshipful justice, for so then he was termed, and his mansionhouse in Kent, who came thither of purpose to be merry with his men, because he could not so conveniently near home, by reason of a shrewish wife he had. My gentle hostess gave him all the entertainment her house could afford; for Master Peele had paid royally, for all his five pounds was come to ten groats. Now George Peele's wit labours to bring in that five pounds there was spent, which was soon begotten. Being set at dinner, My host, quoth George, how falls the tide out for London? Not till the evening, quoth mine host; have you any business, sir? Yes, marry, quoth George, I intend not to go home this two days: therefore, my host, saddle my man a horse for London, if you be so well furnished, for I must send him for one bag more, quoth George, ten pounds hath seen no sun this six months. I am ill furnished if I cannot furnish you with that, quoth my host, and presently saddled him a good nag, and away rides one of George's men to London, attending the good hour of his Master Peele in London. In the mean time George bespeaks

* The persons who frequented the Three Pigeons at Brentford were generally not of the most respectable description. At a later period, when the Puritans had put down the stage, it was kept by the celebrated actor Lowin, then in old age, and poverty.

great cheer to supper, saying, he expected some of his friends from London. Now you must imagine there was not a penny owing in the house, for he had paid as liberal as Cæsar, as far as Cæsar's wealth went: for indeed most of the money was one Cæsar's, an honest man yet living in London. But to the catastrophe. All the day before, had one of the other men of George Peele been a great solicitor to my hostess, she would beg leave of his master he might go see a maid, a sweetheart of his, so far as Kingstone, and before his master went to bed he would return again; saying, he was sure she might command it at his master's hands. My kind hostess willing to pleasure the young fellow, knowing in her time what belonged to such matters, went to Master Peele, and moved him in it, which he angrily refused; but she was so earnest in it, that she swore he should not deny her, protesting he went but to see an uncle of his some five miles off. Marry, I thank you, quoth George, my good hostess, would you so discredit me, or hath the knave no more wit, than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would he base cullian go a foot? Nay, good sir, quoth mine hostess, be not angry, it is not his intent to go a foot, for he shall have my mare; and I will assure you, Sir, upon my word he shall be here again to have you to bed. Well, quoth George, hostess, I'll take you at your word, let him go; his negligence shall light upon you. So be it, quoth mine hostess: so down goeth she, and sends

away civil Thomas, for so she called him, to his sweetheart, backed upon her mare: which Thomas instead of riding to Kingstone, took London in his way, where meeting with my other horseman, attended the arrival of George Peele, which was not long after. They are at London, George in his chamber at Brainford, accompanied with none but one Anthony Nit, a barber, who dined and supped with him continually, of whom he had borrowed a lute,* to pass away the melancholy afternoon, of which he could play as well as Bankes's† horse. The barber very modestly takes his leave. George obsequiously bids him to supper, who (God willing) would not fail. George being left alone with his two supposed men, gave them the mean how to escape, and walking in the court, George found fault with the weather, saying it was rawish and cold; which word mine hostess hearing, my kind hostess fetched her husband's holiday gown, which George thankfully put about him, and withal called for a cup of sack, after which he would walk into the meadows and practise upon his lute. 'Tis good for your worship to do so, quoth mine hostess: which

* A lute was always to be found in a barber's shop, for the amusement of those customers who were obliged to wait.

† Bankes taught his horse, named Morocco, to perform feats much more wonderful than any exhibited by the most accomplished quadrupeds of our time. Various writers mention this learned animal: among other exploits, he is said to have gone up to the top of St. Paul's church.

walk George took directly to Sion, where having the advantage of a pair of oars at hand, made this journey for London. His two associates behind had the plot in their heads by George's instruction for their escape; for they knew he was gone. My hostess she was in the market, buying of provision for supper; mine host he was at tables; and my two masterless men desired the maids to excuse them if their master came, for, quoth they, we will go drink two pots with my smug smith's wife at old Brainford. I warrant you, quoth the maids. So away went my men to the smith's at old Brainford, from thence to London; where they all met, and sold the horse and the mare, the gown and the lute, which money was as badly spent, as it was lewdly got. How my host and my hostess looked when they saw the event of this, go but to the Three Pigeons at Brainford, you shall know.

THE JEST OF GEORGE AND THE BARBER.*

GEORGE was not so merry at London with his capons and claret, as poor Anthony the barber was sorrow-

* George Pyeboard escapes from the sheriff's officers by a like stratagem. When they arrest him at the suit of his hostess for "four pound, five shillings, and five pence," he says, "if you had not crossed me, I was going in great joy to receive five pound of a gentleman, for the device of a masque here, drawn in this paper," and they consent to accompany him to the gentleman's house, on condition of their receiving what remains of the five

ful at Brainford for the loss of his lute; and therefore determined to come to London to seek out George Peele; which by the means of a kinsman that Anthony Nit had in London, his name was Cuts or Feats, a fellow that had good skill in tricks on the cards, and he was well acquainted with the place where George's common abode was; and for kindred sake he directed the barber where he should have him, which was at a blind alehouse in Seacoal Lane. There he found George in a green jerkin, a Spanish platter-fashioned hat, all alone at a peck of oysters. The barber's heart danced within him for joy he had so happily found him. He gave him the time of the day. George not a little abashed at the sight of the barber, yet went not to discover it openly. He that at all times had a quick invention, was not now behindhand to entertain my barber, who knew for what his coming was. George thus saluted him: My honest barber, quoth George, welcome to London; I partly know your business, you come for your lute, do you not? Indeed, sir, quoth the barber, for that is my coming. And believe me, quoth George, you shall not lose your labour: I pray you stand to and eat an oyster, and I'll go with you presently; for a

pounds after the claim of the hostess has been satisfied. George takes them to a house in the next street; and while the officers think he is talking to the owner of it about the masque, George explains his situation to him, and begs permission to make his exit by a back door: the good-natured gentleman likes the jest, and George escapes.—*Puritan*. Act 3, sc. 4 & 5.

gentleman in the city of great worship, borrowed it of me for the use of his daughter, that plays exceeding well, and had a great desire to have the lute: but, sir, if you will go along with me to the gentleman's house, you shall have your lute with great satisfaction; for had not you come, I assure you, I had sent to you; for you must understand, that all that was done at Brainford among us mad gentlemen, was but a jest, and no otherwise. Sir, I think not any otherwise, quoth the barber: but I would desire your worship, that as you had it of me in love, so in kindness you would help me to it again. Oh God, what else, quoth George: I'll go with thee presently, even as I am, for I came from hunting this morning; and should I go up to the certain gentlemen above, I should hardly get away. I thank you, sir, quoth the barber: so on goes George with him in his green jerkin, a wand in his hand very pretty, till he came almost at the alderman's house; where making a sudden stay, Afore God! quoth George, I must crave thy pardon at this instant, for I have bethought myself, should I go as I am, it would be imagined I had had some of my lord's hounds out this morning, therefore I'll take my leave of thee, and meet thee where thou wilt about one of the clock. Nay, good sir, quoth the barber, go with me now; for I purpose, God willing, to be at Brainford to-night. Sayest thou so? quoth George: why then I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; thou art here a stranger, and altogether unknown; lend me

thy cloak and thy hat, and do thou put on my green jerkin, and I'll go with thee directly along. The barber loath to leave him until he had his lute, yielded to the change. So when they came to the gentleman's porch, he put on George's green jerkin, and his Spanish hat, and he the barber's cloak and his hat. Either of them being thus fitted, George knocks at the door: to whom the porter bids heartily welcome, for George was well known, who at that time had all the oversight of the pageants.* He desires the porter to bid his friend welcome; for he is a good fellow and a keeper, Master Porter, one that at his pleasure can bestow a haunch of venison on you. Marry, that can I, quoth the barber. I thank you, sir, answered the porter: Master Peele, my master is in the hall; pleaseth it you to walk in? With all my heart, quoth George; in the mean time let my friend bear you company. That he shall, Master Peele, quoth the porter; and if it please him he shall take a simple dinner with me. The barber gives him hearty thanks, not misdoubting Master Peele any way, seeing him known: and himself so welcome, fell in chat with the porter. George Peele goes directly to the alderman, who now is come into the court, in the eye of the barber, where George after many complaints, draws a blank,† paper out of his bosom, and making action to the barber, reads

* "He's an excellent scholar," says Puttock of George Pyeboard, "and especially for a masque."—*Puritan*. Act. 3, sc. 5.

† *blank*] Old copy "*black*."

to the alderman, as followeth. I humbly desire your worship to stand my friend in a slight matter. Yonder hard-favoured knave, that sits by your worship's porter, hath dogged me to arrest me, and I had no other means but to take your worship's house for shelter. The occasion is but trivial, only for stealing of a piece of flesh, myself consorted with three or four gentlemen of good fashion, that would not willingly have our names come in question. Therefore this is my boon; that your worship would let one of your servants let me out at the garden door, and I shall think myself much indebted to your worship.* The kind gentleman, little dreaming of George Peele's deceit, took him into the parlour, gave him a brace of angels, and caused one of his servants to let George out at the garden door, which was no sooner opened, but George made way for the barber seeing him any more, and all the way he went could not choose but laugh at his knavish conceit, how he had gulled the simple barber, who sat all this while with the porter blowing of his nails; to whom came this fellow that let out George. You whoreson keeperly rascal, quoth the fellow, do you come to arrest any honest gentleman in my master's house? Not I, so God help me, quoth the barber; I pray,

* George Pyeboard in the parallel scene of the *Puritan*, already mentioned, uses nearly the same words: "May it please your good worship then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever."

sir, where is the gentleman, Master Peele, that came along with me? Far enough, quoth the fellow, for your coming near him; he is gone out at the garden door. Garden door! quoth the barber; why, have you any more doors than one? We have, sir, and get you hence, or I'll set you going, goodman keeper. Alas, quoth the barber, sir, I am no keeper, I am quite undone! I am a barber dwelling at Brainford: and with weeping tears up and told him how George had used him. The servant goes in, and tells his master; which when he heard, he could not but laugh at the first; yet in pity of the poor barber, he gave him twenty shillings towards his loss. The barber sighing took it, and towards Brainford home he goes; and whereas he came from thence in a new cloak and a fair hat, he went home weeping in an old hat, and a green jerkin.

HOW GEORGE PEELE BECAME A PHYSICIAN.

George on a time being happily furnished both of horse and money; though the horse he hired, and the money he borrowed; but no matter how he was possessed of them; and towards Oxford he rides to make merry with his friends and fellow students; and in his way he took up Wickham, where he sojourned that night. Being at supper, accompanied with his hostess, among other table-talk, they fell into discourse of chirurgery, of which my hostess

was a simple professor. George Peele, observing the humour of my she-chirurgeon, upheld her in all the strange cures she talked of, and praised her womanly endeavour; telling her, he loved her so much the better, because it was a thing that he professed, both physic and chirurgery: and George had a dictionary of physical words, that it might set a better gloss upon that which he seemingly professed; and told his good hostess at his return he would teach her something that should do her no hurt; for (quoth he) at this instant I am going about a great cure, as far as Warwickshire, to a gentleman of great living, and one that hath been in a consumption this half year, and I hope to do him good. O God, (quoth the hostess) there is a gentleman not a quarter of a mile off, that hath been a long time sick of the same disease. Believe me, sir, quoth the hostess, would it please your worship ere your departure in the morning, but to visit the gentleman, and but spend your opinion of him, and I make no question but the gentlewoman will be very thankful to you. I faith, (quoth George) happily at my return I may; but at this time my haste is such that I cannot; and so good night, mine hostess. So away went *George* to bed; and my giddy hostess, right of the nature of most women, thought that night as long as ten, till she was delivered of that burthen of news which she had received from my new doctor, for so he termed himself. Morning being come, at break of the day mine hostess trudges to this gentle-

man's house, acquainteth his wife what an excellent man she had at her house; protesting he was the best seen in physic, and had done the most strangest cures that ever she heard of; saying, that if she would but send for him, no question he would do him good. The gentlewoman, glad to hear of any thing that might procure the health of her husband, presently sent one of her men to desire the doctor to come and visit her husband. Which message when George heard, he wondered; for he had no more skill in physic, than in music; and they were as distant both from him, as heaven from hell. But, to conclude, George set a bold face on it, and away went he to the sick gentleman; where when he came, after some compliment to the gentlewoman, he was brought to the chamber, where the ancient gentleman lay wonderful sick, for all physic had given him over. George begins to feel his pulses, and his temples, saying, he was very far spent: yet, quoth he, under God, I will do him some good, if nature be not quite extinct. Whereupon he demanded whether they had ever a garden? That I have, quoth the gentlewoman. I pray you direct me thither, quoth George. Where when he came, he cut a handful of every flower, herb and blossom, or whatsoever else in the garden, and brought them in the lappet of his cloak, boiled them in ale, strained them, boiled them again; and when he had all the juice out of them, of which he made some pottle of drink, he caused the sick gentleman

to drink off a maudlin cupful, and willed his wife to give him of that same at morning, noon, and night; protesting, if any thing in this world did him good, it must be that; giving great charge to the gentlewoman to keep him wonderful warm: and at my return, quoth George, some ten days hence, I will return and see how he fares; for, quoth he, by that time something will be done, and so I will take my leave. Not so, quoth the gentlewoman; your worship must needs stay and take a simple dinner with me to-day. Indeed, quoth *George*, I cannot now stay; my haste is such, I must presently to horse. You may suppose George was in haste until he was out of the gentleman's house: for he knew not whether he had poisoned the gentleman or not, which made him so eager to be gone out of the gentleman's house. The gentlewoman, seeing she could by no means stay him, gave him two brace of angels, which never shined long in his purse, and desired him at his return to know her house; which George promised, and with seeming niceness took the gold, and towards Oxford went he, forty shillings heavier than he was, where he bravely domineered while his physical money lasted. But to see the strangeness of this. Whether it was the virtue of some herb which he gathered, or the conceit the gentleman had of George Peele, but it so pleased God the gentleman recovered; and in eight days walked abroad; and that fortunate potion which George made at random, did him more good

than many pounds that he had spent in half a year before in physic. George, his money being spent, he made his return towards London; and when he came within a mile of the gentleman's house, he inquired of a country fellow how such a gentleman did? the fellow told him, God be praised, his good landlord was well recovered by a virtuous gentleman that came this way by chance. Art thou sure of it, quoth George? Yes, believe me, quoth the fellow; I saw him in the fields but this morning. This was no simple news to George. He presently set spurs to his horse, and whereas he thought to shun the town, he went directly to his inn: at whose arrival, the hostess clapped her hands; the ostler laughed; the tapster leaped; the chamberlain ran to the gentleman's house, and told him the doctor was come. How joyful the gentleman was, let them imagine that have any after healths. George Peele was sent for; and after a million of thanks from the gentleman, and his friends, George Peele had twenty pounds delivered him, which money, how long it was a spending, let the taverns in London witness.

HOW GEORGE HELPED HIS FRIEND TO A SUPPER.

George was invited one night by certain of his friends to supper, at the White Horse in Friday Street; and in the evening as he was going, he met

with an old friend of his, who was so ill at the stomach, hearing George tell him of the good cheer he went to, himself being unprovided both of meat and money, that he swore he had rather have gone a mile about than have met him at that instant. And believe me, quoth George, I am heartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, myself being but an invited guest; besides, thou art out of clothes, unfitting for such a company: marry, this I'll do, if thou wilt follow my advice, I'll help thee to thy supper. Any way, quoth he to George: do thou but devise the means, and I'll execute it. George presently told him what he should do; so they parted. George well entertained, with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the upper end of the table, supper being brought up, H. M. watched his time below; and when he saw that the meat was carried up, up he follows, as George had directed him: who when George saw, you whoreson rascal (quoth George) what make you here? Sir, quoth he, I am come from the party you wot of. You rogue, quoth George, have I not forewarned you of this? I pray you, sir, quoth he, hear my errand. Do you prate, you slave? quoth George, and with that took a rabbit out of the dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, you use me very hardly. You dunghill, quoth George, do you outface me? and with that took the other rabbit, and threw it at his head; after that a loaf; then drawing his dagger, making an offer to throw it, the gentlemen staid him. Mean-

while H. M. got the loaf, and the two rabbits, and away he went: which when George saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sat quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to his supper, and was never suspected for it of the company.

HOW GEORGE PEELE WAS SHAVEN, AND OF THE REVENGE HE TOOK.

THERE was a gentleman, that dwelt in the west country, and had stayed here in London a term longer than he intended, by reason of a book that George had to translate out of Greek into English; and when he wanted money, George had it of the gentleman: but the more he supplied him of coin, the further off he was from his book, and could get no end of it, neither by fair means, entreaty, or double payment; for George was of the poetical disposition, never to write so long as his money lasted; some quarter of the book being done, and lying in his hands at random. The gentleman had plotted a means to take such an order with George next time he came, that he would have his book finished. It was not long before he had his company. His arrival was for more money: the gentleman bids him welcome, causeth him to stay dinner; where falling into discourse about his book, found that it was as near ended as he left it two months ago. The gentleman, meaning to be gulled no longer, caused

two of his men to bind George, hand and foot in a chair. A folly it was for him to ask what they meant by it: the gentleman sent for a barber; and George had a beard of an indifferent size, and well grown; he made the barber shave him, beard and head, left him as bare of hair, as he was of money. The barber he was well contented for his pains, who left George like an old woman in man's apparel; and his voice became it well, for it was more woman than man. George, quoth the gentleman, I have always used you like a friend; my purse hath been open to you; that you have of mine to translate, you know it is a thing I highly esteem; therefore I have used you in this fashion, that I might have an end of my book, which shall be as much for your profit as my pleasure. So forthwith he commanded his men to unbind him; and putting his hand into his pocket, gave him two brace of angels. Quoth he, Master Peele, drink this, and by that time you have finished my book, your beard will be grown, until which time I know you will be ashamed to walk abroad. George patiently took the gold, said little, and when it was dark night, took his leave of the gentleman, and went directly home: who when his wife saw, I omit the wonder she made, but imagine those that shall behold their husbands in such a case. To bed went George; and ere morning he had plotted sufficiently how to cry quid pro quo with his politic gentleman.

THE JEST OF GEORGE PEELE AT BRISTOW.

GEORGE was at Bristow, and there staying somewhat longer than his coin would last him, his palfrey that should be his carrier to London, his head was grown so big, that he could not get him out of the stable. It so fortuned at that instant, certain players came to the town, and lay at that inn where George Peele was: to whom George was well known, being in that time an excellent poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best players in England: from the trivial sort he was but so so; of which these were; only knew George by name, no otherwise. There was not past three of the company come with the carriage, the rest were behind, by reason of a long journey they had, so that night they could not enact; which George hearing, had presently a stratagem in his head to get his horse free out of the stable, and money in his purse to bear his charges up to London. And thus it was. He goes directly to the mayor, tells him he was a scholar and a gentleman, and that he had a certain history of the Knight of the Rhodes; and withal, how Bristow was first founded and by whom, and a brief of all those that before him had succeeded in office in that worshipful city; desiring the mayor, that he with his presence, and the rest of his brethren, would grace his labours. The mayor agreed to it, gave him leave, and withal appointed him a place,

but for himself he could not be there, being in the evening; but bade him make the best benefit he could of the city, and very liberally gave him an angel; which George thankfully receives, and about his business he goes, got his stage made, his History cried, and hired the players' apparel, to flourish out his show, promising to pay them liberally; and withal desired them they would favour him so much, as to gather him his money at the door; for he thought it his best course to employ them, lest they should spy out his knavery, for they have perilous heads. They willingly yield to do him any kindness that lies in them; in brief, carry their apparel to the hall, place themselves at the door, where George in the mean time with the ten shillings he had of the mayor, delivered his horse out of purgatory, and carries him to the town's end, and there placeth him to be ready at his coming. By this time the audience were come, and some forty shillings gathered, which money George put in his purse, and putting on one of the players' silk robes, after the trumpet had sounded* thrice, out he comes, makes low obeisance, goes forward with his prologue, which was thus:

A trifling toy, a jest of no account, pardy;
The knight, perhaps you think for to be I:
Think on so still; for why, you know that thought is free:
Sit still a while, I'll send the actors to ye.

* These *soundings* answered to the prompter's bell, in our days, before the commencement of the play.

Which being said, after some fireworks that he had made of purpose, threw out among them, and down stairs goes he, gets to his horse, and so with forty shillings to London; leaves the players to answer it; who when the jest was known, their innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the mayor and the audience.

HOW GEORGE GULLED A PUNK, OTHERWISE CALLED A CROSHABELL.

Coming to London, he fell in company with a cockatrice; which pleased his eye so well, that George fell aboarding of her, and proffered her the wine, which my croshabell willingly accepted. To the tavern they go; where after a little idle talk George fell to the question about the thing you wot of. My she-hobby was very dainty, which made George far more eager; and my lecherous animal proffered largely to obtain his purpose. To conclude, nothing she would grant unto except ready coin, which was forty shillings, not a farthing less; if so he would, next night she would appoint him where he should meet her. George saw how the game went, that she was more for lucre than for love, thus cunningly answered her: Gentlewoman, howsoever you speak, I do not think your heart agrees with your tongue: the money you demand is but to try me, and indeed but a trifle to me: but because it

shall not be said I bought that gem of you I prize so highly, I will give you a token to-morrow, that shall be more worth than your demand, if so you please to accept it. Sir, quoth she, it contenteth me well; and so, if please you, at this time we'll part, and to-morrow in the evening meet you where you shall appoint. The place was determined; and they kissed and parted, she home, George into Saint Thomas Apostle's, to a friend of his, of whom he knew he could take up a petticoat of trust; the first letter of his name begins with G. A petticoat he had of him, at the price of five shillings; which money is owing till this day. The next night being come, they met at the place appointed, which was a tavern: there they were to sup: that ended, George was to go home with her, to end his yeoman's plea in her common case. But Master Peele had another drift in his mazzard: for he did so ply her with wine, that in a small time she spun such a thread, that she reeled homewards, and George he was fain to be her supporter. When to her house she came, with nothing so much painting in the inside, as her face had on the outside, with much ado her maid had her to bed; who was no sooner laid, but she fell fast asleep; which when George perceived, he sent the maid for milk, and a quart of sack to make a posset; where before her return, George made so bold as to take up his own new petticoat, a fair gown of hers, two gold rings that lay in the window, and away he went. The gown and the gold rings

he made a chaffer of; the petticoat he gave to his honest wife, one of the best deeds he ever did to her. How the croshabell looked when she awaked and saw this, I was never there to know.

HOW THE GENTLEMAN WAS GULLED FOR SHAVING OF GEORGE.

GEORGE had a daughter of the age of ten years, a girl of a pretty form, but of an excellent wit: all part of her was father, save her middle; and she had George so tutored all night, that although himself was the author of it, yet had he been transformed into his daughter's shape, he could not have done it with more conceit. George at that time dwelt at the Bankside: from whence comes this she-sinnow,* early in the morning, with her hair dishevelled, wringing her hands, and making such pitiful moan with shrieks and tears, and beating of her breast, that made the people in a maze. Some stood wondering at the child, others plucked her to know the occasion; but none could stay her by any means, but on she kept her journey, crying O, her father, her good father, her dear father! over the bridge, thorough Cheapeside, and so to the Old Bailey, where the gentleman sojourned. There sitting

* *she-sinnow*] So the edition of 1626, and that printed for Henry Bell without a date; the edition of 1671 "she-*sinnew*." Other editions I have not seen. Qy. "she-*Sinon*," or "she-*sinner*."

herself down, a hundred people gaping upon her, there she begins to cry out, Woe to that place, that her father ever saw it! she was a cast-away, her mother was undone! till with the noise, one of the gentleman's men coming down, looked on her, and knew her to be George Peele's daughter. He presently runs up, and tells his master, who commanded his man to bring her up. The gentleman was in a cold sweat, fearing that George had for the wrong he did him the day before, some way undone himself. When the girl came up, he demanded the cause why she so lamented, and called upon her father? George's flesh and blood, after a million of sighs, cried out upon him, he had made her father, her good father, drown himself: which words once uttered, she fell into a counterfeit swoon, whom the gentleman soon recovered. This news went to his heart: and he being a man of a very mild condition, cheered up the girl; made his men to go buy her new clothes from top to toe; said he would be a father to her; gave her five pounds; bid her go home and carry it to her mother, and in the evening he would visit her. At this, by little and little, she began to be quiet, desiring him to come and see her mother. He tells her he will not fail; bids her go home quietly. So down stairs goes she pertly; and the wondering people that staid at door to hear the manner of her grief, had of her nought but knavish answers, and home went she directly. The gentleman was so crossed in mind, and disturbed in

thought at this unhappy accident, that his soul could not be quiet till he had been with this woeful widow, as he thought; and presently went to Black Friars, took a pair of oars, and went directly to George Peele's house; where he found his wife plucking of larks, my crying crocodile turning of the spit, and George pinned up in a blanket at his translation. The gentleman, more glad at the unlooked for life of George, than the loss of his money, took part of the good cheer George had to dinner; wondered at the cunning of the wench; and within some few days after had an end of his book.

HOW GEORGE READ A PLAY-BOOK TO A GENTLEMAN.

THERE was a gentleman, whom God had endued with good living to maintain his small wit: he was not a fool absolute, although in this world he had good fortune: and he was in a manner an ingle to George, one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that George had done, himself being a writer, and had a poetical invention of his own, which when he had with great labour finished, their fatal end was for privy purposes. This self-conceited brock had George invited to half a score sheets of paper; whose Christianly pen had writ Finis to the famous play of the Turkish Mahamet, and Hyrin the fair Greek, in Italian called a

curtezan, in Spain, a margerite, in French, une curtain, in England, among the barbarous, a whore, but among the gentle, their usual associates, a punk: but now the word refined being latest, and the authority brought from a climate as yet unconquered, the fruitful county of Kent, they call them croshabell, which is a word but lately used, and fitting with their trade, being of a lovely and courteous condition. Leaving them, this fantastic, whose brain was made of nought but cork and sponge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur Peele, in his black satin suit, his gown furred with coney, in his slippers. Being in the evening he thought to hear George's book, and so to return to his inn; this not of the wisest, being of S. Bernard's. George bids him welcome; told him he would gladly have his opinion in his book. He willingly condescended, and George begins to read, and between every scene he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it. Quoth he, wondrous well, the conveyance. O, but, quoth George, the end is far better; for he meant another conveyance ere they two departed. George was very tedious in reading, and the night grew old: I protest, quoth the gentleman, I have stayed over long; I fear me I shall hardly get into mine inn. If you fear that, quoth George, we will have a clean pair of sheets, and you shall take a simple lodging here. This house-gull willingly embraced it, and to bed they go; where George in the midst of the night spying

his time, put on this dormouse's clothes, desired God to keep him in good rest, honestly takes leave of him and the house to whom he was indebted four nobles. When this drone awaked, and found himself so left, he had not the wit to be angry, but swore scurvily at the misfortune, and said, I thought he would not have used me so. And although it so pleased the fates he had another suit to put on, yet he could not get thence, till he had paid the money George owed to the house, which for his credit he did; and when he came to his lodging, in anger he made a poem of it:

Peele is no poet, but a gull and clown,
To take away my clothes and gown:
I vow by Jove, if I can see him wear it,
I'll give him a glyg, and patiently bear it.

HOW GEORGE PEELE SERVED HALF A SCORE CITIZENS.

GEORGE once had invited half a score of his friends to a great supper, where they were passing merry, no cheer wanting, wine enough, music playing: the night growing on, and being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. George swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it, but every man throws down his money, some ten shillings,

some five, some more; protesting, something they will pay. Well, quoth George, taking up all the money, seeing you will be so wilful, you shall see what shall follow. He commands the music to play, and while they were skipping and dancing, George gets his cloak, sends up two pottles of hippocras,* and leaves them and the reckoning to pay. They wondering at the stay of George, meant to be gone; but they were staid by the way, and before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This showed a mind in him, he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present.

A JEST OF GEORGE RIDING TO OXFORD.†

THERE was some half dozen of citizens, that had oftentimes been solicitors to George, he being a Master of Art at the University of Oxford, that he would ride with them to the commencement, it being at midsummer. George, willing to pleasure the gen-

* Hippocras was a drink made of wine, sugar, and spices.

† In the *Puritàn*, Captain Idle (who is in prison) and George Pyeboard persuade Nicholas to steal Sir Godfrey's gold chain, to hide it in the garden, and to inform the simple Knight that Idle is a great conjuror able to recover it: Sir Godfrey procures the release of Idle, who, assisted by George Pyeboard, plays the conjuror, and makes the Devil drop the chain on a rosemary bank.—Act 1, s. 4; Act 4, s. 2.

tlemen his friends, rode along with them. When they had rode the better part of the way, they baited at a village called Stoken, five miles from Wickham. Good cheer was bespoken for dinner; and frolic was the company, all but George, who could not be in that pleasant vein that did ordinarily possess him, by reason he was without money: but he had not fetched forty turns about the chamber, before his noddle had entertained a conceit how to money himself with credit, and yet glean it from some one of the company. There was among them one excellent ass, a fellow that did nothing but frisk up and down the chamber, that his money might be heard chide in his pocket. This fellow had George observed, and secretly conveyed his gilt rapier and dagger into another chamber, and there closely hid it: that done, he called up the tapster, and upon his cloak borrows five shillings for an hour or so, till his man came, as he could fashion it well enough. So much money he had; and then who more merry than George? Meat was brought up: they set themselves to dinner, all full of mirth, especially my little fool, who drank not of the conclusion of their feast. Dinner ended, much prattle past, every man begins to buckle to his furniture: among whom this hichcock missed his rapier: at which all the company were in a maze; he besides his wits, for he had borrowed it of a special friend of his, and swore he had rather spend twenty nobles. This is strange, quoth

George, it should be gone in this fashion, none being here but ourselves, and the fellows of the house; who were examined, but no rapier could be heard of: all the company much grieved; but George in a pitiful chafe, swore it should cost him forty shillings, but he would know what was become of it, if art could do it: and with that he caused the ostler to saddle his nag; for George would ride to a scholar, a friend of his, that had skill in such matters. O, good Master Peele, quoth the fellow, want no money; here is forty shillings; see what you can do; and if you please, I'll ride along with you. Not so, quoth George, taking his forty shillings, I'll ride alone, and be you as merry as you can till my return. So George left them, and rode directly to Oxford. There he acquaints a friend of his with all the circumstance; who presently took horse and rode along with him to laugh at the jest. When they came back, George tells them he had brought one of the rarest men in England; whom they with much compliment bid welcome. He, after a distracted countenance, and strange words, takes this bulfinch by the wrist, and carried him into the privy, and there willed him to put in his head, but while he had written his name, and told forty: which he willingly did. That done, the scholar asked him what he saw? By my faith, sir, I smelt a villanous scent, but I saw nothing. Then I have, quoth he, and with that directed him where his rapier was;

saying, it is just north-east, inclosed in wood near the earth:* for which they all made diligent search, till George, who hid it under a settle, found it, to the comfort of the fellow, the joy of the company, and the eternal credit of his friend, who was entertained with wine and sugar:† and George redeemed his cloak, rode merrily to Oxford, having coin in his pocket, where this loach spares not for any expence, for the good fortune he had in the happy finding of his rapier.

HOW GEORGE SERVED HIS HOSTESS.

George lying at an old widow's house, and had gone so far on the score that his credit would stretch no farther; for she had made a vow not to depart with drink or victuals without ready money. Which George, seeing the fury of his froward hostess, in grief kept his chamber; called to his hostess, and told her, she should understand that he was not without money, how poorly soever he appeared to her, and that my diet shall testify; in the mean time, good hostess, quoth he, send for such a friend of mine. She did: so his friend came; to whom

* "*Sir Godfrey* . . . I know 'tis [i. e. the chain] somewhere above the earth.

Idle. Ay, nigher the earth than thou wot'st on."—*Puritan*, Act 3, s. 6.

† When this tract was written, it was customary to mix sugar with every kind of wine.

George imparted his mind, the effect whereof was this, to pawn his cloak, hose and doublet, unknown to his hostess: for, quoth George, this seven nights do I intend to keep my bed. Truly he spake, for his intent was, the bed should not keep him any longer. Away goes he to pawn his apparel: George bespeaks good cheer to supper, which was no shamble-butcher's stuff, but according to the place; for, his chamber being remote from the house, at the end of the garden, his apparel being gone, it appeared to him as the counter, therefore to comfort himself, he dealt in poultry. His friend brought the money, supped with him: his hostess he very liberally paid, but cavilled with her at her unkindness, vowing that while he lay there, none should attend him but his friend. The hostess replied, a God's name, she was well contented with it; so was George too; for none knew better than himself what he intended. But in brief, thus he used his kind hostess. After his apparel and money was gone, he made bold with the feather-bed he lay on, which his friend slily conveyed away, having as villanous a wolf in his belly as George, though not altogether so wise, for that feather-bed they devoured in two days, feathers and all; which was no sooner digested, but away went the coverlet, sheets, and the blanket; and at the last dinner, when George's good friend perceiving nothing left but the bed-cords, as the devil would have it, straight came in his mind the fashion of a halter, the foolish kind knave would needs fetch a quart of sack for his friend George; which sack to

this day never saw vintner's cellar: and so he left George in a cold chamber, a thin shirt, a ravished bed, no comfort left him, but the bare bones of deceased capons. In this distress George bethought him what he might do: nothing was left him: and as his eye wandered up and down the empty chamber, by chance he spied out an old armour, at which sight George was the joyfulest man in Christendom; for the armour of Achilles, that Ulysses and Ajax strove for, was not more precious to them, than this to him: for he presently claps it upon his back, the halbert in his hand, the morion on his head; and so gets out the back way, marches from Shoreditch to Clarkenwell, to the no small wonder of those spectators that beheld him. Being arrived to the wished haven he would be, an old acquaintance of his furnished him with an old suit, and an old cloak for his old armour. How the hostess looked when she saw that metamorphosis in her chamber, judge those bomborts that live by tapping, between the age of fifty and threescore.

HOW HE SERVED A TAPSTER.

GEORGE was making merry with three or four of his friends in Pye-corner, where the tapster of the house was much given to poetry; for he had engrossed the Knight of the Sun, Venus and Adonis, and other pamphlets, which the stripling had col-

lected together, and knowing George to be a poet, he took great delight in his company, and out of his bounty would bestow a brace of cans of him. George observing the humour of the tapster, meant presently to work upon him. What will you say, quoth George to his friends, if out of this spirit of the cellar I fetch a good angel that shall bid us all to supper? We would gladly see that, quoth his friends, Content yourself, quoth George. The tapster ascends with his two cans; delivers one to Master Peele, and the other to his friends; gives them kind welcome; but George instead of giving him thanks, bids him not to trouble him, and begins in these terms. I protest, gentlemen, I wonder you will urge me so much; I swear I have it not about me. What is the matter, quoth the tapster, hath any one angered you? No faith, quoth George, I'll tell thee, it is this. There is a friend of ours in Newgate, for nothing but only the command of the justices; and he being now to be released, sends to me to bring him an angel. Now the man I love dearly well, and if he want ten angels, he shall have them, for I know him sure: but here's the misery, either I must go home, or I must be forced to pawn this; and plucks an old Harry groat* out of his pocket. The tapster looks upon it: why, and it please you, Sir, quoth he, this is but a groat. No, sir, quoth George, I know it is but a groat; but this

* *Harry groat*] i. e. a groat of Henry the Eighth.

groat will I not lose for forty pounds: for this groat had I of my mother, as a testimony of a lease of a house I am to possess after her decease; and if I should lose this groat, I were in a fair case; and either I must pawn this groat, or there the fellow must lie still. Quoth the tapster, If it please you, I will lend you an angel on it, and I will assure you it shall be safe. Wilt thou, quoth George? as thou art an honest man, lock it up in thy chest, and let me have it, whensoever I call for it. As I am an honest man you shall, quoth the tapster. George delivered him his groat: the tapster gave him ten shillings: to the tavern go they with the money, and there merrily spend it. It fell out in a small time after, the tapster, having many of these lurches fell to decay, and indeed was turned out of service, having no more coin in the world than this groat; and in this misery he met George as poor as himself. O sir, quoth the tapster, you are happily met; I have your groat safe, though since I saw you last, I have bid great extremity: and I protest, save that groat, I have not one penny in the world; therefore I pray you, sir, help me to my money, and take your pawn. Not for the world, quoth George; thou sayest thou hast but that groat in the world, my bargain was, that thou shouldst keep that groat until I did demand it of thee; I ask thee none. I will do thee more good, because thou art an honest fellow; keep thou that groat still, till I call for it; and so doing, the proudest Jack in England cannot justify that thou

art not worth a groat; otherwise they might; and so, honest Michael, farewell. So George leaves the poor tapster picking of his fingers, his head full of proclamations what he might do; at last, sighing, he ends with this proverb:

> For the price of a barrel of beer,
> I have bought a groat's-worth of wit,
> Is not that dear?

HOW GEORGE SERVED A GENTLEWOMAN.

George used often to an ordinary in this town, where a kinswoman of the good wife's in the house, held a great pride and vain opinion of her own mother-wit; for her tongue was as a jack continually wagging; and for she had heard that George was a scholar, she thought she would find a time to give him notice, that she had as much in her head, as ever was in her grandfather's. Yet in some things she differed from the women in those days; for their natural complexion was their beauty: now this Titmouse, what she is scanted by nature, she doth replenish by art, as her boxes of red and white daily can testify. But to come to George, who arrived at the ordinary among other gallants, throws his cloak upon the table, salutes the gentlemen, and presently calls for a cup of canary. George had a pair of hose on, that for some offence durst not be seen in that hue they were first dyed in, but from his

first colour being a youthful green, his long age turned him into a mournful black, and for his antiquity was in print. Which this busy body perceiving, thought now to give it him to the quick; and drawing near Master Peele, looking upon his breeches, by my troth, sir, quoth she, these are exceedingly well printed. At which word, George being a little moved in his mind, that his old hose were called in question, answered, and by my faith, Mistress, quoth George, your face is most damnably ill painted. How mean you, sir? quoth she. Marry thus, mistress, quoth George, that if it were not for printing and painting, my arse and your face would grow out of reparations.* At which she biting her lip, in a parat fury went down the stairs. The gentlemen laughed at the sudden answer of George, and being seated to dinner, the gentlemen would needs have the company of this witty gentlewoman to dine with them; who with little denying came, in hope to cry quittance with George. When she was ascended, the gentlemen would needs place her by Master Peele; because they did use to dart one at

* "*Flavia.* Pray you in ancient times were not those satin hose? In good faith now they are new dyed, pinked, and scowered, they show as well as if they were new. What, mute, Balurdo?

"*Feliche.* Ay in faith, and 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation."

First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, Act 2, sc. 1. 1602.

Was Marston, or the Author of the *Jests*, the plagiary? The latter surely.

another, they thought it meet, for their more safety they should be placed nearest together. George kindly entertains her, and being seated, he desires her to reach him the capon that stood by her, and he would be so bold as to carve for his money: and as she put out her arm to take the capon, George sitting by her, yerks me out a huge fart, which made all the company in amaze, one looking upon the other, yet they knew it came that way. Peace, quoth George, and jogs her on the elbow, I will say it was I. At which all the company fell into a huge laughter; she into a fretting fury, vowing never she should sleep quietly till she was revenged of George his wrong done unto her; and so in a great chafe left their company.

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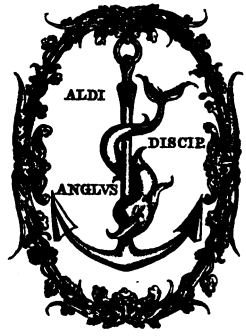
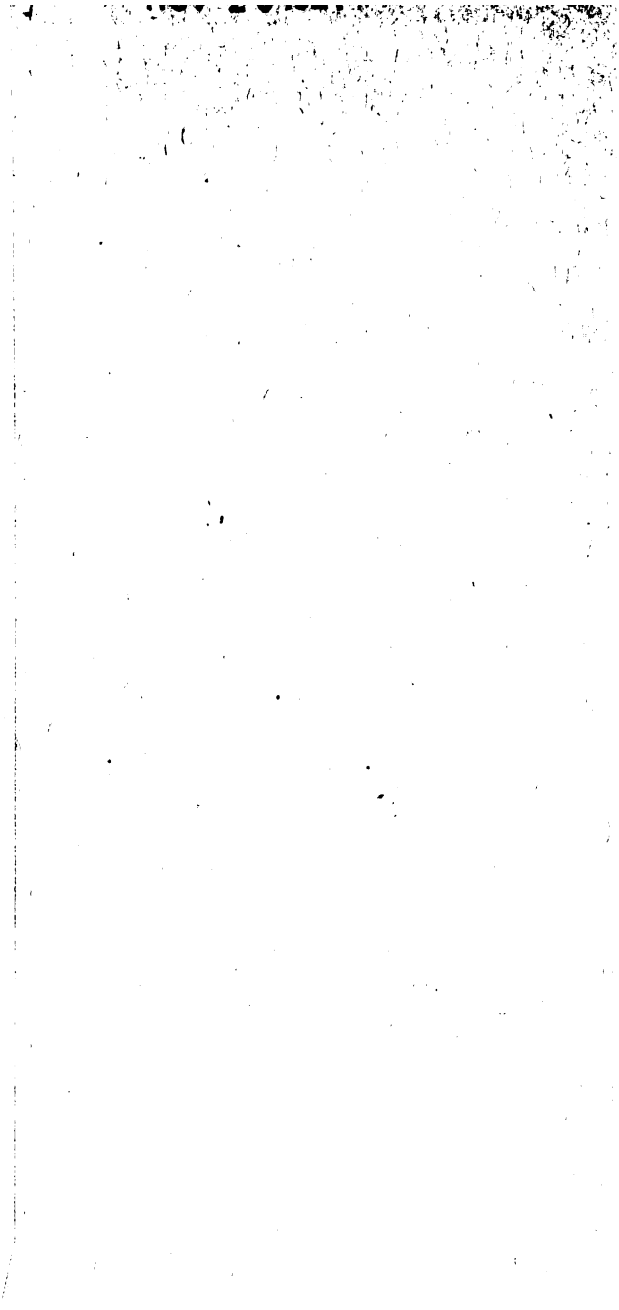
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